



Local Man



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LOCAL MAN

VOLUME 3: LOST ONES

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Bad Girls

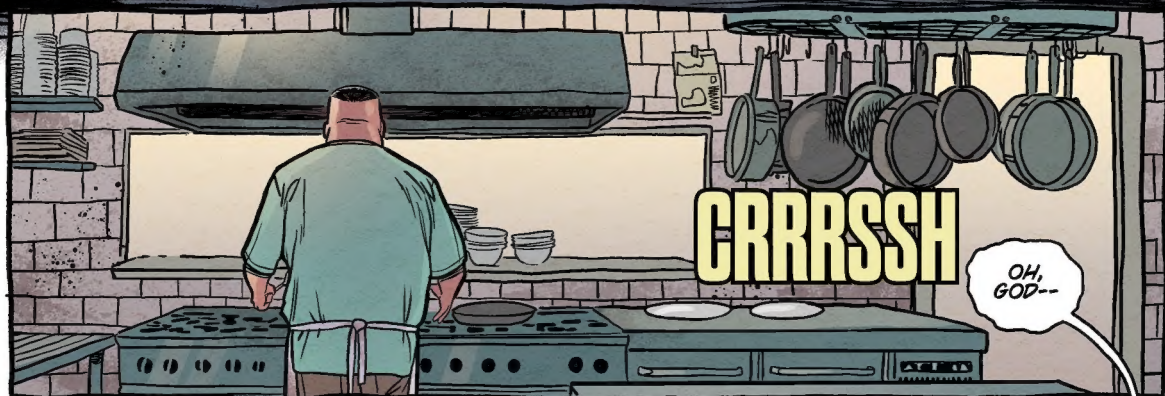
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ORDER'S UP!

ONE GREEN CHILE NO CHILES, MEDIUM RARE.

GOT IT!



CRRRSSH

OH, GOD--



DAMMIT, VICKI!

I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU HAD FOOD SERVICE EXPERIENCE!

I DO! I'VE GOT...

YEARS.

I'M SORRY. THE PLATE WAS GREASY.

I DIDN'T--



DING!

I'LL PUT ANOTHER ONE ON. GO APOLOGIZE TO THE CUSTOMER!

SEAT THE WALK-IN TOO, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT! CAN YOU DO TWO THINGS AT ONCE?

YEAH. YEAH, I CAN.

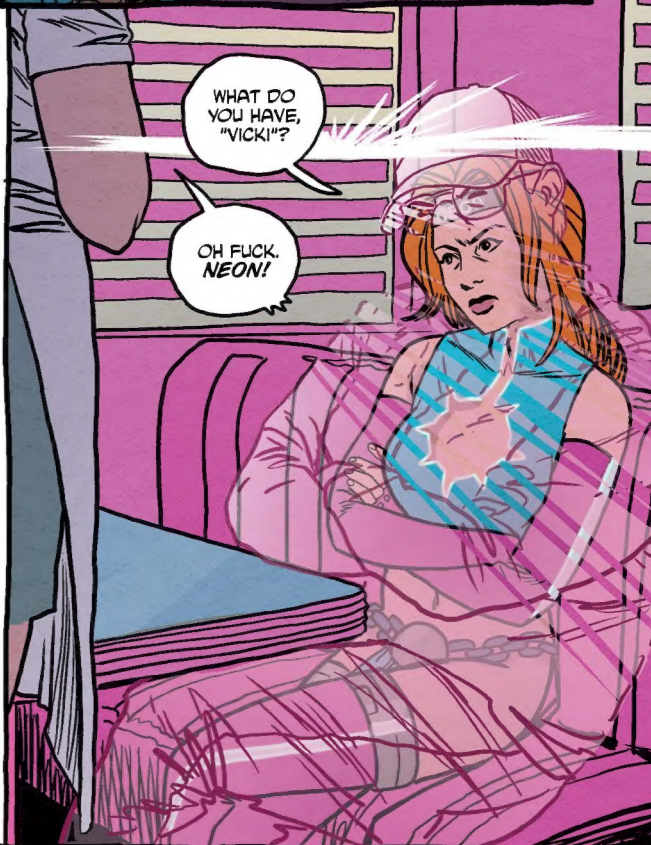


SORRY FOR THE WAIT.



LITTLE ACCIDENT IN THE KITCHEN.

WHAT'LL IT BE, HUN?



WHAT DO YOU HAVE, "VICKI"?

OH FUCK. NEON!



YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD AT HIDING, INGA.

BUT YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM THE LIGHT.

HAVE A SEAT.

WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS? KAI...?



IT'S JUST YOU AND ME, MRS. JOHANNING-BUCHOLZ.

EVERYONE ELSE IN THIS SHITHOLE WILL SEE WHATEVER I WANT THEM TO SEE.

TSSSSS



CROSSJACK. HE DID THIS. I HAD TO LEAVE FARMINGTON.

HE CAME BACK HOME AFTER THIRD GEN AND HE--

HE'S A JEALOUS FUCKING MANIAC!



INGA.
STOP.

YOU KNEW HIM
FIRST, BUT I KNEW
HIM LONGER. JACK
IS A LOT OF THINGS.
BUT HE'S NOT *THAT*.

YOU MIGHT
KEEP LITTLE
SECRETS FROM
YOUR HUSBAND
BUT THAT'S
NOT HOW I
OPERATE.



I KNOW ABOUT
THE DEAL YOU
MADE WITH *CAMO
CRUSADER*.

ABOUT YOUR
SUPERPOWERED
LABORER BUSINESS
AND THE LAUNDERING
THROUGH YOUR
WHOLE-GRAIN
DONUT SHOP.

HOW CAMO TRIED
TO EDGE YOU OUT,
AND HOW YOU
CLEANED IT ALL UP
AFTER HE DIED.



AND 4TH GEN.
I KNOW WHAT
YOU DID TO THE
RECRUITS.

PEEKABOO.
THE SLICK.
MELTDOWN.
KING BEE.

AND
SEASCAPE...



...THE GIRL
WHO BROUGHT A
BIBLICAL FLOOD
TO FARMINGTON.

ALL
BECAUSE
OF YOU.

WHAT DO
YOU--



CAN I TELL
YOU A STORY,
INGA?

OF
COURSE
I CAN.

BUT I GUESS
MAYBE IT'S MORE
ACCURATE TO CALL
IT A "FAIRY TALE..."



THERE WAS THIS
SUPERVILLAIN.

SHE CALLED HERSELF

THE SIXTH

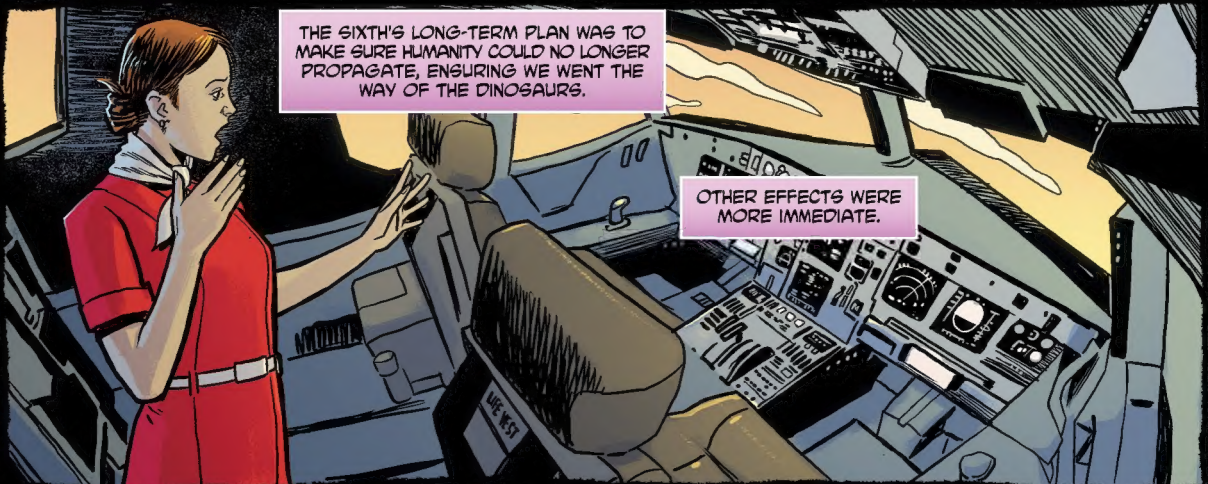
AS IN "THERE'VE
ALREADY BEEN FIVE
MAJOR EXTINCTIONS
ON EARTH."

YOU CAN PROBABLY
GUESS WHAT HER
WHOLE THING WAS.

THIRD GEN HAD TAKEN
HER DOWN A BUNCH OF
TIMES BEFORE.

HARNESSING KILLER ASTEROIDS
AND SOLAR FLARES WEREN'T
EXACTLY SUBTLE PLANS.

SO, THIS TIME AROUND, SHE
BUILT SOMETHING A LITTLE
LESS OSTENTATIOUS...





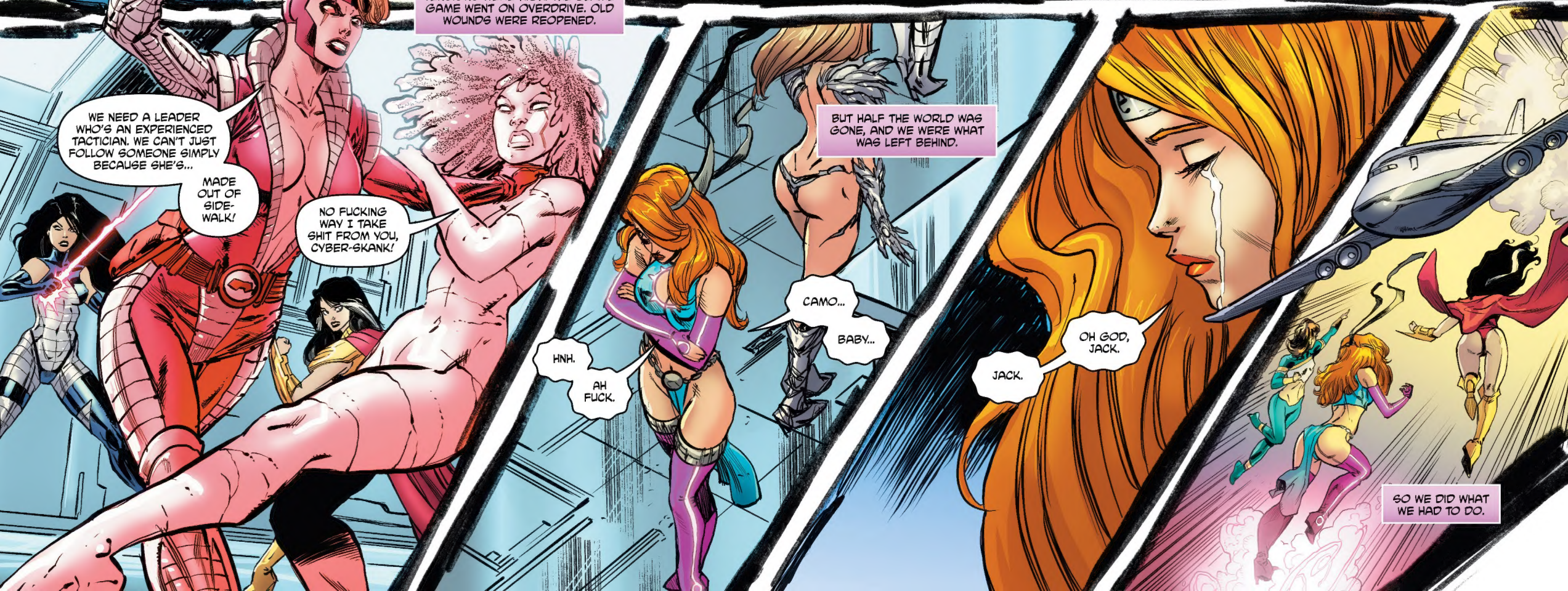
EVERY SUPERHEROINE WE COULD CALL IN GATHERED AT THIRD GEN HQ.

MOST OF US WERE IN SHOCK.

WE'D JUST SEEN HUSBANDS, BOYFRIENDS, BROTHERS, SONS, AND DADS VANISH INTO THIN AIR.

MALE FETUSES GONE FROM PREGNANT BELLIES.

TENSIONS WERE HIGH. THE BLAME GAME WENT ON OVERDRIVE. OLD WOUNDS WERE REOPENED.



WE NEED A LEADER WHO'S AN EXPERIENCED TACTICIAN. WE CAN'T JUST FOLLOW SOMEONE SIMPLY BECAUSE SHE'S...

MADE OUT OF SIDE-WALK!

NO FUCKING WAY I TAKE SHIT FROM YOU, CYBER-SKANK!

HHH.
AH FUCK.

BUT HALF THE WORLD WAS GONE, AND WE WERE WHAT WAS LEFT BEHIND.

CAMO...
BABY...

JACK.

OH GOD, JACK.

SO WE DID WHAT WE HAD TO DO.



WITHIN A MONTH WE'D TAMED
THE WORST OF THE EVENT'S
ENSUING CATASTROPHES.

PAST GRIEVANCES WERE
MOSTLY FORGOTTEN.

WE STARTED ADDING MORE
MEMBERS TO THE CAUSE.

TURNS OUT A LOT OF OUR
WORST ENEMIES COULD BE
PAID JUST TO NOT DO CRIME.

AND I GUESS, WE ALL
DECIDED WE MIGHT AS WELL
START ADDRESSING THE
PROBLEMS THAT EXISTED
FROM BEFORE THE BOMB.

TAKING DOWN THE
SIXTH JUST SORT OF
TOOK A BACKSEAT.

UNTIL...
HER.

LOVEBUNNY SAID SHE'D
CHASED A BLUE WILD HORSE
INTO A STREAM OUTSIDE
SOME VILLAGE IN SCOTLAND.

BETH TOOK
LOSING MR. HELL
PRETTY HARD.

WE THOUGHT SHE WAS
OUT OF HER MIND.



WE WERE
WRONG.

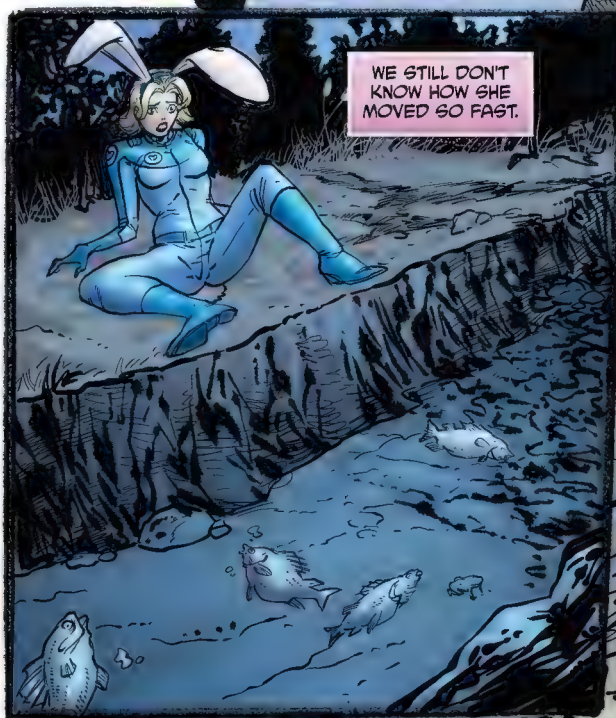
THE BOYS.
THE ONES WHO
CAME TO MY
STREAM LAUGHING
AND CATCHING
FROGS. THE SWEET
BOYS.

WHERE HAVE
THE LITTLE
CHILDREN
GONE?

THE SIXTH.
HER NAME
IS THE SIXTH
EXTINCTION.

SHE--SHE
HAS A
BASE...

IN CANADA,
WE THINK.



WE STILL DON'T
KNOW HOW SHE
MOVED SO FAST.

MADDIE WARNER THEORIZED THAT
SHE RODE THE CURRENTS OF AN
OCEAN 400 MILES BELOW THE
SURFACE ACROSS THE PLANET.



WHATEVER
HAPPENED...



THE SIXTH DIDN'T
KNOW WHAT HIT HER.

HAHA
HEE
HEHE



IT WAS WORSE
THAN DROWNING.

WITCHBLADE SAID SHE WAS LIKE
A SPONGE. EVERY PORE, EVERY
ORGAN WAS FILLED TO BURSTING.

HAHA

HAHA

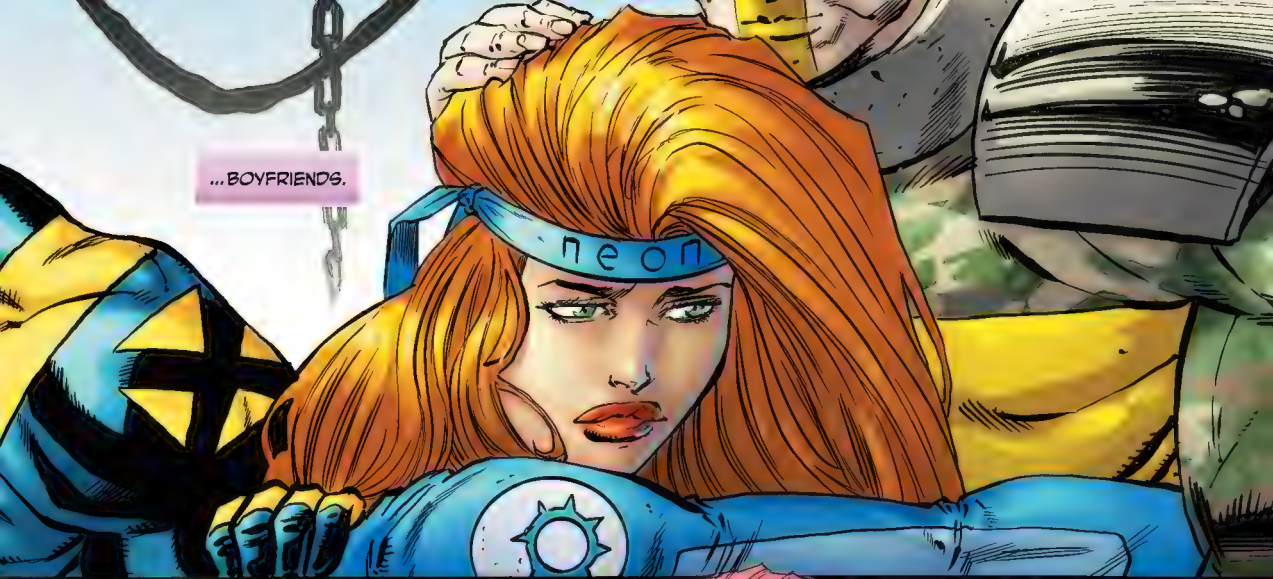


THE SEX BOMB
WAS REVERSED...

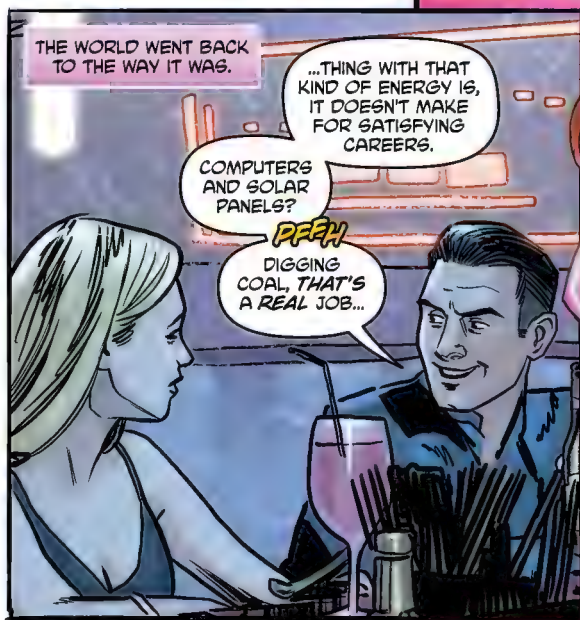
OUR MEN
CAME BACK.



FATHERS. SONS.
BROTHERS. HUSBANDS...



...BOYFRIENDS.



THE WORLD WENT BACK
TO THE WAY IT WAS.

...THING WITH THAT
KIND OF ENERGY IS,
IT DOESN'T MAKE
FOR SATISFYING
CAREERS.

COMPUTERS
AND SOLAR
PANELS?

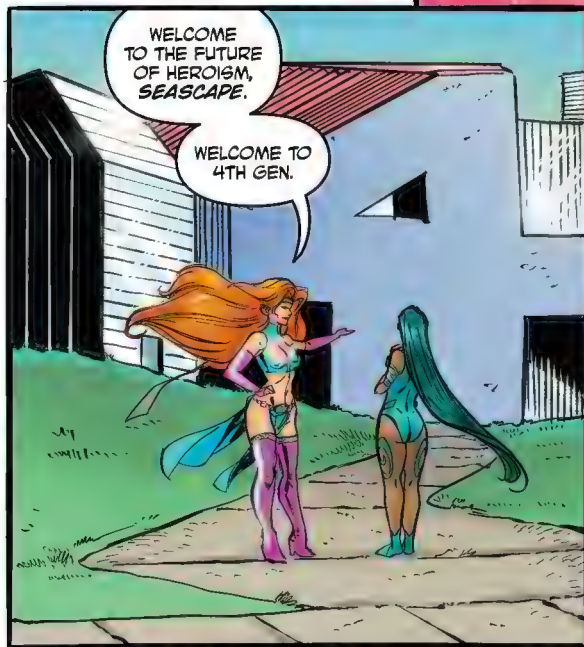
PFPH

DIGGING
COAL, THAT'S
A REAL JOB...



SO DID
WE.

AND THE MYSTERIOUS GIRL
RESPONSIBLE FOR IT?

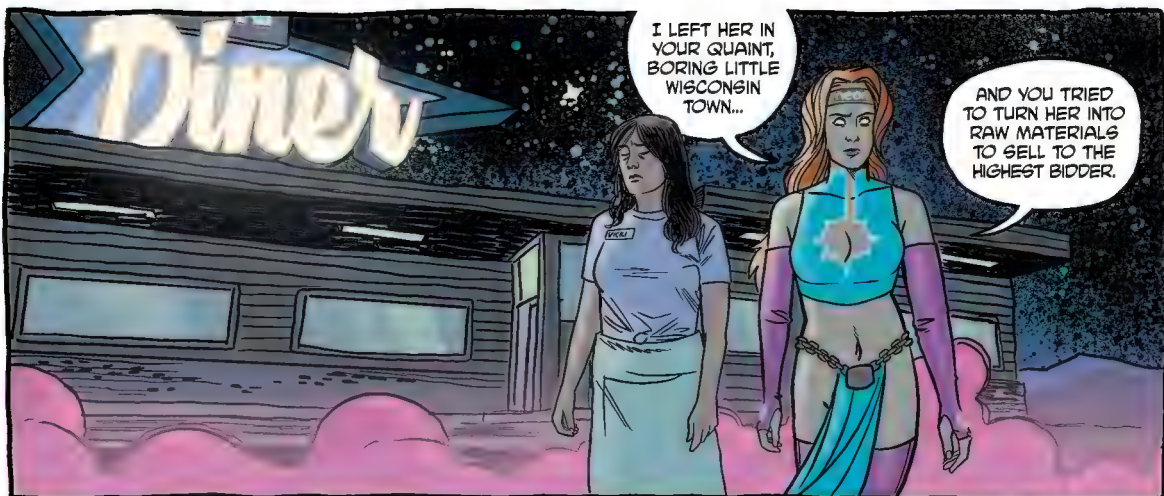


WELCOME
TO THE FUTURE
OF HEROISM,
SEASCAPE.

WELCOME TO
4TH GEN.

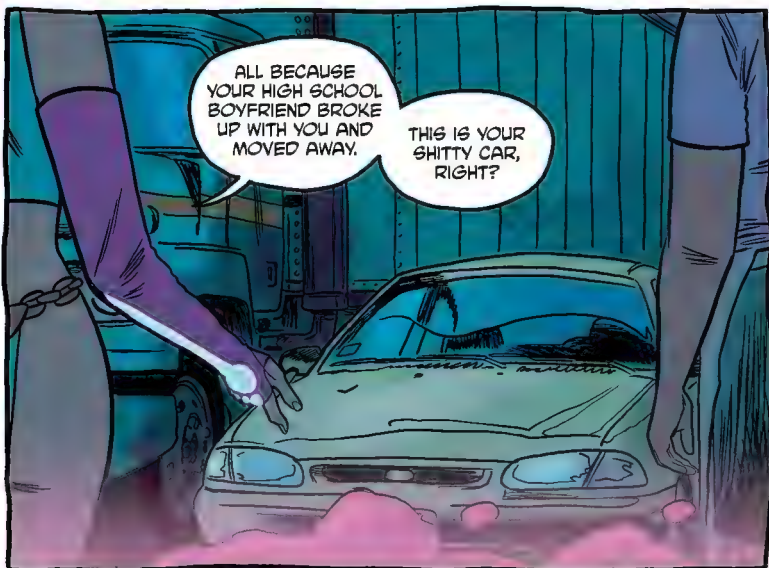


I THINK
YOU'LL THRIVE IN
FARMINGTON.



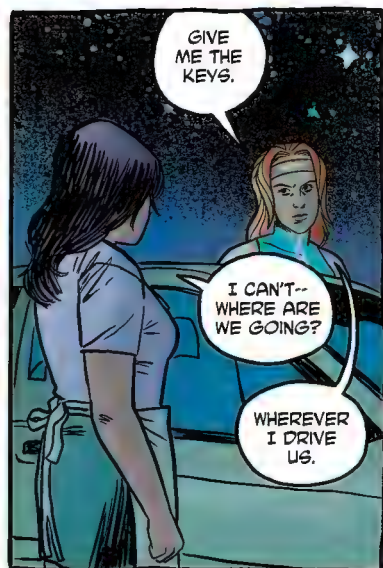
I LEFT HER IN
YOUR GUANT,
BORING LITTLE
WISCONSIN
TOWN...

AND YOU TRIED
TO TURN HER INTO
RAW MATERIALS
TO SELL TO THE
HIGHEST BIDDER.



ALL BECAUSE
YOUR HIGH SCHOOL
BOYFRIEND BROKE
UP WITH YOU AND
MOVED AWAY.

THIS IS YOUR
SHITTY CAR,
RIGHT?



GIVE
ME THE
KEYS.

I CAN'T--
WHERE ARE
WE GOING?

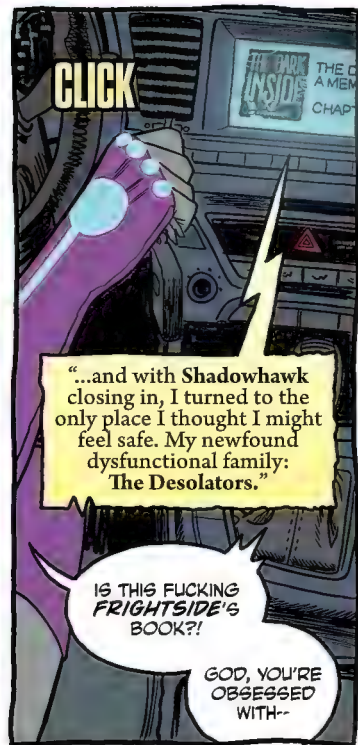
WHEREVER
I DRIVE
US.



YOU CAN'T
JUST--

PEOPLE
WILL NOTICE IF
I DISAPPEAR...

OH
YEAH?



CLICK

"...and with Shadowhawk
closing in, I turned to the
only place I thought I might
feel safe. My newfound
dysfunctional family:
The Desolators."

IS THIS FUCKING
FRIGHTSIDE'S
BOOK?!

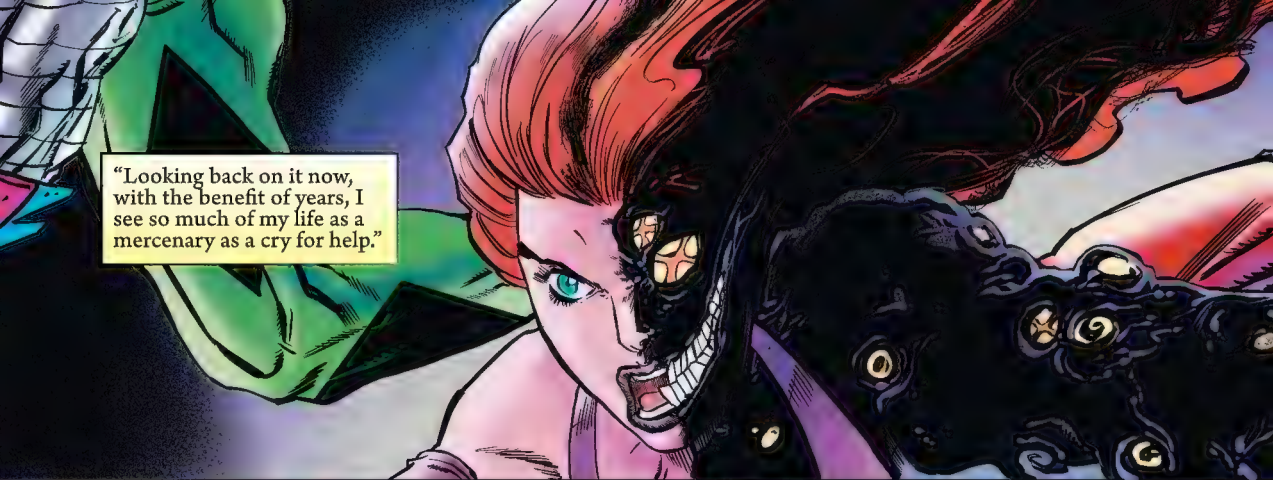
GOD, YOU'RE
OBSESSED
WITH--



VRRRRRRNNNNNNN

I PUT ON
AUDIOBOOKS
WHEN I DRIVE.
IT KEEPS ME
FROM THINKING
ABOUT--

"Chapter 9: Crossjack."



"Looking back on it now, with the benefit of years, I see so much of my life as a mercenary as a cry for help."



"My association with the Desolators was akin to a teenager hanging out with the 'wrong crowd,' the 'bad kids in leather jackets.'"

"The ones smoking in the median, off school grounds."

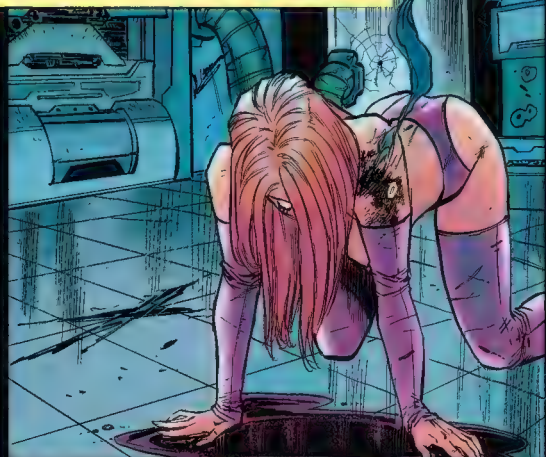


"It was my need to be punished for the dark impulses that filled my mind... the very thoughts that had brought the Fright from his alien realm to me in the first place."



"And punished I was."

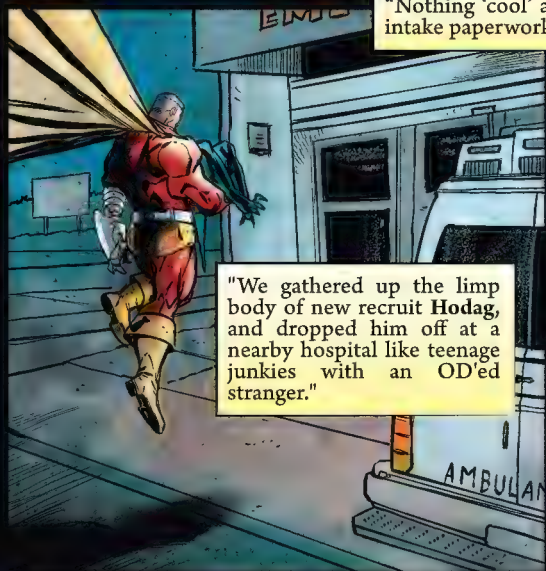
"I awoke from a severe concussion in the Undisclosed. The 'Aphex Engine' we'd been hired to protect was gone. As was our client, **The Faceless Horde**."



"And **Third Gen**, for all their heroic bluster, hadn't even bothered to take my teammates and I prisoner."

UH...
HODAG?

"Nothing 'cool' about filling out intake paperwork, I suppose."



"We gathered up the limp body of new recruit **Hodag**, and dropped him off at a nearby hospital like teenage junkies with an OD'ed stranger."

"And lacking anything to say to each other...the Desolators went home."



"I replayed the battle in my head all night."



"Neon always hated me. There was nothing new in her contemptuous glare. But the 'new kid.'"

"Crossjack..."

"In his indistinct Midwestern features, something else."

"Regret?"

"Empathy?"



"Or an overpowering need to prove himself, after being humiliated by the Camo Crusader."



"A need that I knew would make him more dangerous than Neon, Big Island, or even The Cutting Edge."

"I really hated being right all the time."



"He came at me like a frat boy at a basement party; all testosterone and misplaced confidence."





"He was fast and agile,
just as I was after years
training in the ballet."

"His powers seemed to
be largely martial."

"Anything could be
a weapon. And he
didn't miss."

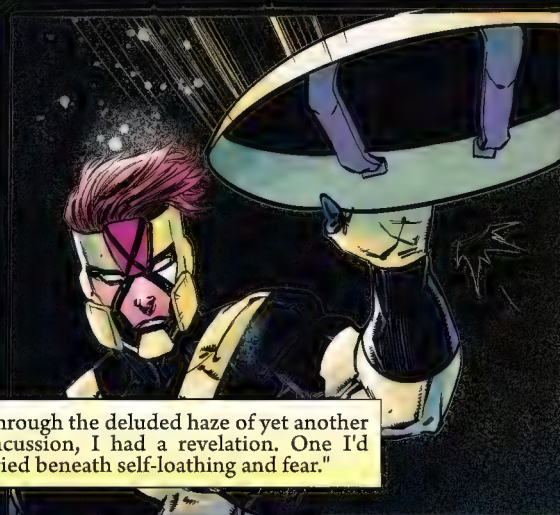
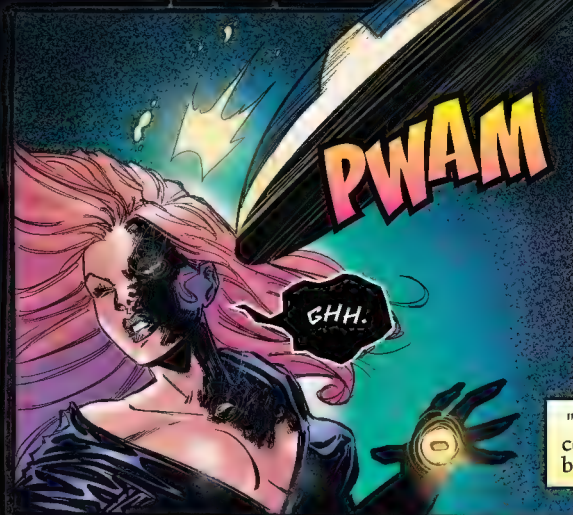
"But I was the chosen
avatar of an ancient
alien fear god."

PANG

"I should have easily
destroyed Crossjack's
untrained, home-
invading ass."

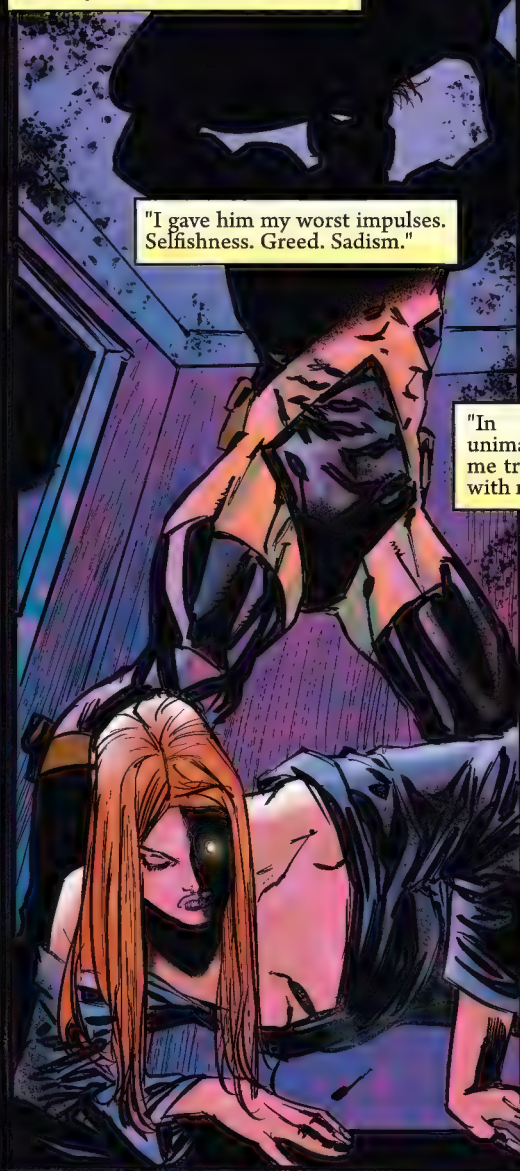
PING

"And yet..."



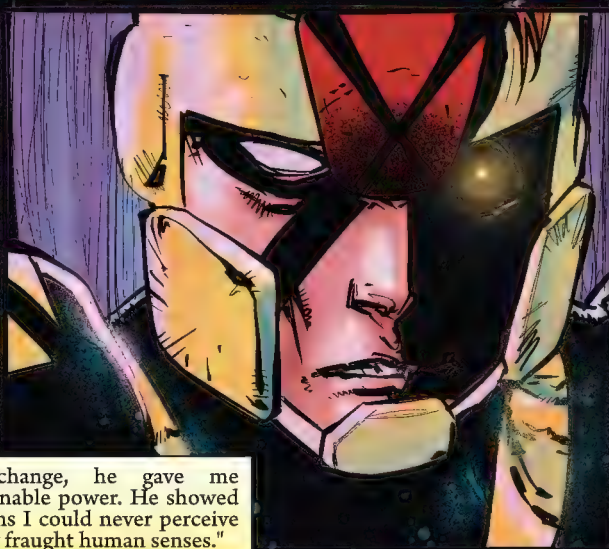
"Through the deluded haze of yet another concussion, I had a revelation. One I'd buried beneath self-loathing and fear."

"My relationship with **The Fright** was largely transactional."



"I gave him my worst impulses. Selfishness. Greed. Sadism."

"In exchange, he gave me unimaginable power. He showed me truths I could never perceive with my fraught human senses."



"But my gift of unleashing him from that deep hole in the world did not make Him mine."

"And he would surely abandon me for more fertile grounds any chance he got."

THE
POWER...
IT'S...

IT'S...

"This 'hero' was more greedy and selfish than I had ever been."

...ALL
MINE!!

CRASH!

"For the first time in our antagonistic relationship, I was happy to see Neon."

"And I could sense that she was *very* happy to see Cross--"

BEEP

OK, THIS
IS BULL-
SHIT.

THESE CELEBRITY
TELL-ALLS ARE
ALWAYS FUCKING
MADE UP.

IT WASN'T LUST THAT
LED ME AFTER JACK.
WE DIDN'T SLEEP
TOGETHER UNTIL
MUCH LATER.



IT WAS CAMO. HE'D TOLD
JACK TO GO AFTER STACY.

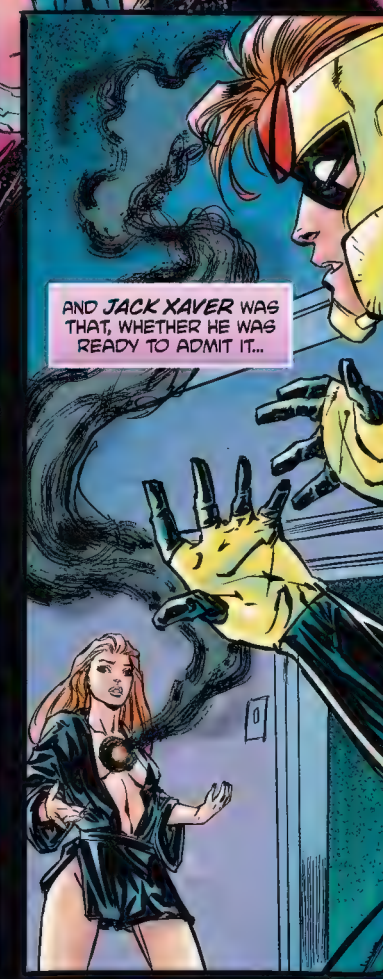
HE WAS TESTING
HIM. TO MAKE SURE
HE WAS READY.

HE WANTED PEOPLE WHO WOULD
PLAY AS DIRTY AS THEIR ENEMIES.

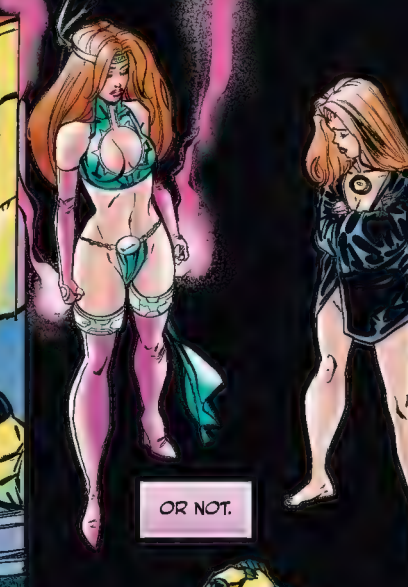


BECAUSE MATT DIDN'T WANT
SOFT, SMALL-TOWN SUPER-
BOYS ON HIS TEAM.

HE WANTED SOLDIERS WHO COULD
DO WHATEVER IT TOOK TO WIN.



AND JACK XAVER WAS
THAT, WHETHER HE WAS
READY TO ADMIT IT...



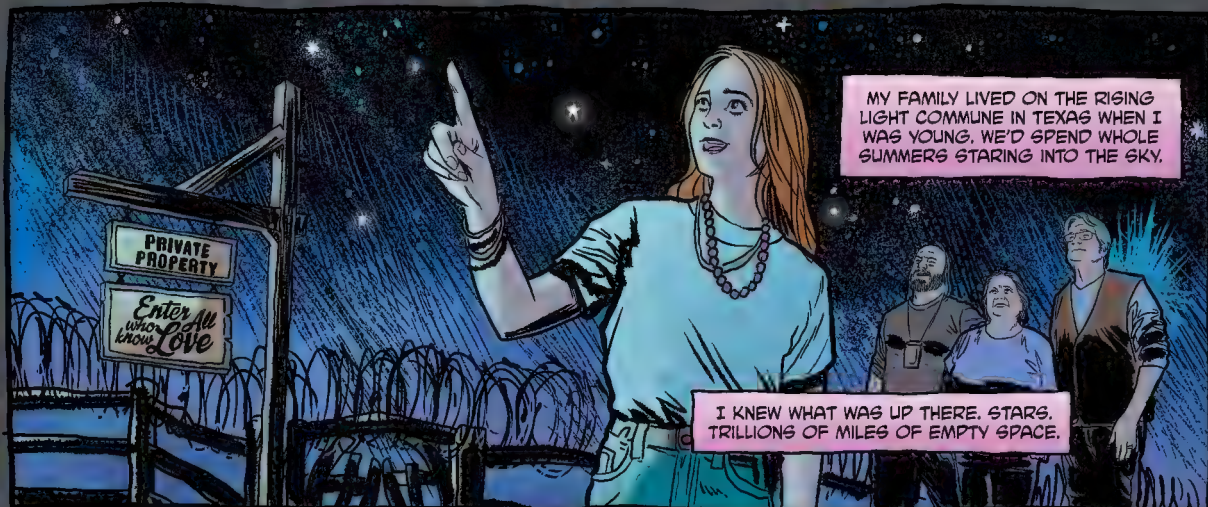
OR NOT.



I MEAN...

THAT'S
ONE WAY
TO LOOK
AT IT...





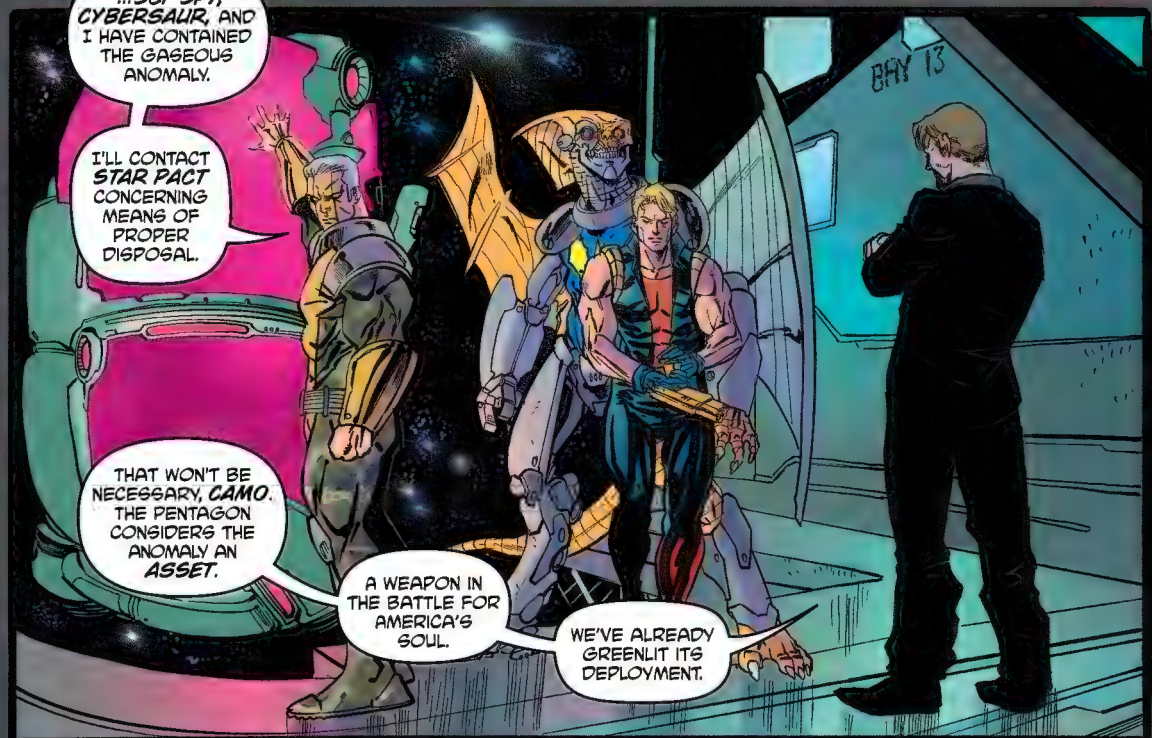
MY FAMILY LIVED ON THE RISING LIGHT COMMUNE IN TEXAS WHEN I WAS YOUNG. WE'D SPEND WHOLE SUMMERS STARING INTO THE SKY.

I KNEW WHAT WAS UP THERE. STARS. TRILLIONS OF MILES OF EMPTY SPACE.



MY PARENTS HAD TAUGHT ME THERE WERE NO GODS WATCHING OVER US.

AGENT KURTZ, THE MISSION WAS A SUCCESS...



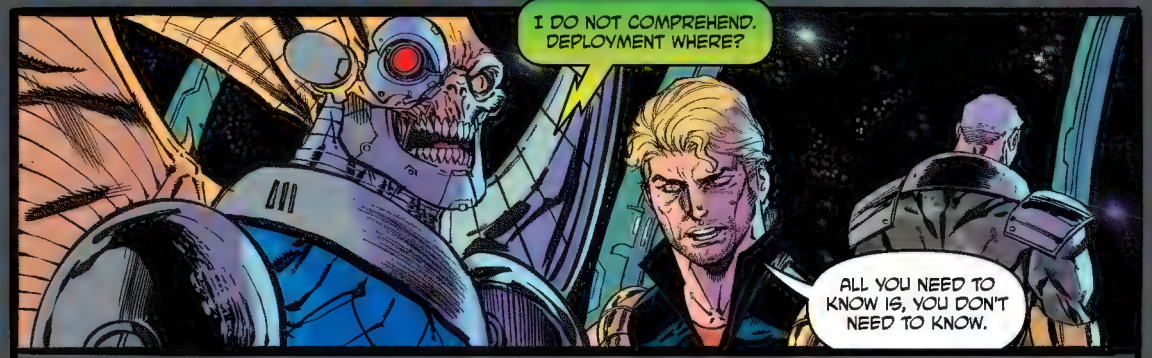
...SCI-SPY, CYBERSAUR, AND I HAVE CONTAINED THE GASEOUS ANOMALY.

I'LL CONTACT STAR PACT CONCERNING MEANS OF PROPER DISPOSAL.

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, CAMO. THE PENTAGON CONSIDERS THE ANOMALY AN ASSET.

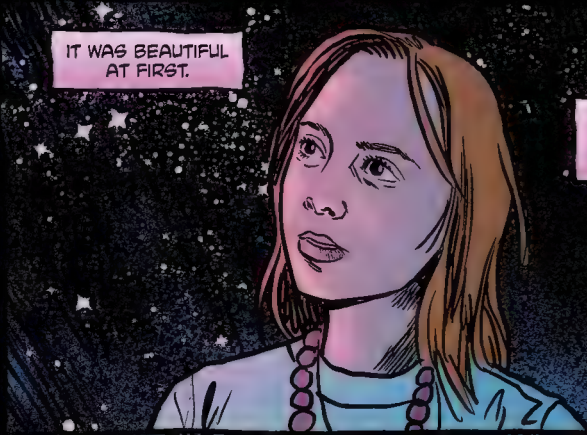
A WEAPON IN THE BATTLE FOR AMERICA'S SOUL.

WE'VE ALREADY GREENLIT ITS DEPLOYMENT.



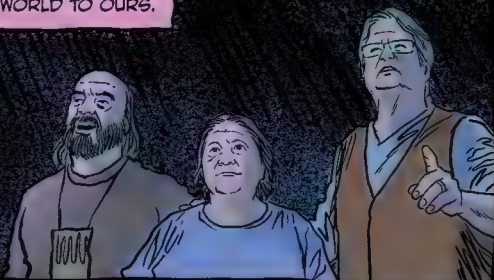
I DO NOT COMPREHEND. DEPLOYMENT WHERE?

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW IS, YOU DON'T NEED TO KNOW.



IT WAS BEAUTIFUL
AT FIRST.

A PINK COMET DANCING
ITS WAY THROUGH THE
ANGRY WORLD TO OURS.



MY FATHER SAID SENECA NATIVE
CULTURES BELIEVED POINTING AT
SHOOTING STARS REVEALED YOUR
HIDING PLACE TO ENEMIES.

MOTHER SAID IT LOOKED LIKE
URSA MAJOR WAS SPITTING OUT
HIS BUBBLE GUM. MY OTHER
FATHER LAUGHED.



AND THEN THEY STARTED TO MELT.

THE GAS HAD THE EFFECT OF
INSTANTLY TURNING FLESH INTO
ADIPOCERE. "GRAVE WAX."

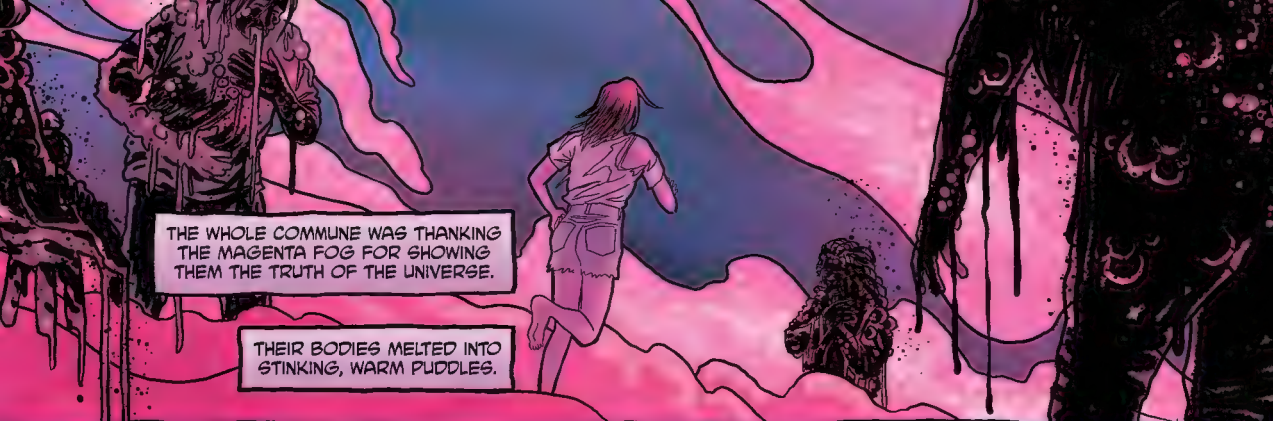
IT WAS ALSO
EXTREMELY
PSYCHOACTIVE.

WHILE MY FAMILY DIED, THEIR
MINDS WERE OFF IN THAT BIG
BLACK VOID, FAR AWAY FROM
THEIR LIQUIFYING BODIES.

THEY GAVE HEART-
BREAKING GIBBERISH.

...HE WILL SLICE
THROUGH YOUR
HEART, MY
DARLING.

THE WRECKAGE
WILL SMELL OF SWEET
EUCALYPTUS AND THE
LYRE OF ORPHEUS WILL
PLAY "LA ISLA
BONITA..."



THE WHOLE COMMUNE WAS THANKING
THE MAGENTA FOG FOR SHOWING
THEM THE TRUTH OF THE UNIVERSE.

THEIR BODIES MELTED INTO
STINKING, WARM PUDDLES.



HIGH LANTERN
ERICA.

GOOD HANDS
MOSS.

THE FOOD-
MAKERS.

THE CARE-
TAKERS.

ALL OF THE
COOING FRESH
ONES IN THEIR
WICKER CRIBS.



EVERYONE BUT ME.



THE NEON MIST
HAD SPARED ME.

ITS CURSE HAD COME FROM
THE SKY, FROM THE REALM
OF GODS. THEY EXISTED.



AND I WOULD MAKE THEM REGRET
CREATING ME IN THEIR IMAGE.

IN THE COMMUNE, I HADN'T
NEEDED A NAME YET.

BUT OUT IN THE ANGRY WORLD,
THE PRIESTS AND THE BISHOPS
HAD ONE FOR ME.



THE NEON DEMON.

THEY TOOK MY
PARADISE, SO I TOOK
THEIRS, ONE AT A TIME.

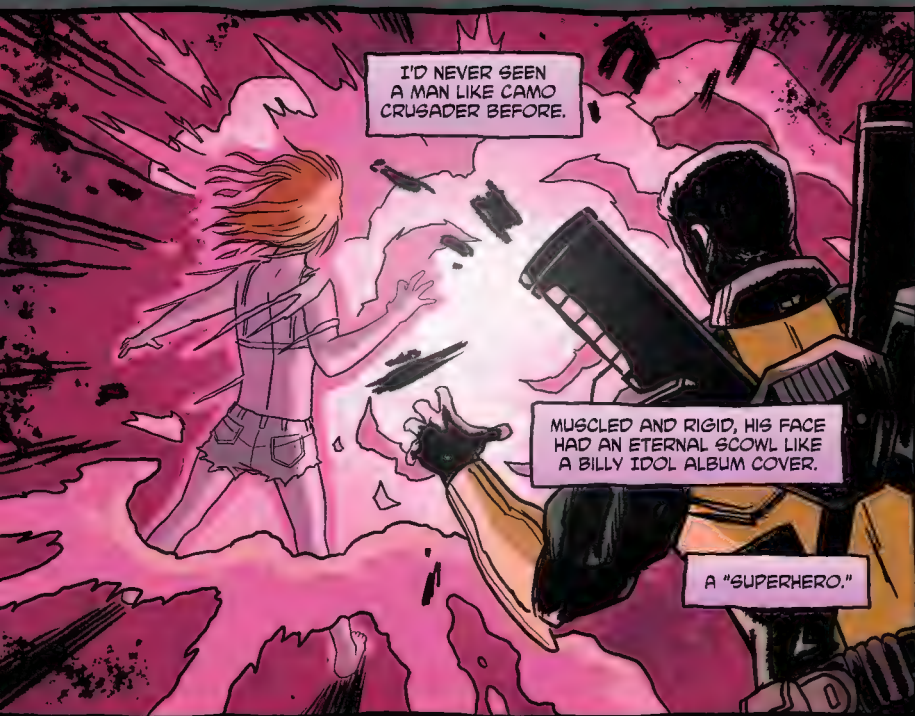
UNTIL HE CAME.



I'D NEVER SEEN
A MAN LIKE CAMO
CRUSADER BEFORE.

MUSCLED AND RIGID, HIS FACE
HAD AN ETERNAL SCOWL LIKE
A BILLY IDOL ALBUM COVER.

A "SUPERHERO."



BUT THEN HIS
FACE CHANGED.

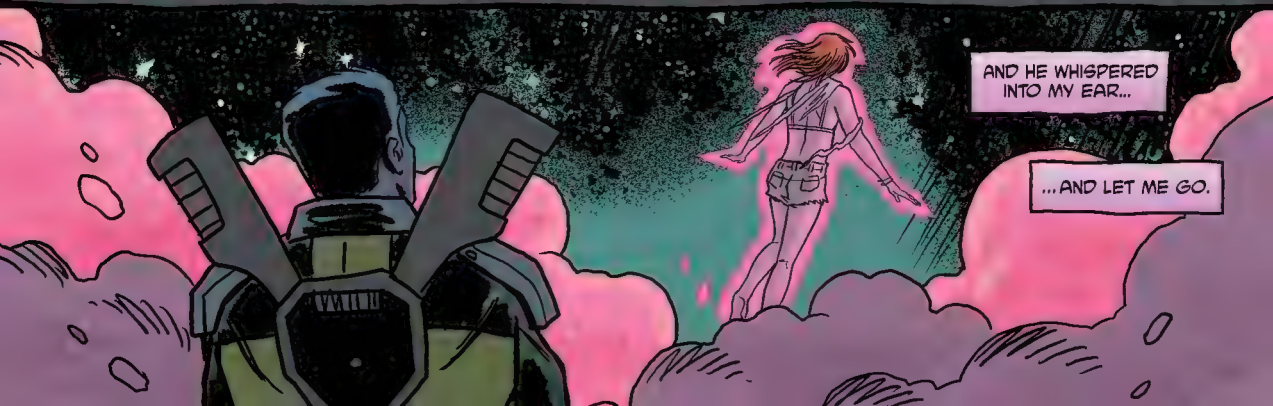
THE
ANOMALY.

INSTEAD OF THROWING
HIS BIG FIST, HE PULLED
ME CLOSE.



AND HE WHISPERED
INTO MY EAR...

...AND LET ME GO.





HIS QUIET WORDS HAD BEEN
A NAME AND AN ADDRESS.



ARLINGTON,
VIRGINIA...

HIS
NAME
IS...



I USED THE MIST TO CONFIRM
I WAS IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

JOSEPH I.
KURTZ.

FBI,
1952-1981.

CIA SPECIALIST.
ANTI-GOVERNMENT
LEFTIST GROUPS.
1981-1988.

DIRECTOR
OF NATIONAL
INTELLIGENCE
OFFICE, CURRENT.

A STEW OF LETTERS
I DIDN'T KNOW THEN.

BUT I KNEW HE WAS THE ONE WHO
SENT THE MIST TO RISING LIGHT.

ZZZNT!

AHHHH??

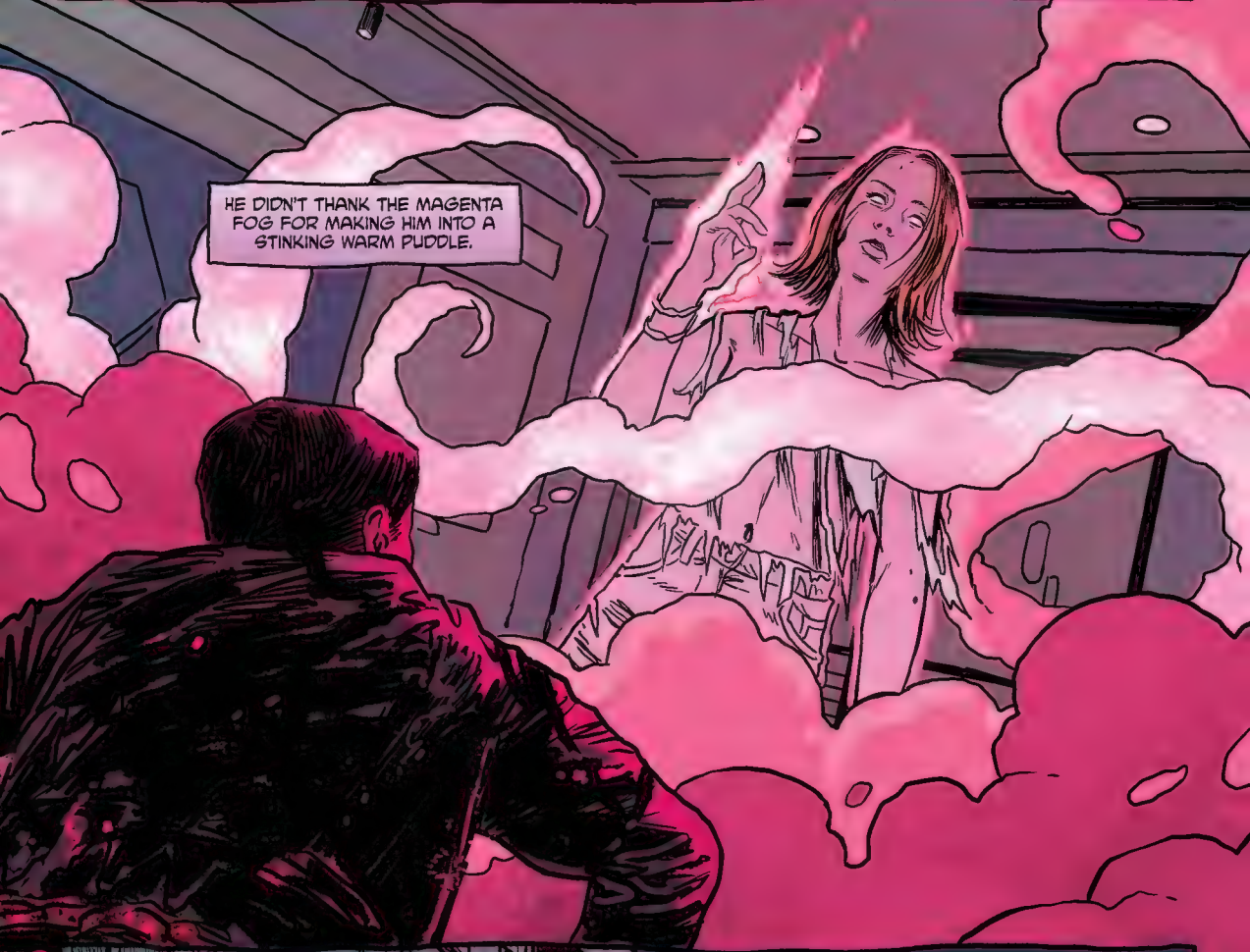


THAT WAS ENOUGH.

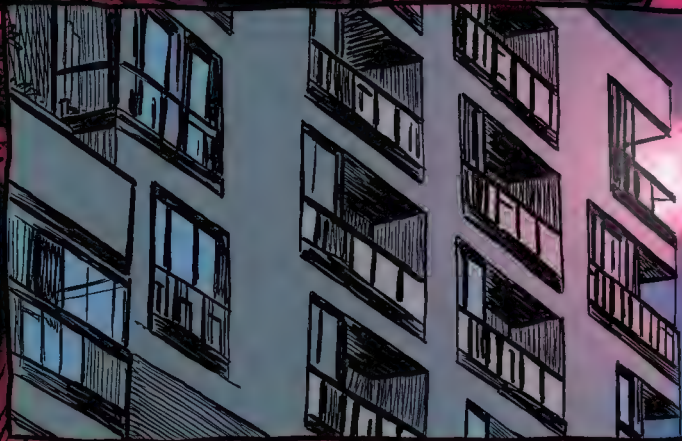
HG

GHKK

HNNNN



HE DIDN'T THANK THE MAGENTA
FOG FOR MAKING HIM INTO A
STINKING WARM PUDDLE.



IT DID WHAT I
ASKED OF IT.

AAAAEEEE!

AND JOE KURTZ'S MIND WAS RIGHT THERE
THE WHOLE TIME WHILE I CUT HIM APART.

SECOND GEN WAS
DISSOLVED. BUT A NEW
FORCE TOOK ITS PLACE.

CAMO CRUSADER'S
ROSTER.

SOLDIERS WHO COULD DO
WHATEVER IT TOOK TO WIN.

WE STAND
FOR JUSTICE
NOW.

IF YOU WANT
TO KNOW WHAT
THAT MEANS...

ASK
OUR OLD
BUDDY AGENT
KURTZ.

PEOPLE WHO WOULD PLAY
AS DIRTY AS THEIR ENEMIES.

AND WE
DON'T DO
SACRILEGE
HERE.

NO MORE
"DEMON."

AND
NEON?

...AVENGE NOT
YOURSELVES, BUT
RATHER GIVE PLACE
UNTO WRATH:

FOR IT IS WRITTEN
"VENGEANCE IS MINE,
I WILL REPAITH,
SAITH THE LORD."

CAMO HAD FOUND
HIS NEW SOLDIER.

I HAD FOUND
MY GOD.

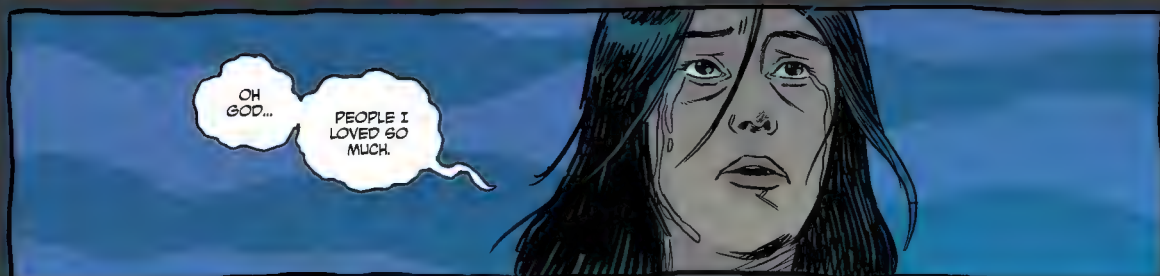


LOOK...
I KNOW
I...

I DID THINGS.
I HURT PEOPLE.
REALLY HURT
THEM.

CAMO
CRUSADER.
CARL BULLOCH.
FOURTH GEN.
MACKENZIE
CHENG.

PEOPLE I
CARED ABOUT.
PEOPLE I
LOVED.



OH
GOD...

PEOPLE I
LOVED SO
MUCH.



BUT YOU'D
HAVE DONE
EXACTLY WHAT
I DID, ERICA.

BECAUSE
YOU KNOW
WHEN YOU HAVE
POWER...

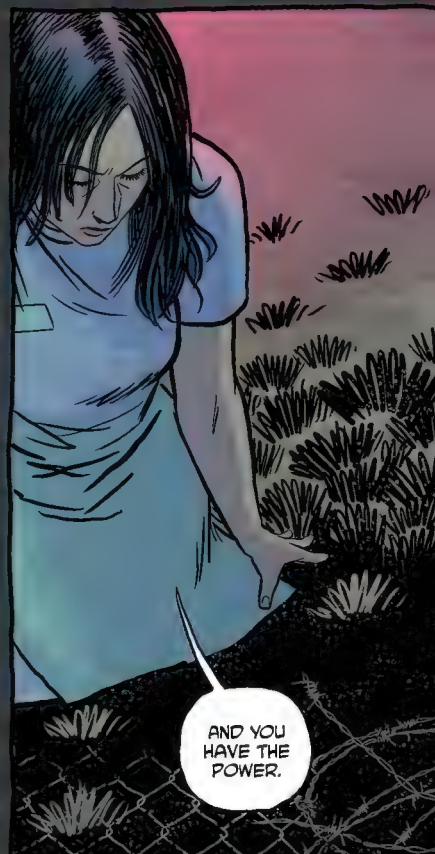
THE ONLY
SIN IS NOT
USING IT.



SO, GO
AHEAD, NEON
DEMON.

TAKE YOUR
REVENGE.

YOU HAVE
EVERY
REASON.



AND YOU
HAVE THE
POWER.



I'M NOT
GOING TO
KILL YOU.

THAT WASN'T
THE POINT OF
MY STORY.



I EVEN FEEL SOME
RESPONSIBILITY FOR
YOUR ACTIONS. IF MY
LATE HUSBAND HADN'T
BEEN WRAPPED UP IN ALL
THAT FARMINGTON
SCIENCE FAIR...

YOU'D BE
SAFE AT HOME
WITH YOUR
POLICEMAN.



THE POINT
WAS: CAMO
CRUSADER...

MATHEW GAVE
ME A BEAUTIFUL
GIFT. HE TOLD ME
WHERE TO FIND
THAT MONSTER.

HE TRUSTED
ME WITH THE
GIFT OF
VENGEANCE.

DID YOU KILL
JACK'S FATHER,
INGA? JUST TO
BUY YOURSELF
TIME?

OR DID BEN
XAVIER'S HEART
GIVE OUT ON
ITS OWN?

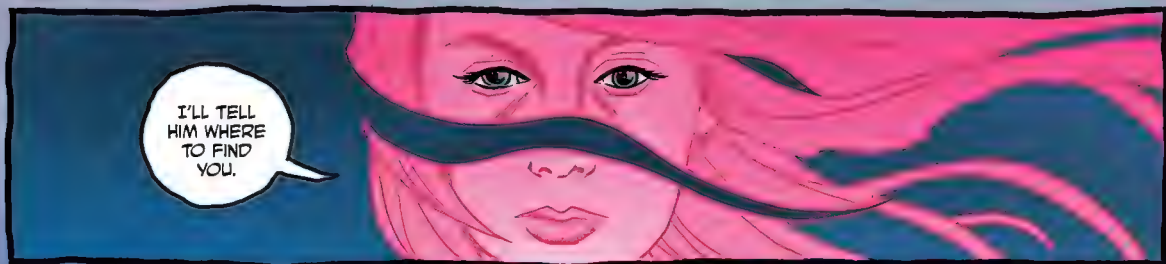
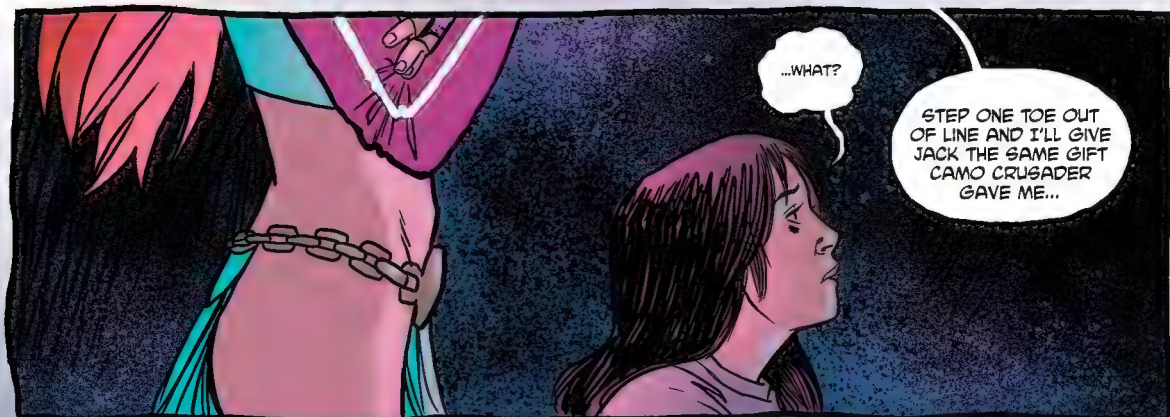
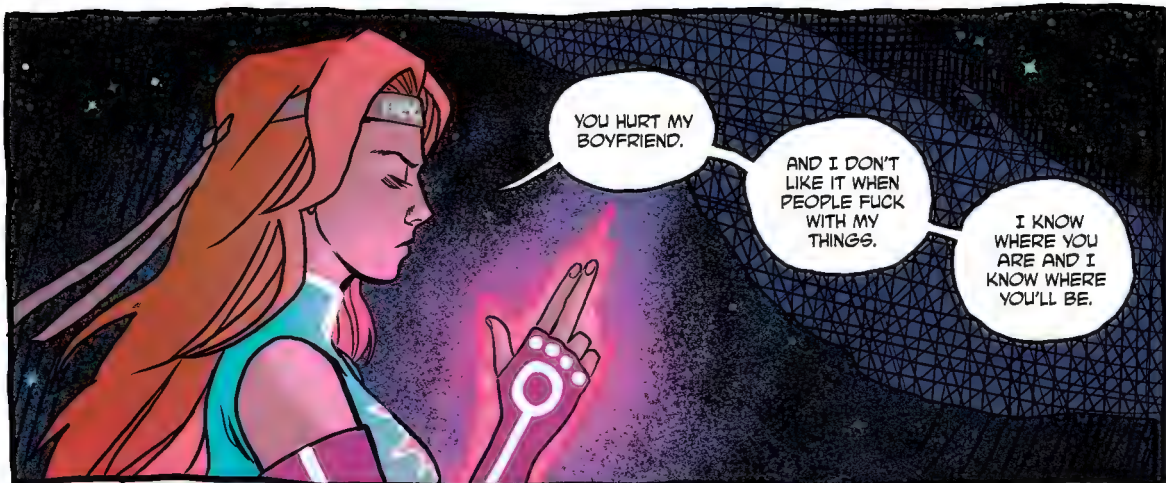


I WAS RAISED
SOFT. WRAPPED
IN THE LOVING,
COMFORTING
ARMS OF
PACIFISM.

AND I BELIEVE
IN THE VIRTUE OF
ETHICAL NON-
MONOGAMY.



BUT I ALSO BELIEVE A
GIRL DESERVES SOME
CONTRADICTION EVERY
NOW AND THEN...





Chapter 10





I THINK
THIS IS THE
HARDEST PART
OF MY JOB.

WHEN I HAVE TO SAY
SOMETHING ABOUT A
PERSON THAT SUMMA-
RIZES A WHOLE LIFE.

TO PUT A FEW
WORDS TO A
FACE THAT MEANS
SO MUCH TO
SO MANY.

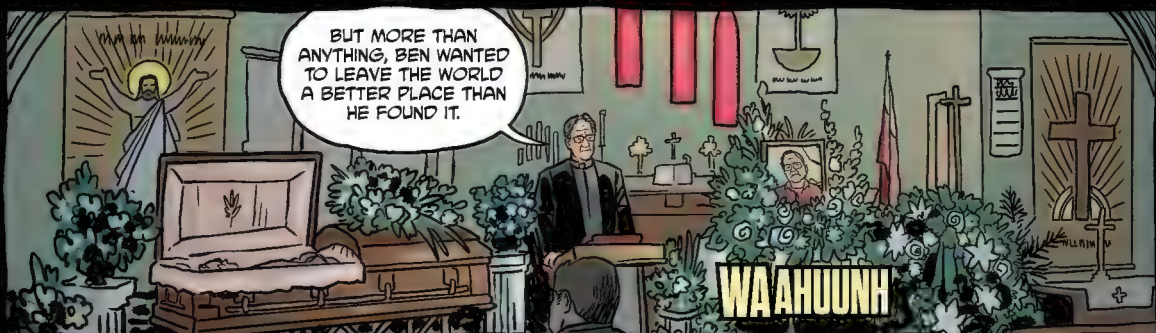


**BENJAMIN
XAVIER** WAS A
GOOD MAN.

A FAITHFUL MAN.
A HARDWORKING
MAN.

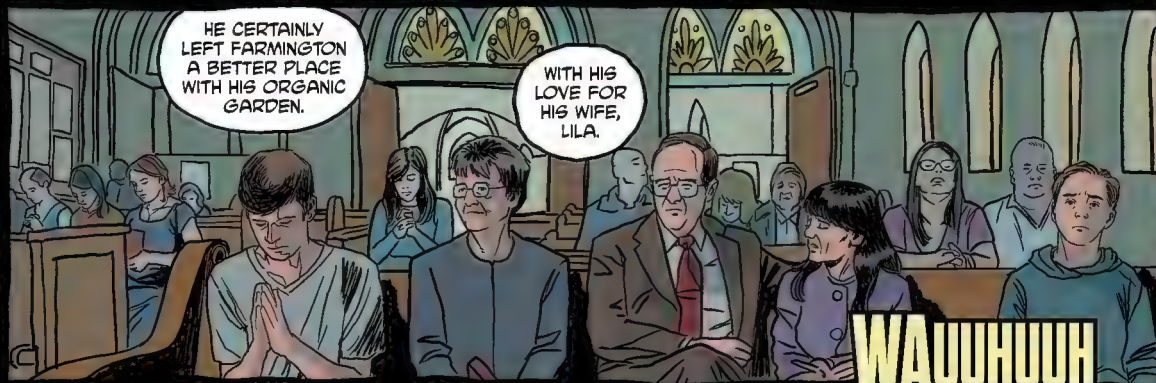
THOSE THAT HAD HIM
AS A BOSS AT THE OLD
PAPER MILL CAN TELL YOU
HE EXPECTED YOU TO
WORK HARD TOO.
OR ELSE.

HEH HEH



BUT MORE THAN
ANYTHING, BEN WANTED
TO LEAVE THE WORLD
A BETTER PLACE THAN
HE FOUND IT.

WAHUUNH



HE CERTAINLY
LEFT FARMINGTON
A BETTER PLACE
WITH HIS ORGANIC
GARDEN.

WITH HIS
LOVE FOR
HIS WIFE,
LILA.

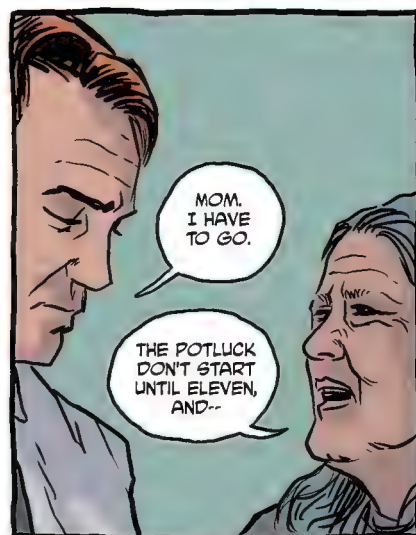
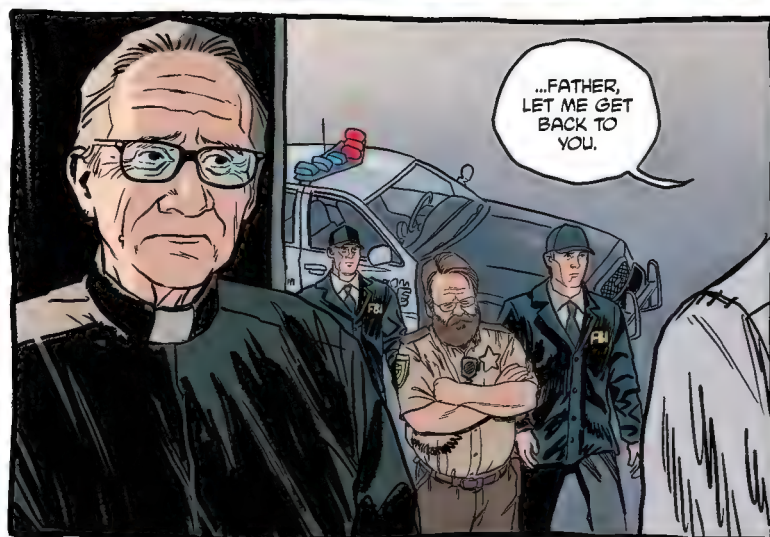
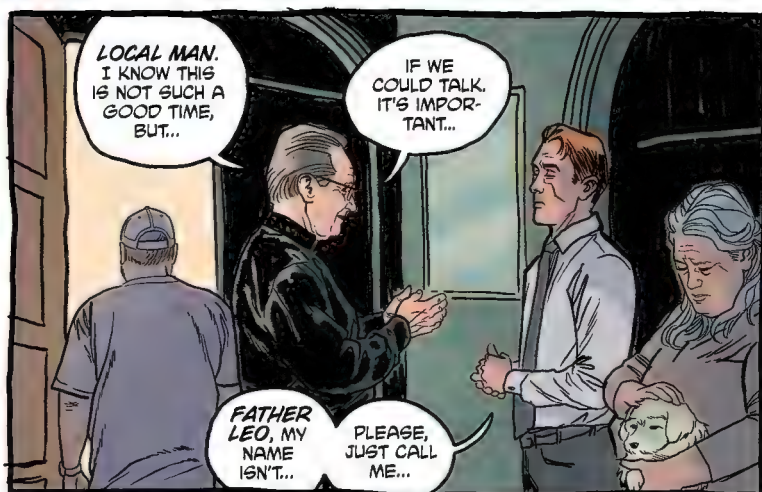
WAUUUUH

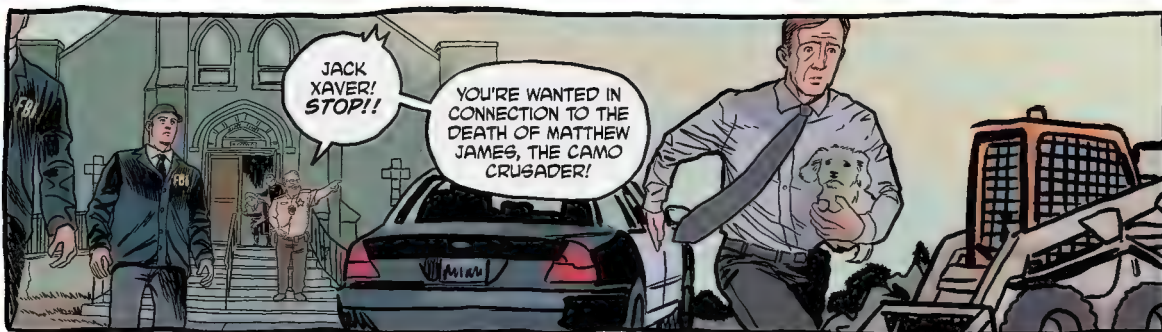
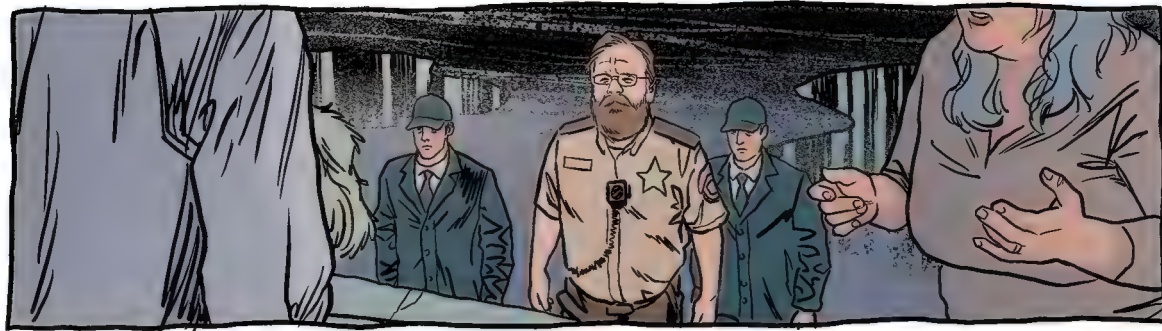
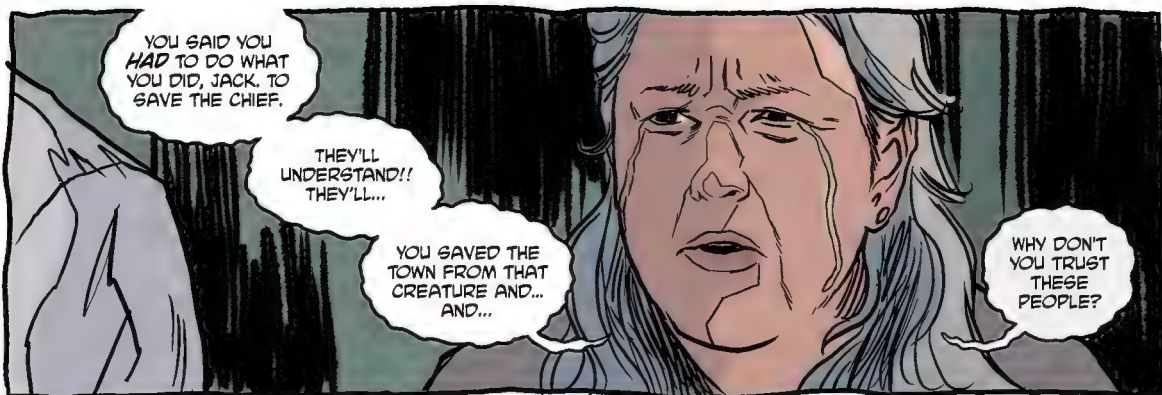


WITH THE
GIFT OF HIS
SON, JACK...

WAUUUH

OH
GOD...



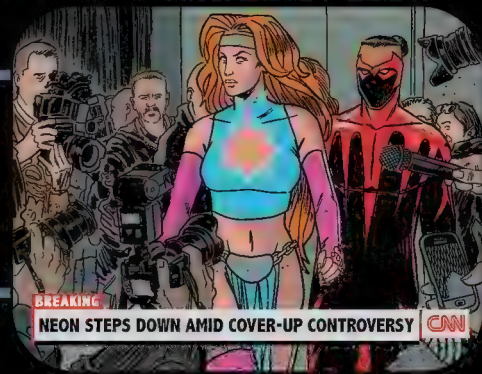


...IT'S BEEN ALMOST SIX MONTHS SINCE THIS PROGRAM UNVEILED SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE OF THE FATEFUL FINAL MOMENTS OF **MATTHEW JAMES**, ALSO KNOWN AS THE **CAMO CRUSADER**, LEADER OF THE **THIRD GEN** SUPERHERO TEAM.



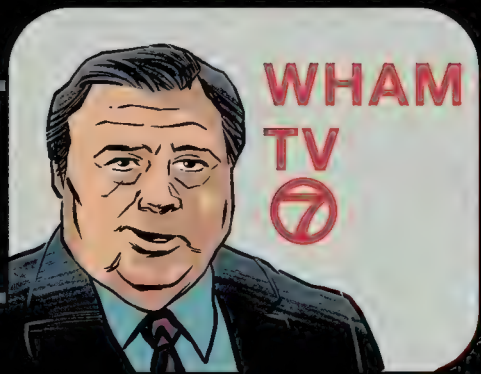
THIS GUY, **CROSSJACK**, THEY CAN'T FIND THIS GUY ANYWHERE? THE GUY WHO WEARS A BRIGHT YELLOW SUIT! HOW HARD ARE THEY EVEN LOOKIN'?

FALLOUT HAS BEEN FAR-REACHING, WITH A FORMER MEMBER WANTED BY FEDERAL AUTHORITIES AND THE ENTIRE CURRENT ROSTER BENCHES AS QUESTIONS SURROUND THE COVERUP ALLEGEDLY INITIATED BY FIELD LEADER, **NEON**...

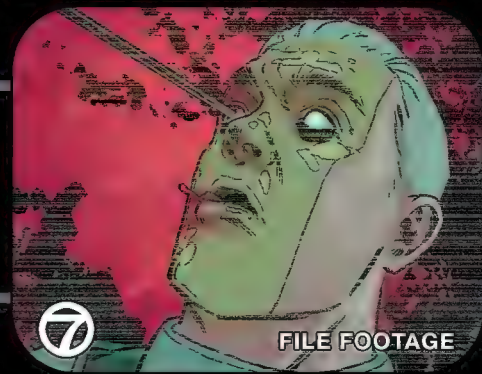


THE DEEP STATE CAN ACE A WHISTLE-BLOWIN' DNC STAFFER OR TRACK DOWN ANY FREEDOM-LOVIN' MILITIA MEMBER WITH A DRONE, BUT THEY GOT NOTHIN' ON THIS CHRISTIAN-KILLIN' TERRORIST?

ALWAYS A DOUBLE STANDARD FOR PEOPLE LIKE US!

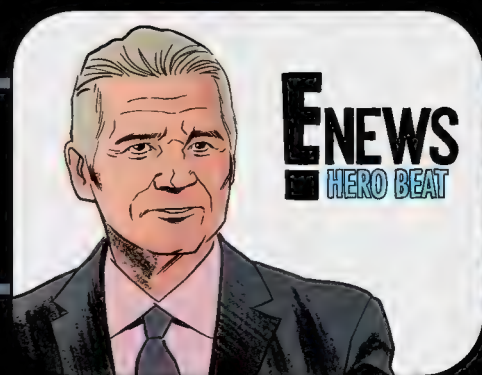
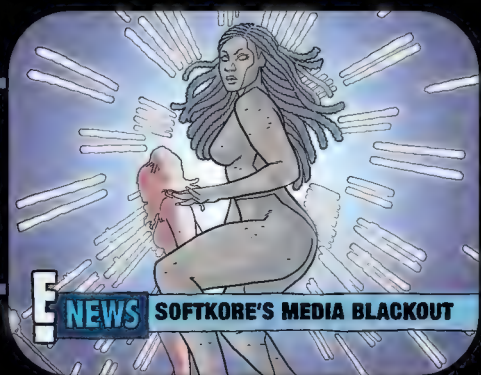


DO YOU FEEL IT? THAT LITTLE ACHES IN YOUR HEART BECAUSE YOU DON'T GET TO SEE **SOFTKORE** SWINGIN' THAT THING WHILE TROUNCING A MECH, OR **BIG ISLAND**'S GOLDEN GLUTES THROUGH HIS GRASS SKIRT ANYMORE?



WELL, GEN CORP'S OWNER IS HOPING TO REMEDY THAT WITH A MID-WINTER DEBUT TO CURE YOUR JANUARY BLUES...

AMERICA, MEET **KLK KLK BANG BANG**, **#CRUSADE**, **BUSQUEDA**, **MEME** AND **ARCA-DIA**. THEY ARE...





FOURTH
GEN?!

THERE
ALREADY WAS
A FUCKING
FOURTH GEN!

NEWS

ALL NEW FOURTH GEN TEAM

Week 24 '18

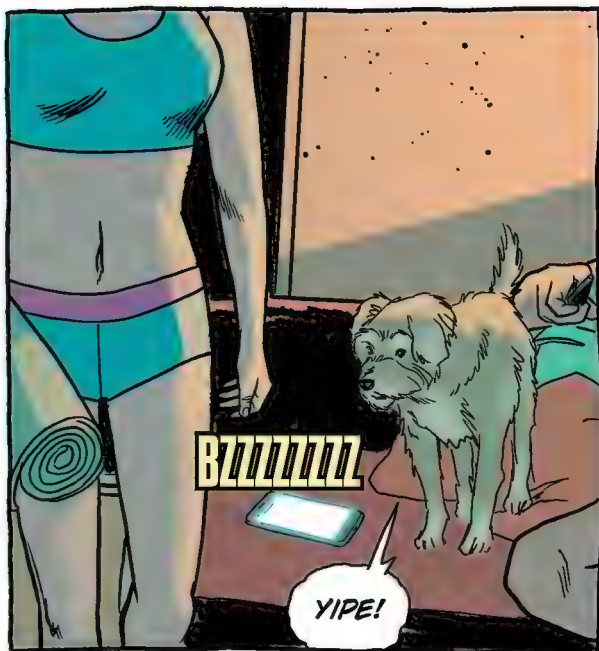


I MEAN, WHAT'D THOSE KIDS EVEN DIE FOR IF THEIR NAME CAN JUST BE SLAPPED ON A BUNCH OF LAME-LOOKING ZOOMERS?



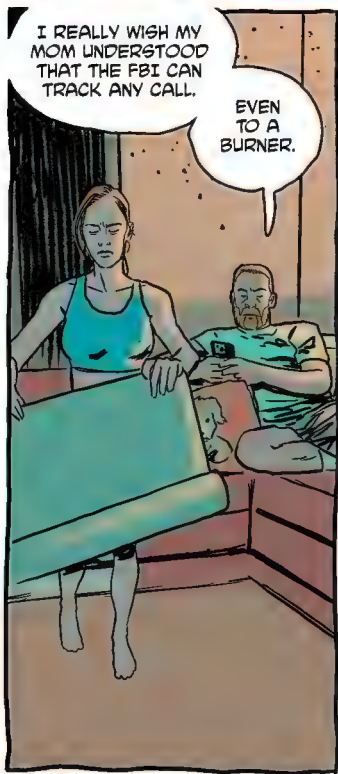
IT'S JUST DISRESPECTFUL. JUST...

UGH.



BZZZZZZZZ

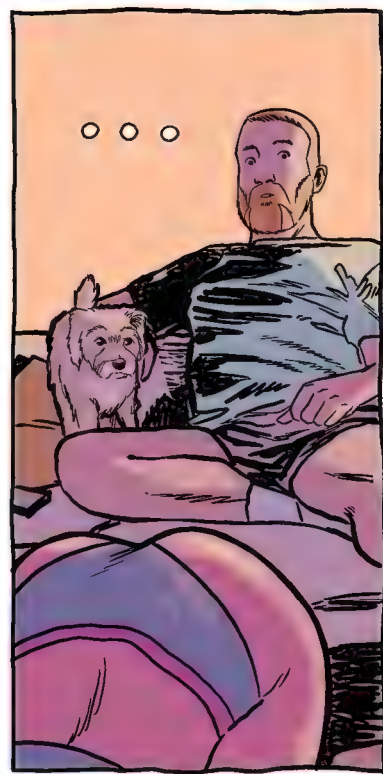
YIPE!



I REALLY WISH MY MOM UNDERSTOOD THAT THE FBI CAN TRACK ANY CALL. EVEN TO A BURNER.



I'M A WANTED FUGITIVE, HIDING OUT IN A VACATION HOUSE IN JOSHUA TREE. I CAN'T--



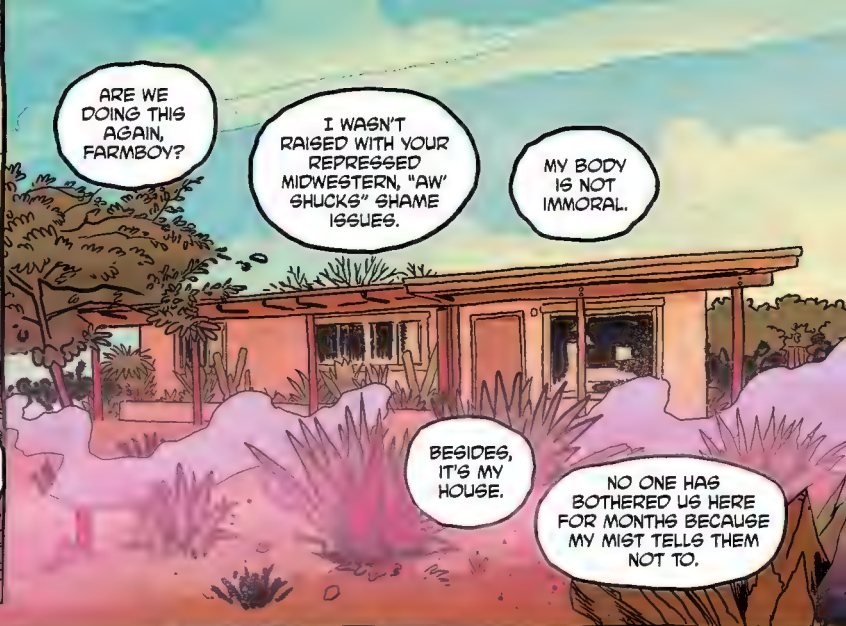
...



ERICA, CAN YOU DO ME A FAVOR AND JUST...

DO YOGA...

SOMEWHERE ELSE?



ARE WE DOING THIS AGAIN, FARMBOY?

I WASN'T RAISED WITH YOUR REPRESSED MIDWESTERN, "AW SHUCKS" SHAME ISSUES.

MY BODY IS NOT IMMORAL.

BESIDES, IT'S MY HOUSE.

NO ONE HAS BOTHERED US HERE FOR MONTHS BECAUSE MY MIST TELLS THEM NOT TO.



IT'S JUST...

WE'RE STUCK HERE TOGETHER UNTIL THIS SHIT BLOWS OVER. WE HAVE TO FIGURE OUT A WAY TO MAKE THIS--

NO, JACK. "WE" DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING.

YOU SLEEP IN MY LIVING ROOM BECAUSE YOU FUCKED YOUR WHOLE LIFE UP.

AND YOU FUCKED AROUND AND GOT ME AND ALL THE REST OF **THIRD GEN** BENCHED JUST LIKE YOU WERE.

NOW WE CAN'T USE OUR NAMES OR OUR POWERS OR OUR... OUR...



SUCKS, RIGHT? THEY TAKE EVERYTHING FROM YOU.

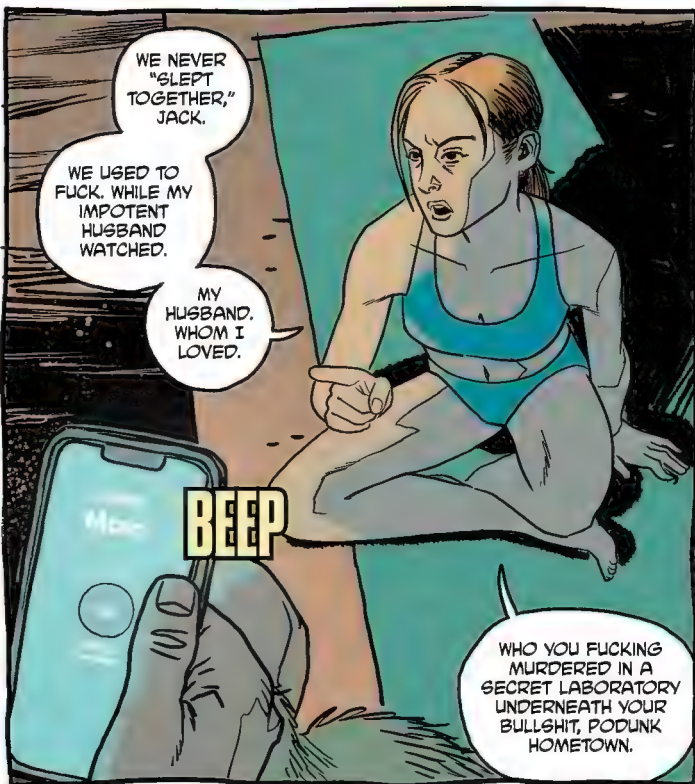
I JUST FEEL LIKE MAYBE THERE WOULD BE LESS TENSION HERE IF WE SLEPT IN THE SAME ROOM. YOU DON'T HAVE SHAME ISSUES.

YOU'RE A FREE SPIRIT. MAYBE IF WE JUST...

ARE YOU...

I MEAN... IT'S NOT LIKE WE HAVEN'T SLEPT TOGETHER.

BZZZZZZZZZZ



WE NEVER "SLEPT TOGETHER," JACK.

WE USED TO FUCK. WHILE MY IMPOTENT HUSBAND WATCHED.

MY HUSBAND. WHOM I LOVED.

BEEP

WHO YOU FUCKING MURDERED IN A SECRET LABORATORY UNDERNEATH YOUR BULLSHIT, PODUNK HOMETOWN.



THAT WASN'T--

I UNDER-
STAND...

SUPERHERO
SHIT HAPPENS.
I GET THAT
INTELLECTUALLY.

MATTHEW
COULD BE
A LOT. YOUR
LIFE WAS IN
DANGER...

IN MY
MIND, IT ALL
MAKES
SENSE.



BUT MY
HEART KNOWS
YOU KILLED
MY HUSBAND.

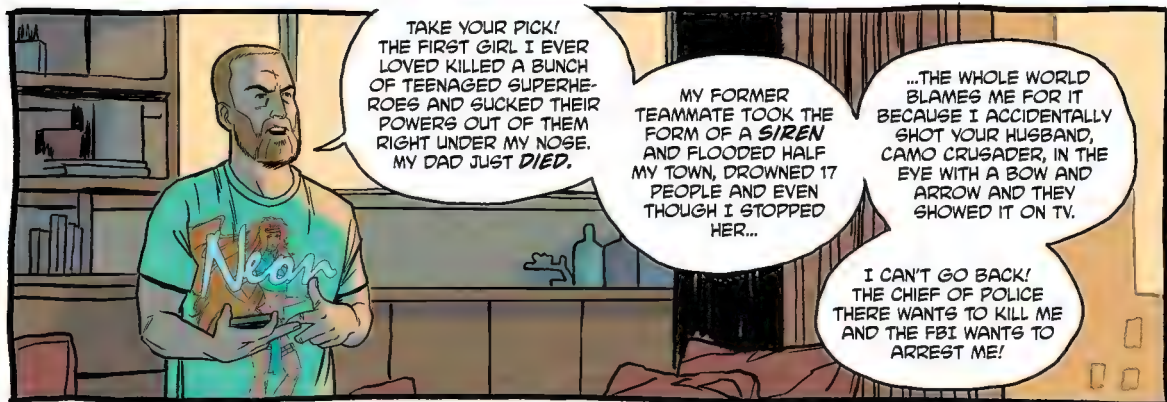
BZZZZZZ



C'MON,
MOM, NOT
NOW!

YOU'RE REALLY
GOING TO KEEP
IGNORING A CALL
FROM YOUR
GRIEVING
MOTHER?

WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOU?

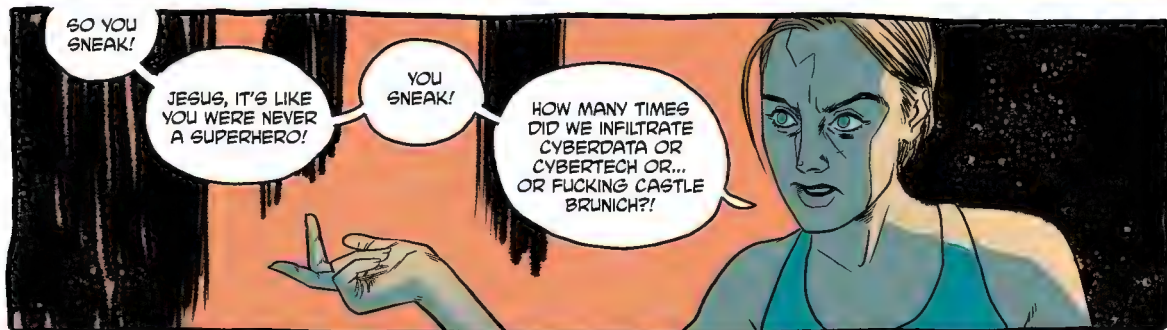


TAKE YOUR PICK!
THE FIRST GIRL I EVER
LOVED KILLED A BUNCH
OF TEENAGED SUPERHEROES
AND SUCKED THEIR
POWERS OUT OF THEM
RIGHT UNDER MY NOSE.
MY DAD JUST DIED.

MY FORMER
TEAMMATE TOOK THE
FORM OF A SIREN
AND FLOODED HALF
MY TOWN, DROWNED 17
PEOPLE AND EVEN
THOUGH I STOPPED
HER...

...THE WHOLE WORLD
BLAMES ME FOR IT
BECAUSE I ACCIDENTALLY
SHOT YOUR HUSBAND,
CAMO CRUSADER, IN THE
EYE WITH A BOW AND
ARROW AND THEY
SHOWED IT ON TV.

I CAN'T GO BACK!
THE CHIEF OF POLICE
THERE WANTS TO KILL ME
AND THE FBI WANTS TO
ARREST ME!



SO YOU
SNEAK!

JESUS, IT'S LIKE
YOU WERE NEVER
A SUPERHERO!

YOU
SNEAK!

HOW MANY TIMES
DID WE INFILTRATE
CYBERDATA OR
CYBERTECH OR...
OR FUCKING CASTLE
BRUNICH?!

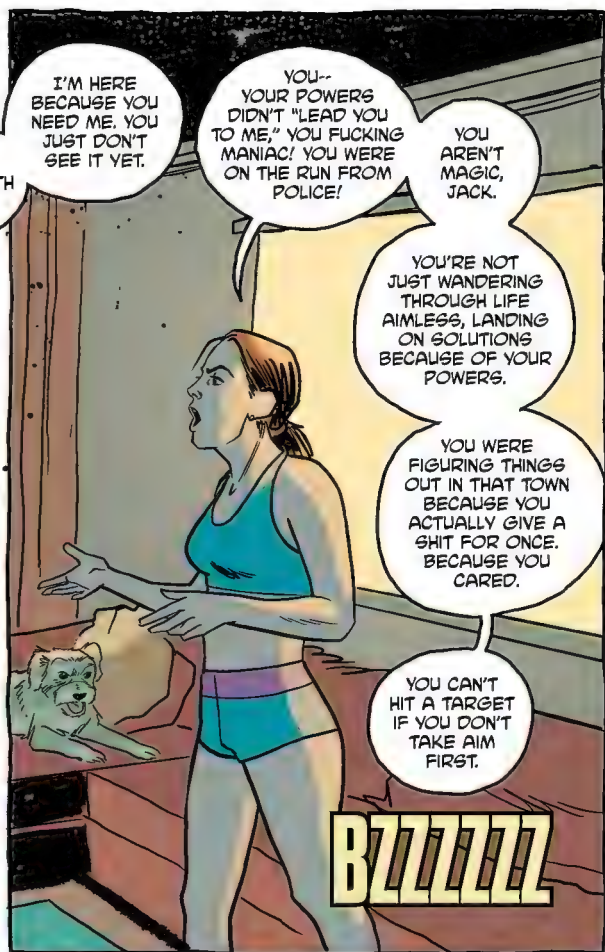


THAT'S NOT HOW IT WORKS, ERICA. I'M HERE BECAUSE MY POWERS LED ME HERE.

THAT'S WHAT I LEARNED...

MY POWERS LEAD ME TO WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO BE. THEY SHOW ME THE TRUTH OF THINGS.

AND THE TRUTH IS...



I'M HERE BECAUSE YOU NEED ME. YOU JUST DON'T SEE IT YET.

YOU-- YOUR POWERS DIDN'T "LEAD YOU TO ME," YOU FUCKING MANIAC! YOU WERE ON THE RUN FROM POLICE!

YOU AREN'T MAGIC, JACK.

YOU'RE NOT JUST WANDERING THROUGH LIFE AIMLESS, LANDING ON SOLUTIONS BECAUSE OF YOUR POWERS.

YOU WERE FIGURING THINGS OUT IN THAT TOWN BECAUSE YOU ACTUALLY GIVE A SHIT FOR ONCE. BECAUSE YOU CARED.

YOU CAN'T HIT A TARGET IF YOU DON'T TAKE AIM FIRST.

BZZZZZZZ



BEEP

OKAY, THREE IN A ROW, MOM. I GET IT. IT'S WORTH THE FBI--

LOCAL MAN. IT'S FATHER LEO.

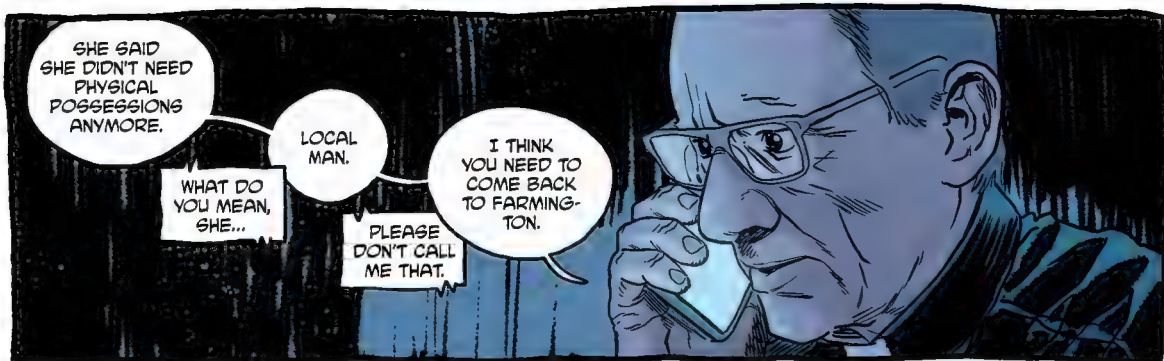
I ASKED IF WE COULD TALK AT YOUR FATHER'S FUNERAL.



FATHER-- WHY DO YOU HAVE MY MOM'S PHONE?

IT WAS IN A BOX WITH ALL HER OTHER THINGS IN THE DONATIONS.

EVERYTHING SHE OWNED.



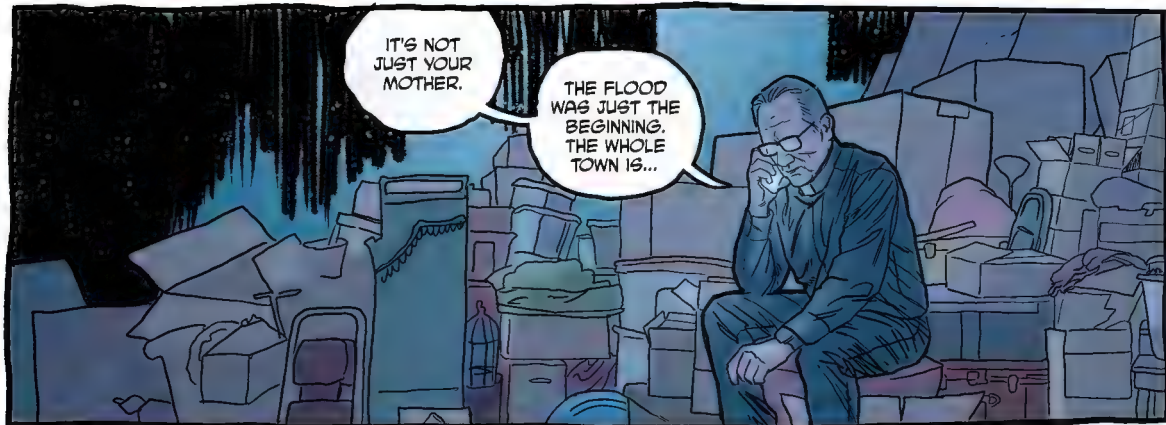
SHE SAID
SHE DIDN'T NEED
PHYSICAL
POSSESSIONS
ANYMORE.

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN,
SHE...

LOCAL
MAN.

PLEASE
DON'T CALL
ME THAT.

I THINK
YOU NEED TO
COME BACK
TO FARMING-
TON.



IT'S NOT
JUST YOUR
MOTHER.

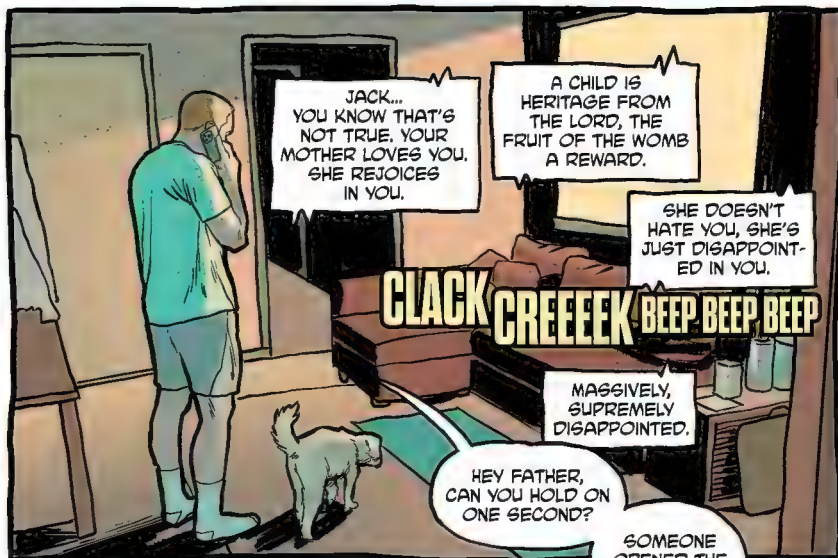
THE FLOOD
WAS JUST THE
BEGINNING.
THE WHOLE
TOWN IS...



LOOK,
FATHER, I
DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU--

I DON'T
KNOW HOW I'LL
BE ABLE TO EVEN
HELP. YOU KNOW
MY MOM. SHE...

SHE
BASICALLY
HATES MY
GUTS.



JACK...
YOU KNOW THAT'S
NOT TRUE. YOUR
MOTHER LOVES YOU.
SHE REJOICES
IN YOU.

A CHILD IS
HERITAGE FROM
THE LORD, THE
FRUIT OF THE WOMB
A REWARD.

SHE DOESN'T
HATE YOU, SHE'S
JUST DISAPPOINTED
IN YOU.

CLACK CREEEEK BEEP BEEP BEEP

MASSIVELY,
SUPREMELY
DISAPPOINTED.

HEY FATHER,
CAN YOU HOLD ON
ONE SECOND?

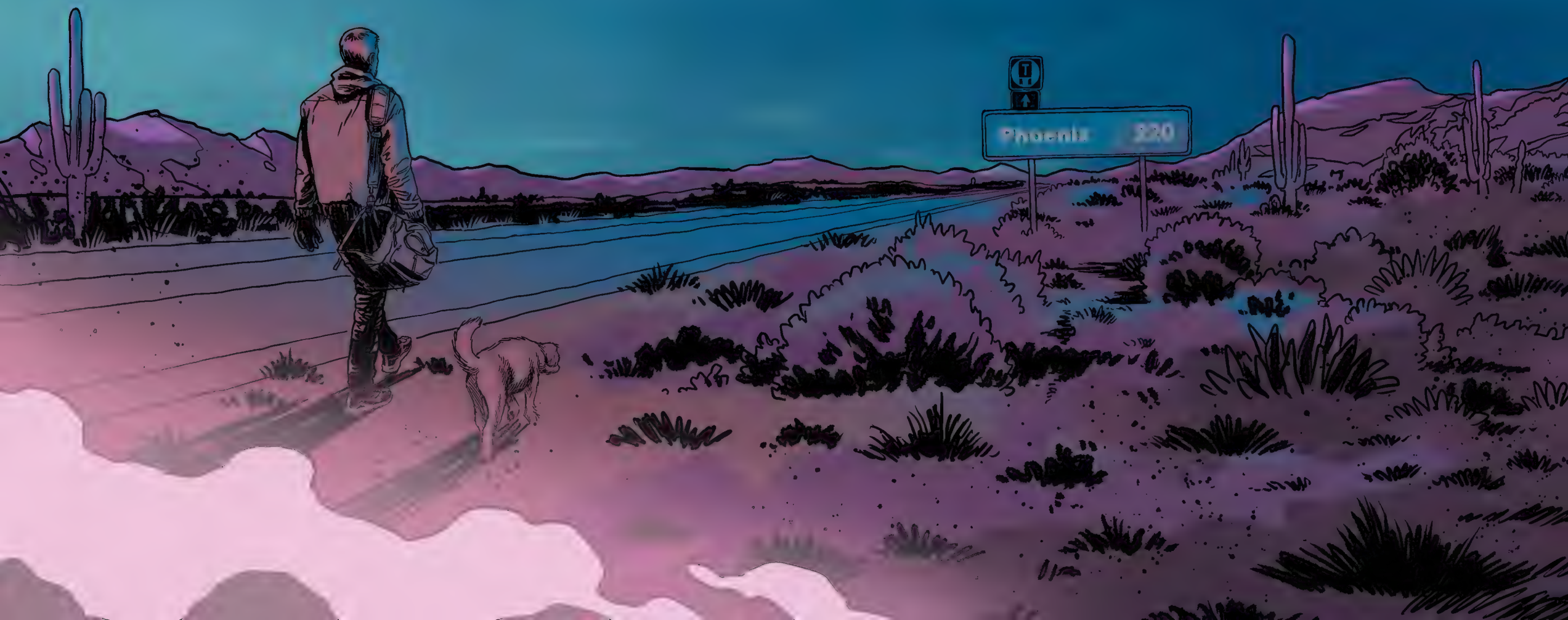
SOMEONE
OPENED THE
FRONT--



GET
OUT.

GO.

LOST ONES





GOT A NAME?

IT'S... IT'S BEN.

I MEANT THE DOG.

WHERE YOU TRYIN' TO GET?

SOUTH CENTRAL WISCONSIN.

FOR WHAT?

TOURISM.

WISCONSIN

YOU HEARD OF THAT ONE TOWN THERE? FROM THE NEWS?

FARM-INGVILLE?

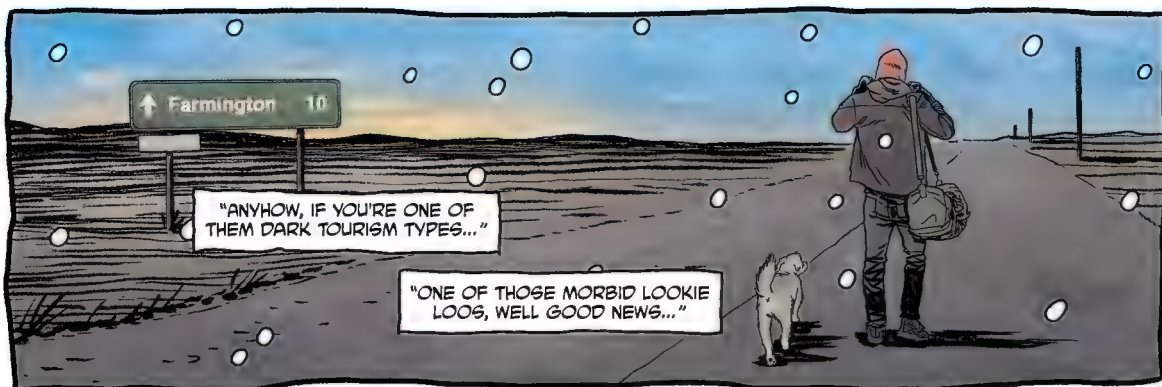
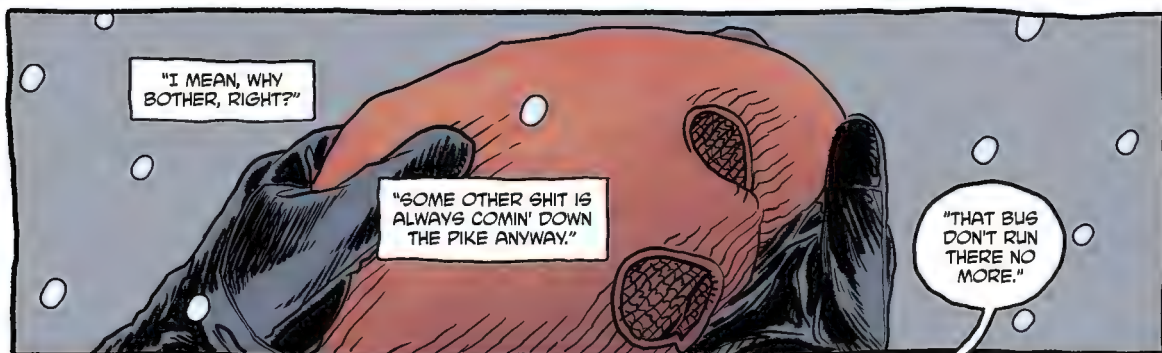
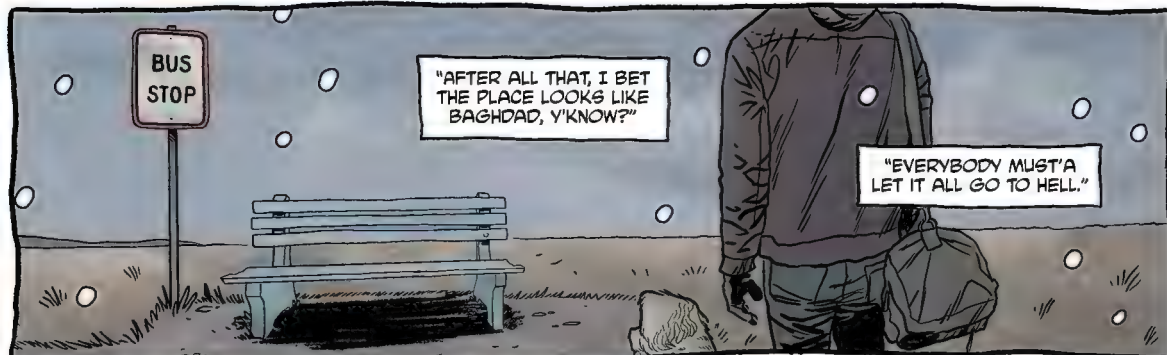
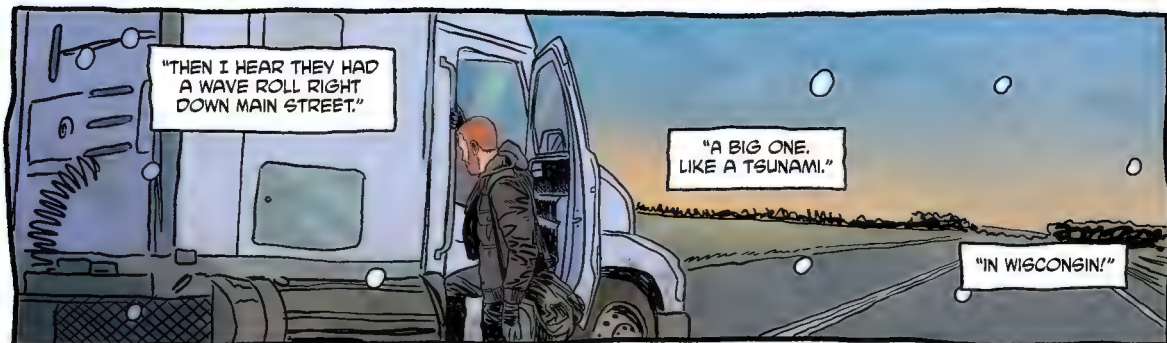
FARMING-TON.

YEAH, THAT PLACE. HEARD ABOUT IT ON THE RADIO. PLACE IS FUCKED, RIGHT? FIRST THEY HAD A SERIAL KILLER.

THEN THEY HAD ANOTHER SERIAL KILLER!

Kansas
Welcome You!

Welcome
— to —
NEW MEXICO
Land of Enchantment



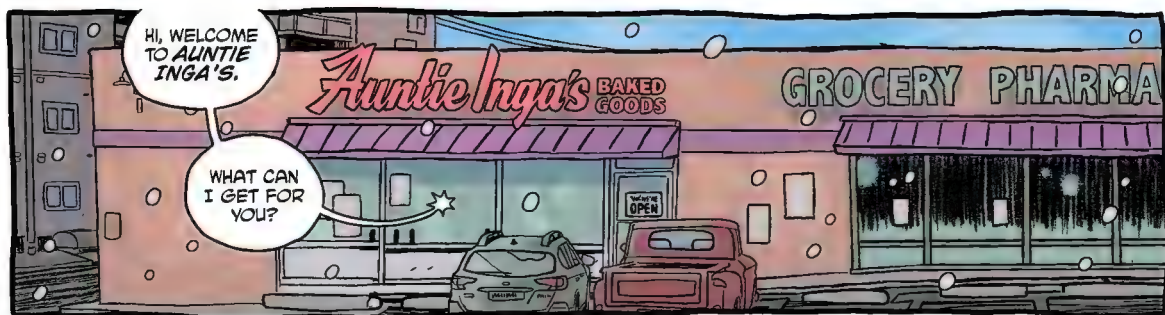
"YOU'RE GONNA SEE A
REAL HORROR SHOW."

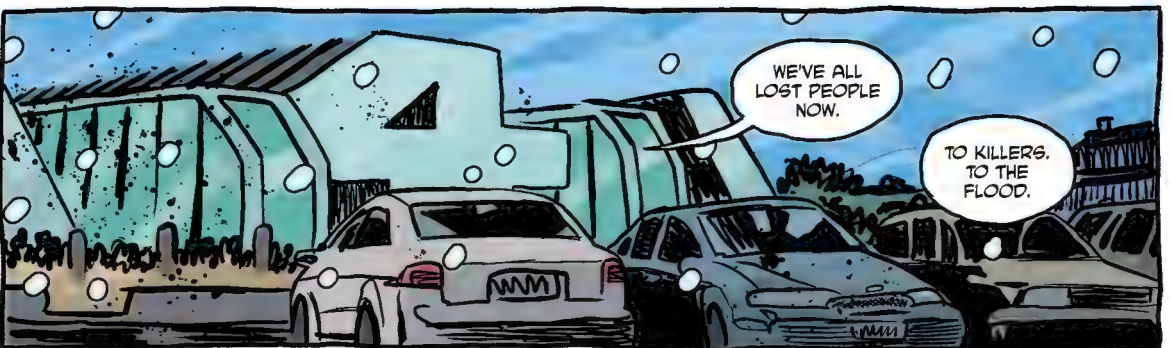
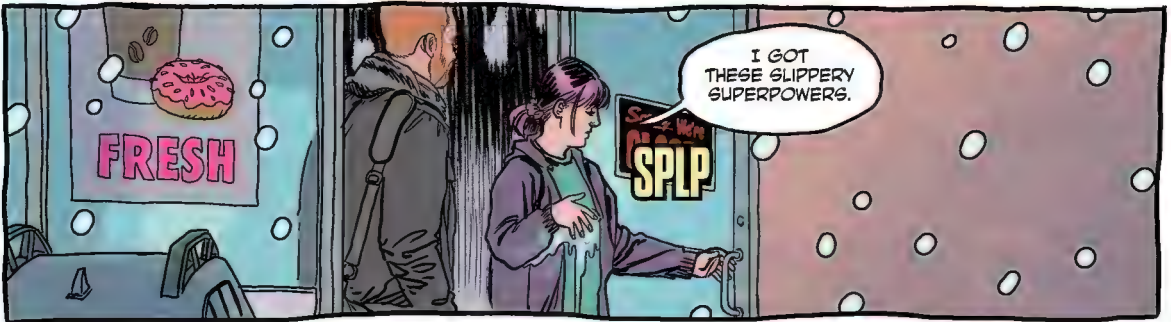
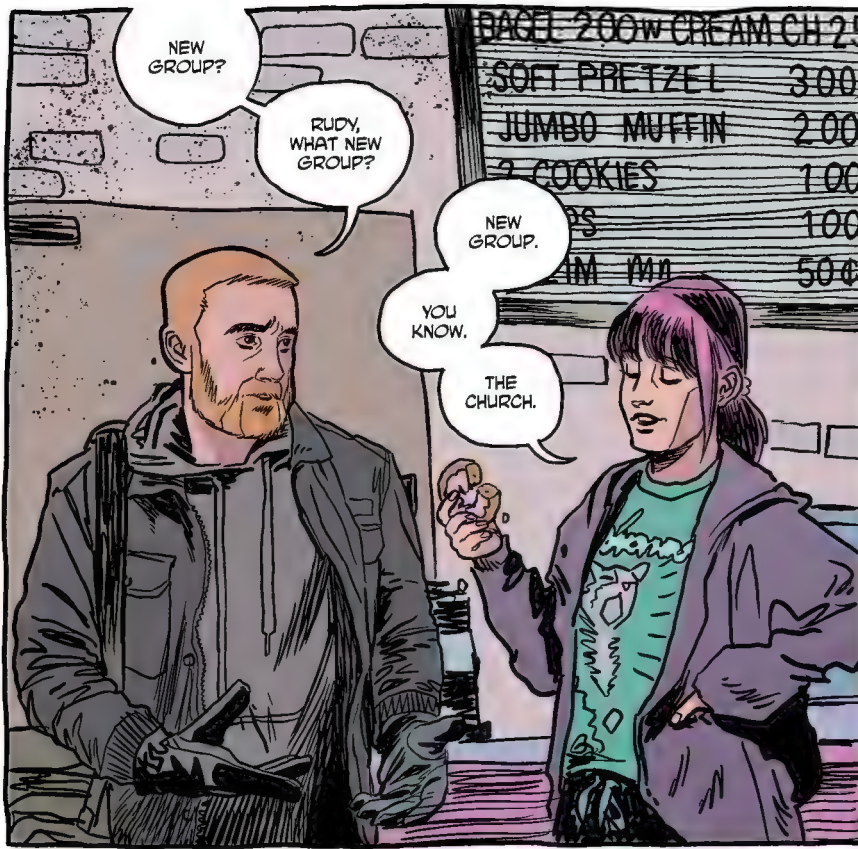
WHAT...

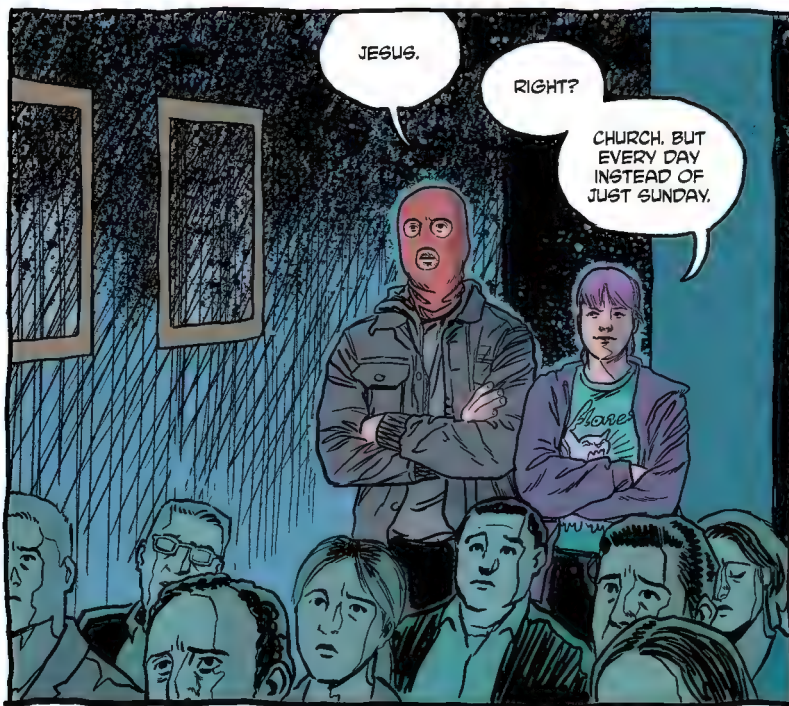
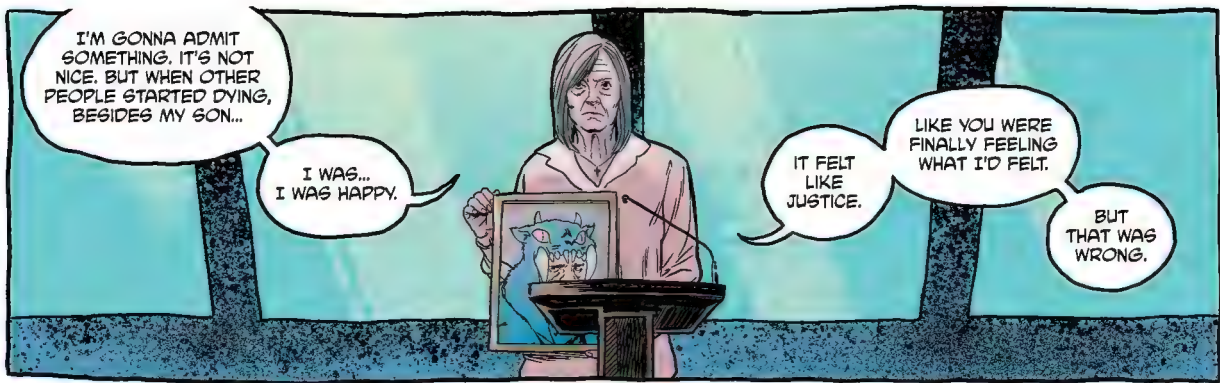
THE.

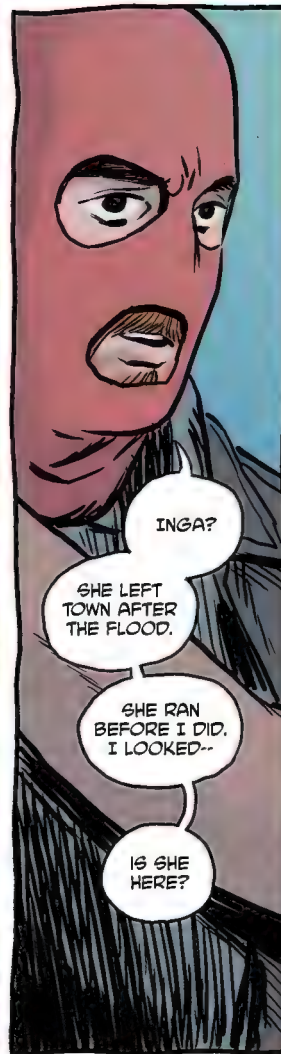
FUCK.











"AND EVERYONE,
EVEN INGA..."

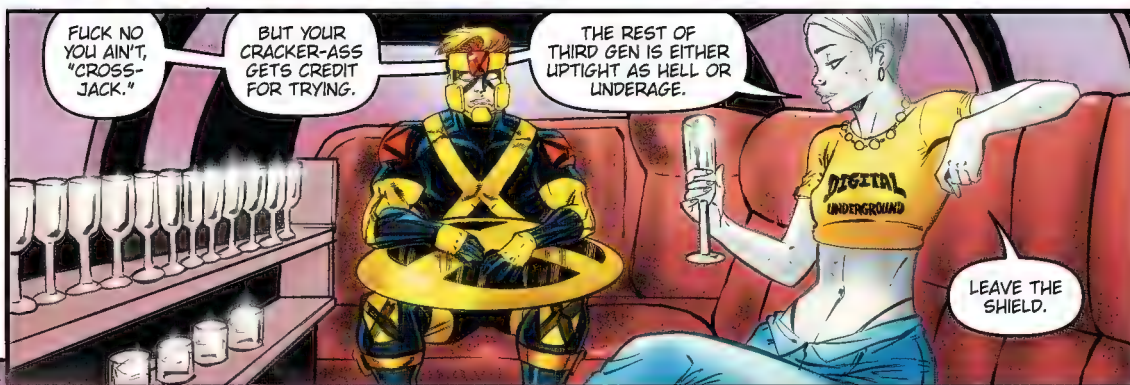
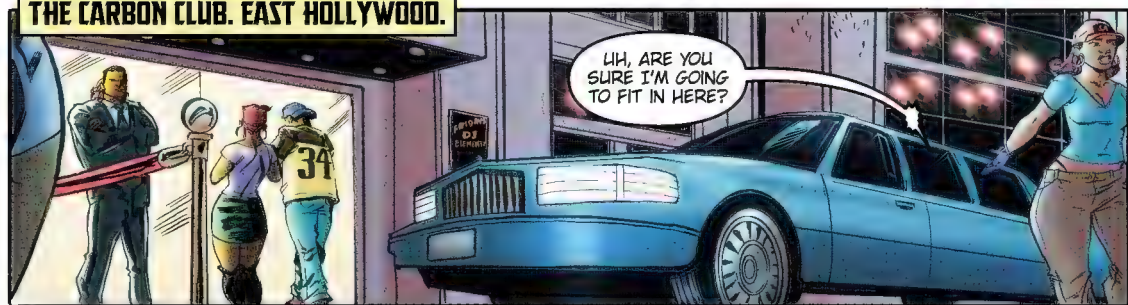
HMMF!

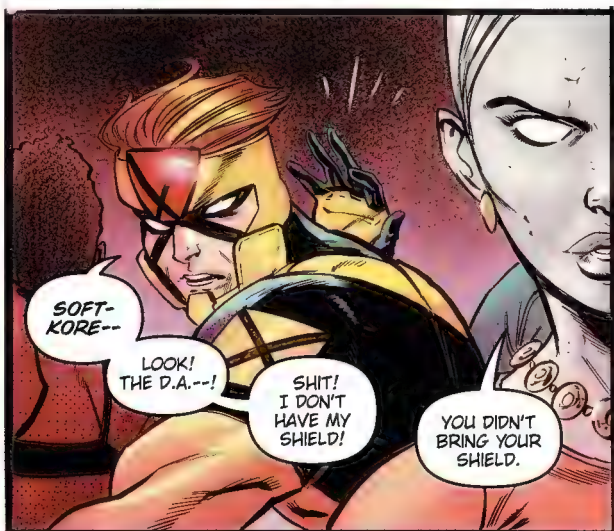
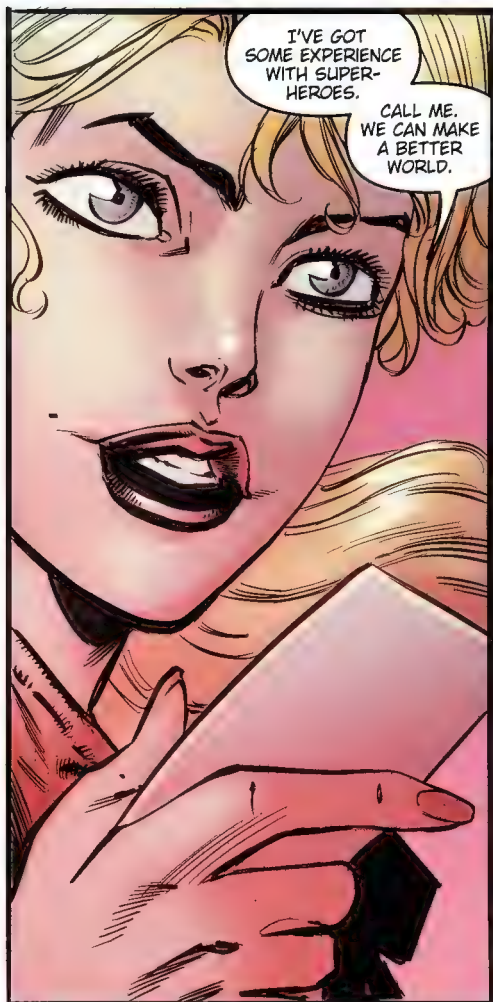
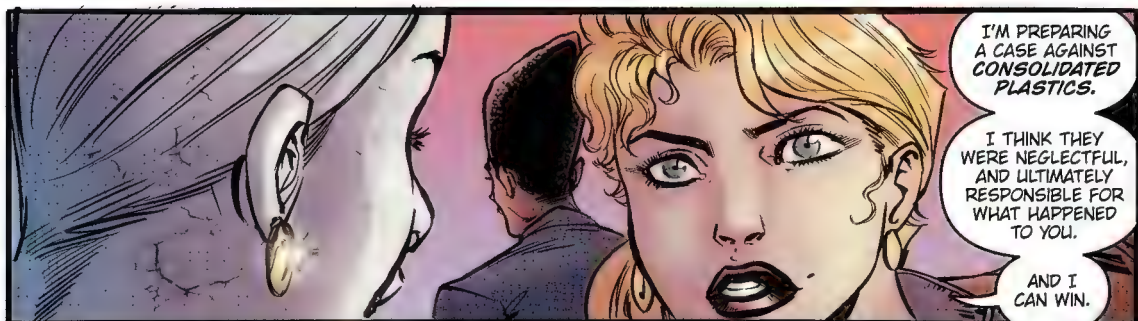
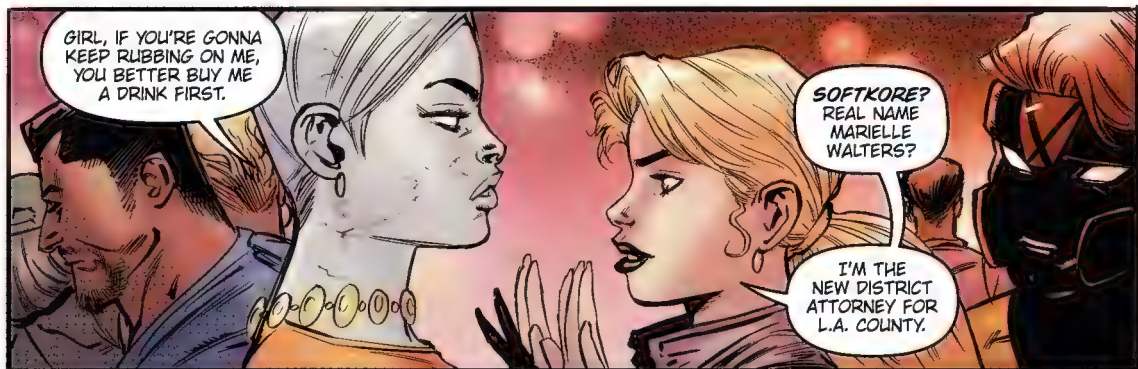
"EVERYONE IS
JUST FINE."

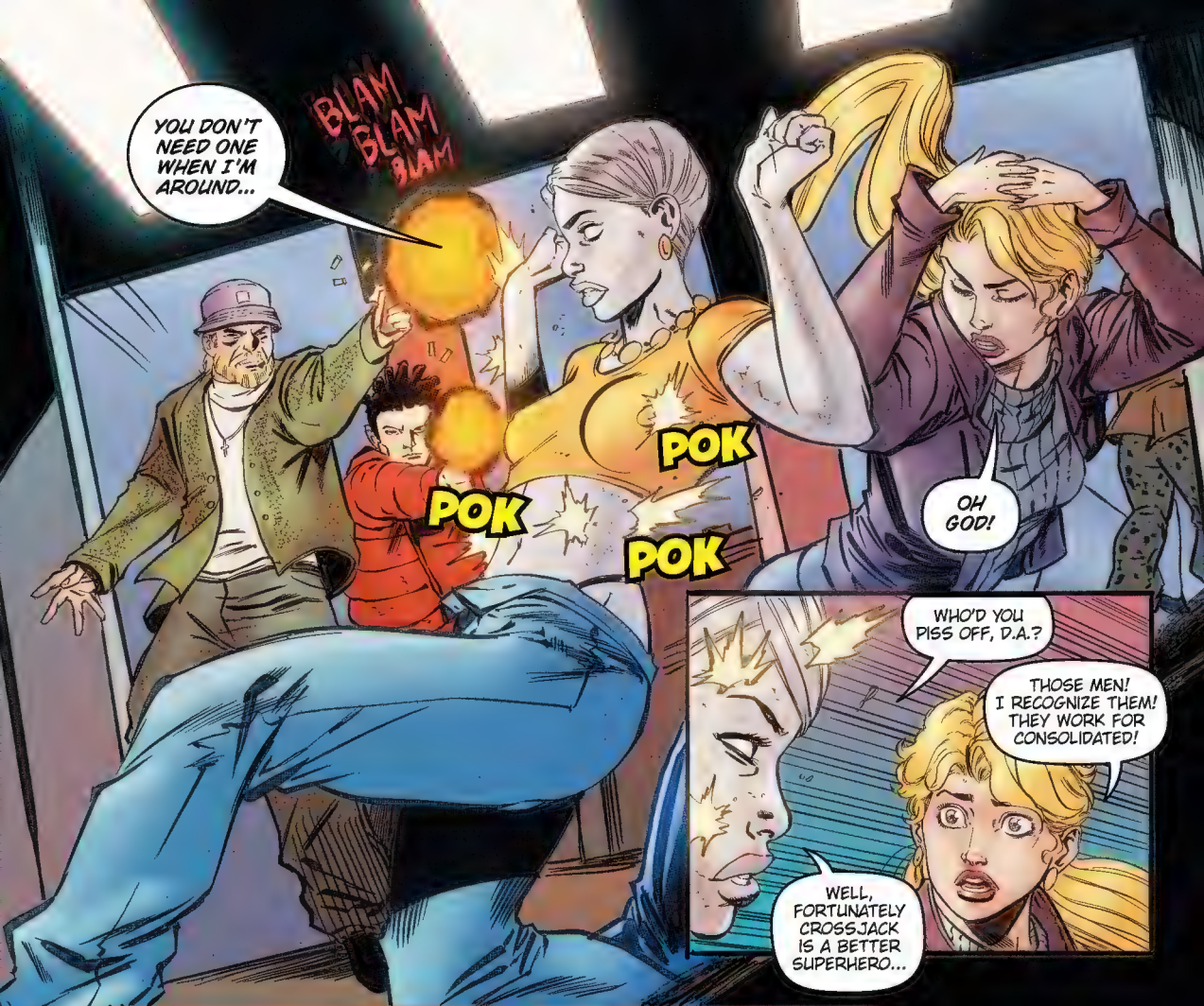
HMMMF.

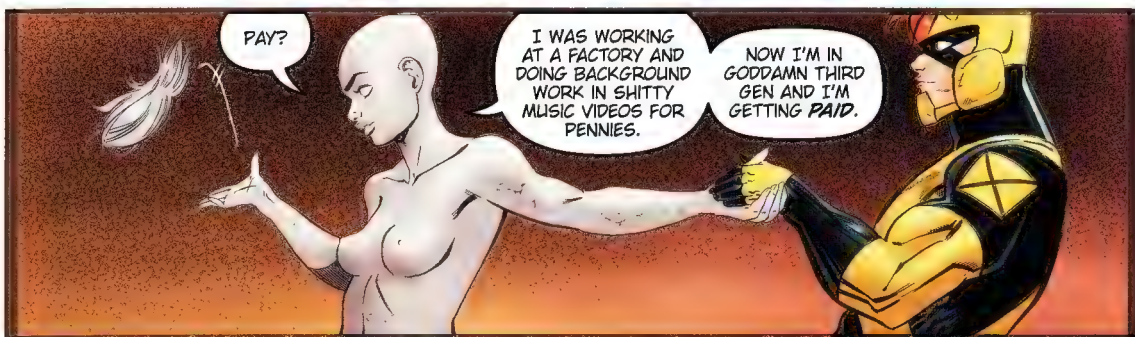
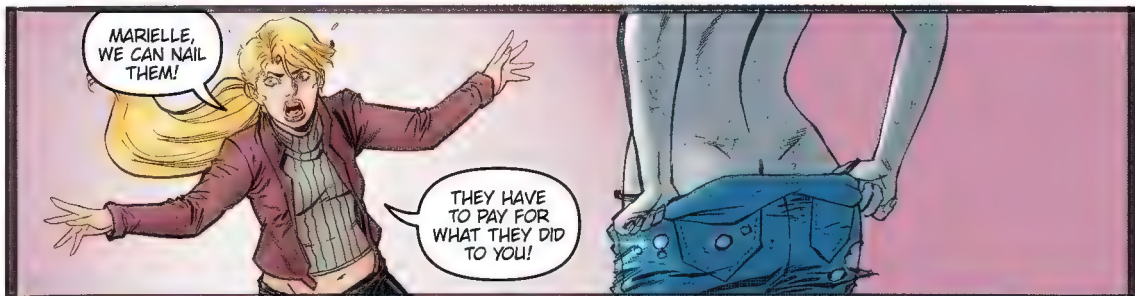
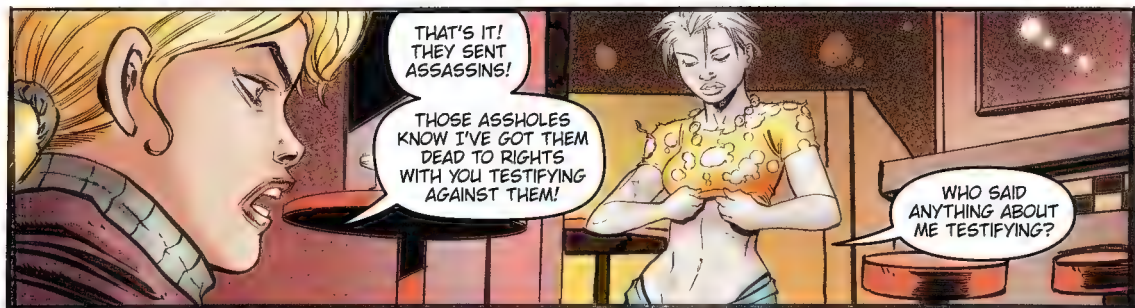


THE CARBON CLUB. EAST HOLLYWOOD.



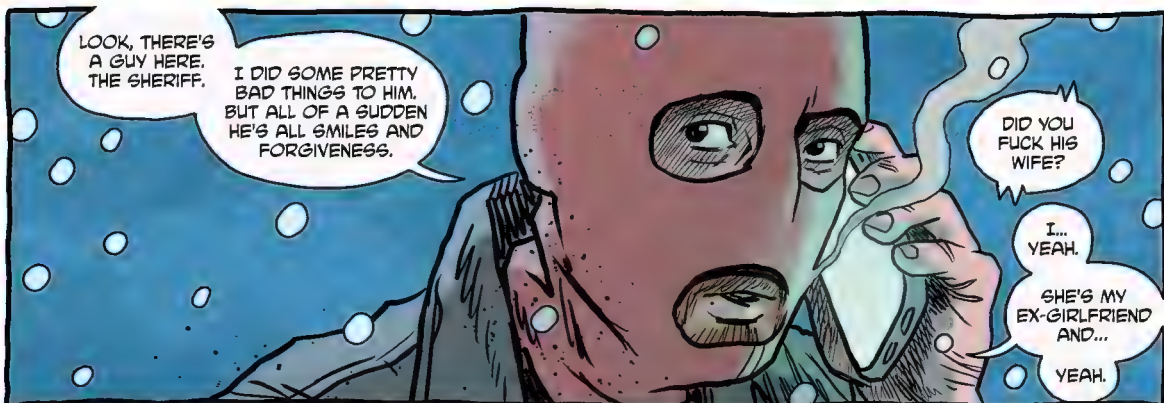
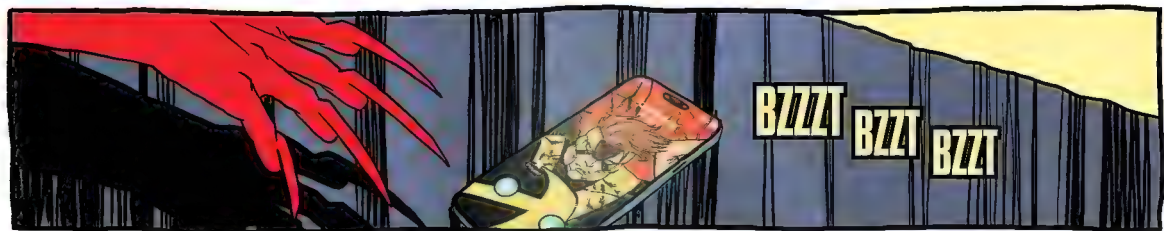






Chapter 11







DID YOU
KILL HER?

WHAT?
NO--

THEN HOW
MAD COULD
HE REALLY
BE?

KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK



I THINK THIS IS
BIG, MAN. REALLY
BIG. IF IT'S WHAT
I THINK IT IS...

I'M GOING
TO NEED
YOUR HELP.



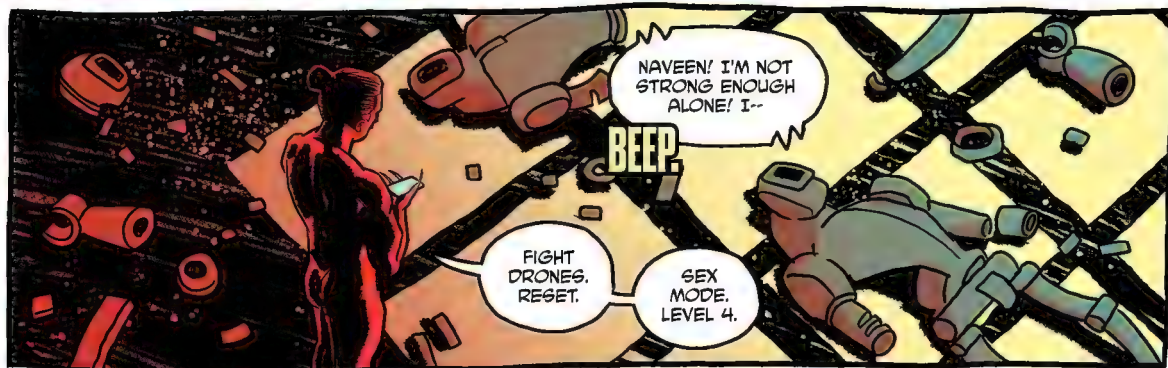
JACK.
I CAN'T FUCK
WITH YOU.

FOR ONE THING, I
LEGALLY CAN'T DO
ANYTHING. YOU GOT
THIRD GEN BENCHED
WITH ALL THIS
BULLSHIT.

AND
ALSO--

WELL, I
JUST DON'T
CARE.

WAIT. NAVEEN!
YOU SAW WITH YOUR
OWN EYES HOW
BAD IT GOT!

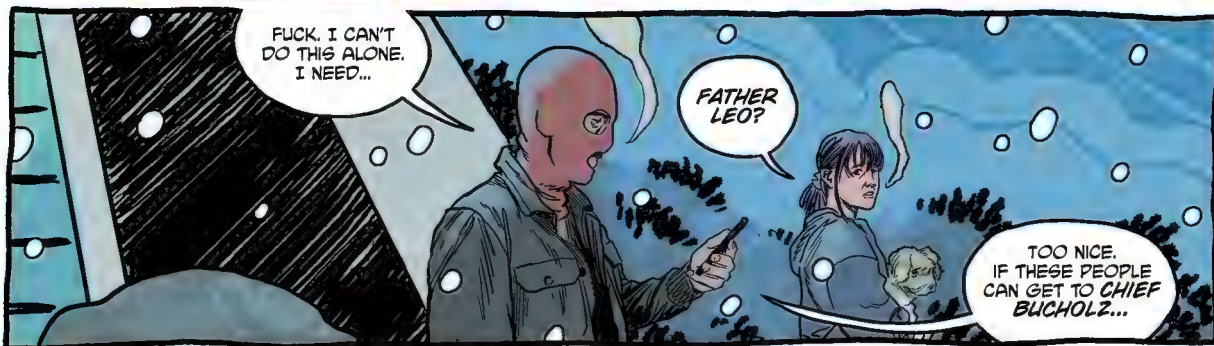


NAVEEN! I'M NOT
STRONG ENOUGH
ALONE! I--

BEEP.

FIGHT
DRONES.
RESET.

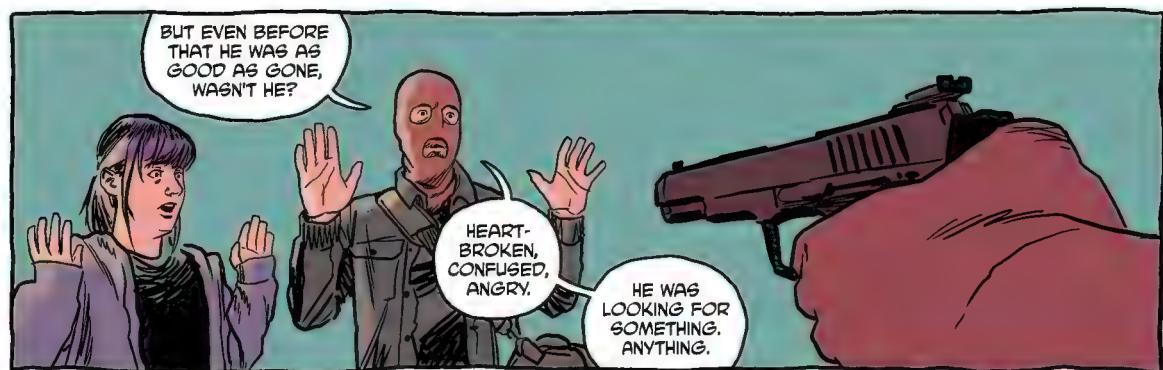
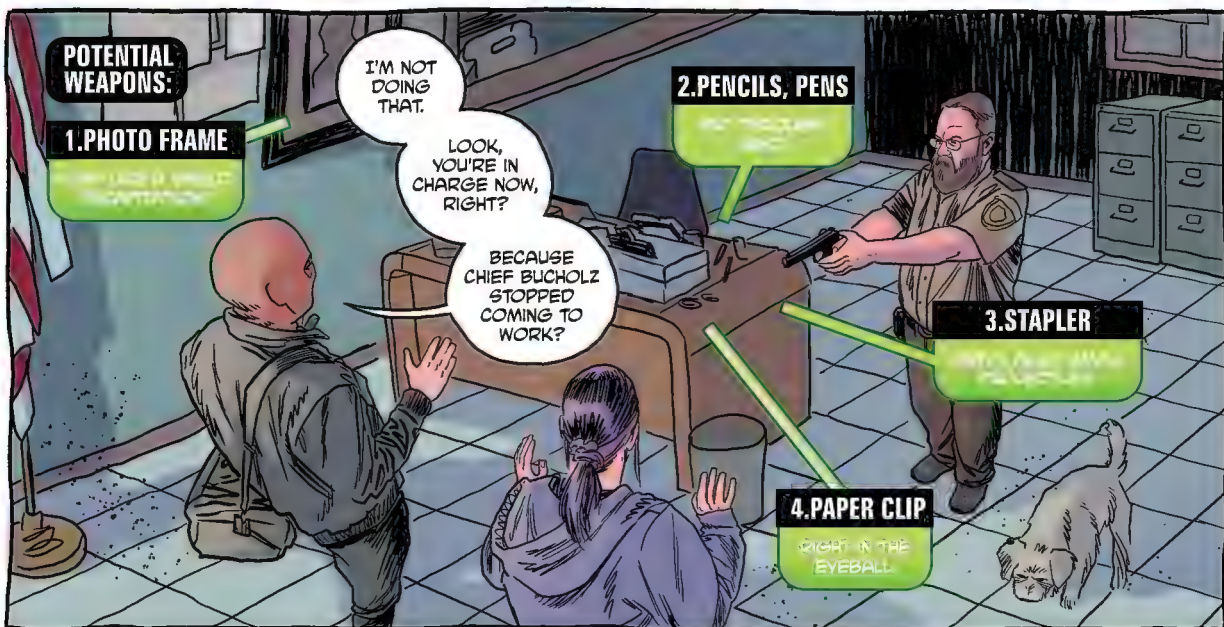
SEX
MODE.
LEVEL 4.



FUCK. I CAN'T
DO THIS ALONE.
I NEED...

FATHER
LEO?

TOO NICE.
IF THESE PEOPLE
CAN GET TO **CHIEF**
BUCHOLZ...



POTENTIAL WEAPONS:

BUT HE DIDN'T
TURN TO YOU. HE
DIDN'T LOOK TO
THE CHURCH.

HE DIDN'T
CHOOSE
JESUS.

NO ONE IN
FARMINGTON DID.
THE CHURCH IS
EMPTY.

BUT I STOPPED
THAT FLOOD FROM
ENGULFING THE
TOWN. I CAN STOP
THE EVIL.

KOPECKI.
LISTEN...

I KNOW WHAT
YOU THINK OF ME.
WHAT EVERYONE
THINKS OF ME.

BUT FATHER
LEO CALLED
ME FIRST.

AND I
CAME.

NOW, MY
QUESTION,
OFFICER.

WHAT DID
THE DEPARTMENT
DO WITH STACY
WOHL'S BODY?

FRIGHT-
SIDE.

WHAT?

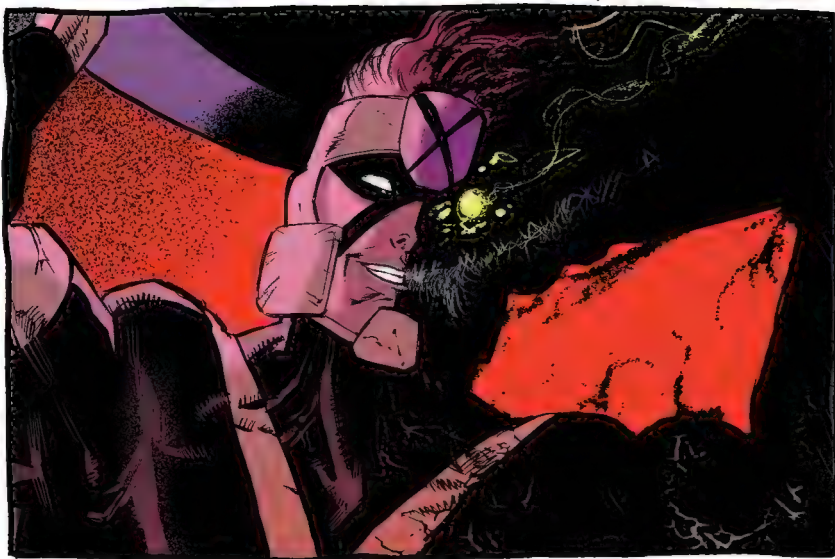
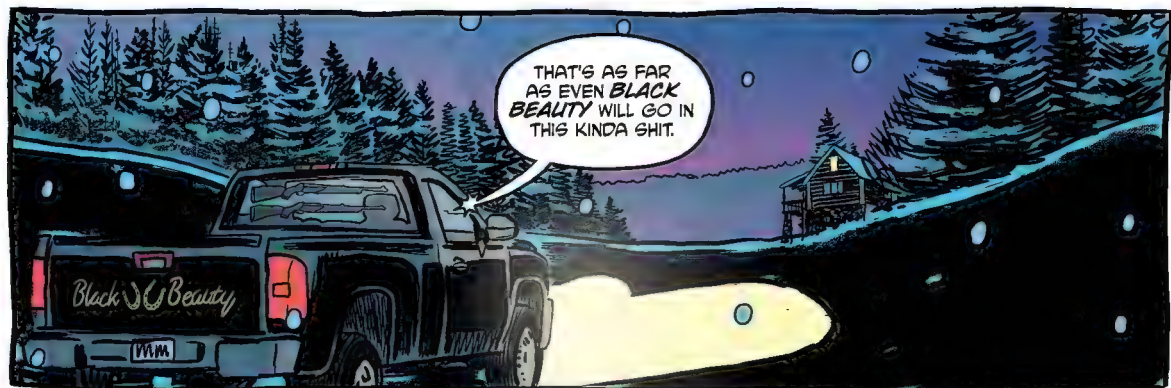
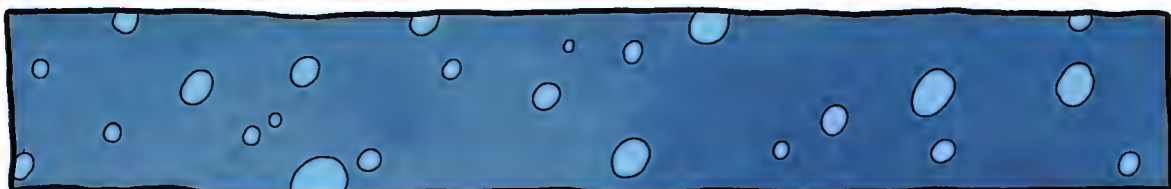
WHY ON
EARTH DO
YOU NEED
TO...

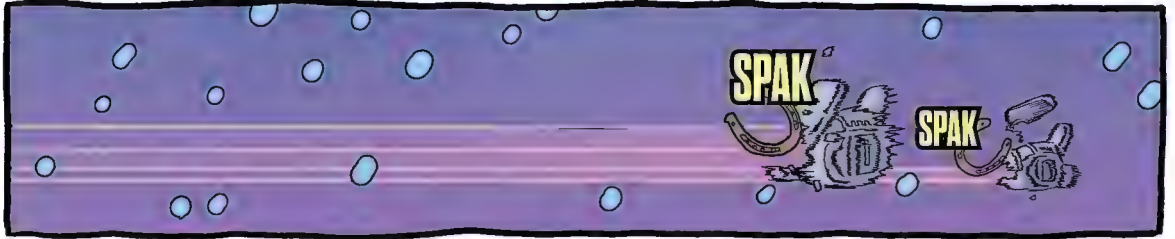
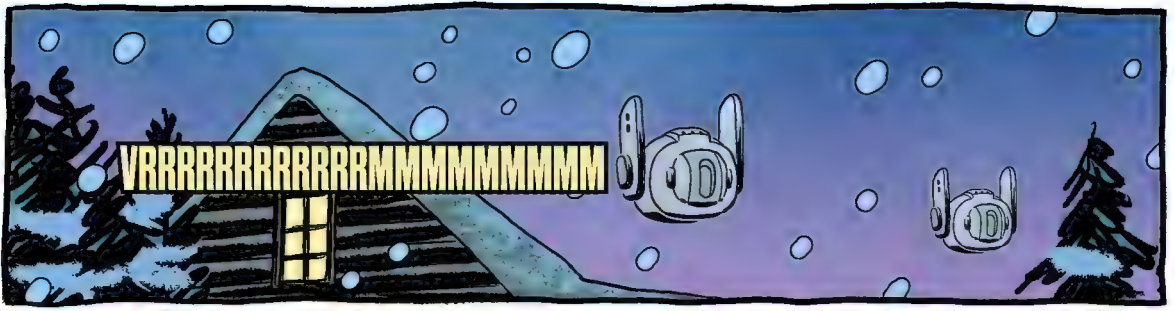
AFTER SHE GOT
MURDERED, HER BODY
FELL UNDER SOME KINDA
SPECIAL GOVERNMENT
RULE CONCERNIN'
SUPERHUMAN
BODIES.

MEDICAL
EXAMINER DIDN'T
SEND HER HOME
LIKE USUAL.









IS THAT REAL?

IT LOOKS FAKE.

SHE WAS STRANGLER.

THE DAMAGE TO HER BODY HAPPENED AFTER SHE DIED.

ALL THIS GEAR AND SHIT...

THEY WERE TRYING TO PULL THE FRIGHT OUT.

MR. XAVER.

OH GOD. RUDY! USE YOUR--

DO SUPER-POWERS!

I CAN'T I CAN'T I--!

RRE

AAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

AAAAAAAAAAAAH!



AAAAAAAAAAAH!



AH.

AH.

AH...



AH.

MR.
XAVER?



FRIGHT. I KNOW
YOU DON'T LIKE IT
OUT HERE. I KNOW
YOU'RE COLD...

LOOKING
FOR ANOTHER
HOST.

BUT RUDY'S
A SMALL-TOWN
CASHIER WITH
SLIME POWERS.

NO RESENTMENT.
NO ANGER. PRETTY
MUCH NO MOTIVA-
TION. YOU DON'T
WANT HER.

YOU
WANT
ME.





YOU WANTED ME LAST TIME. I COULD FEEL IT.

ONLY THING THAT KEPT YOU OUT WAS NEON'S LIGHT.*

*SEE LOCAL MAN: BAD GIRLS



BUT...

NEON AIN'T HERE THIS TIME.

SO, COME ON IN.



I NEED YOUR POWER. I NEED--

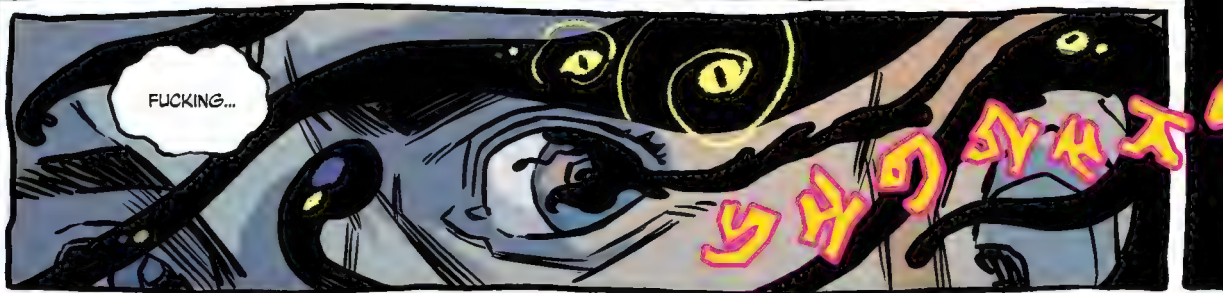


HEH. WHO NEEDS CUTTING EDGE?



I GOT MY OWN CLAWS NOW.

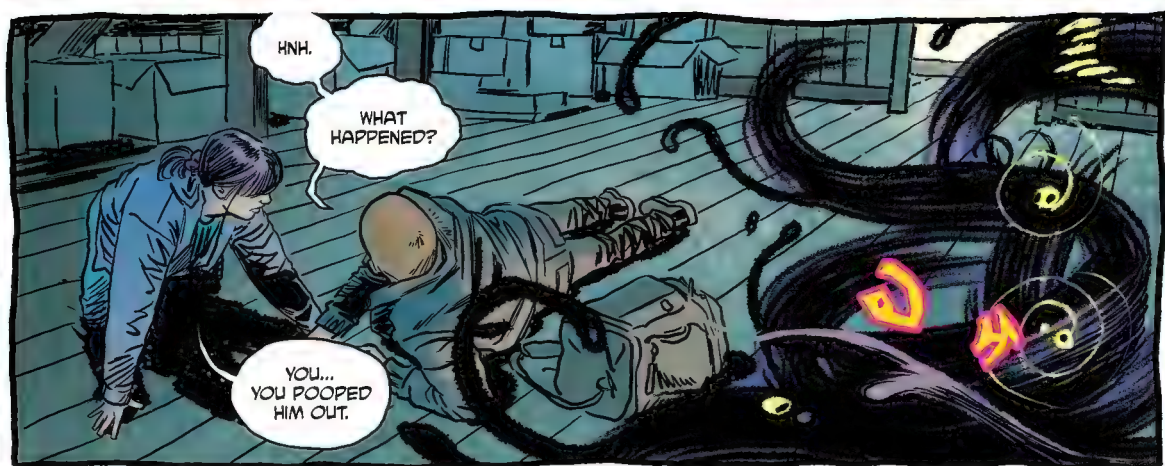
FUCKING CLAWS!



FUCKING...



HNNNGH!!



HNN.

WHAT
HAPPENED?

YOU...
YOU POOPED
HIM OUT.



I DON'T...

THE
FRIGHT--

IT WANTED
ME BEFORE.
IT...

IT'S DRAWN
TO THE MOST
CORRUPTIBLE
SOUL.

MY GUESS IS,
WHATEVER YOU
WERE BEFORE,
YOU AIN'T THAT
NOW, SON.



LUCKY
FOR YOU.

I PUT A LOT OF
MONEY INTO THIS TOWN,
AND I WASN'T GONNA BE
TOO HAPPY LEAVING
WITHOUT RECOUPIN' SOME
OF MY LOSSES.



HEY,
WHO'S
THIS GUY?

RUDY.
JESUS.

YOU DON'T
KNOW FORMER
VICE PRESIDENT
DAN QUAYLE?

...



DOWNRIGHT
WEIRD.

I BEEN POSSESSED
BY AN UNHOLY **DAEMON**
MYSELF, SO I DIDN'T
EXPECT IT TO BE EASY,
BUT WE TUGGED AND
PULLED AT THE FRIGHT
FOR WEEKS.

NOTHIN'
WOULD PRY IT
OUTTA MY...

INVESTMENT
PARTNER.



THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN
HE JUMPS OUT LIKE A
FROG IN A BOILING POT.
LIKE HE'S SCARED.

...

WELP, THE IMPORTANT
PART IS, IT'S OUT NOW.
THIS THING BETTER PAY
MORE DIVIDENDS THAN
THEM **GEN FOURTEEN**
KIDS.

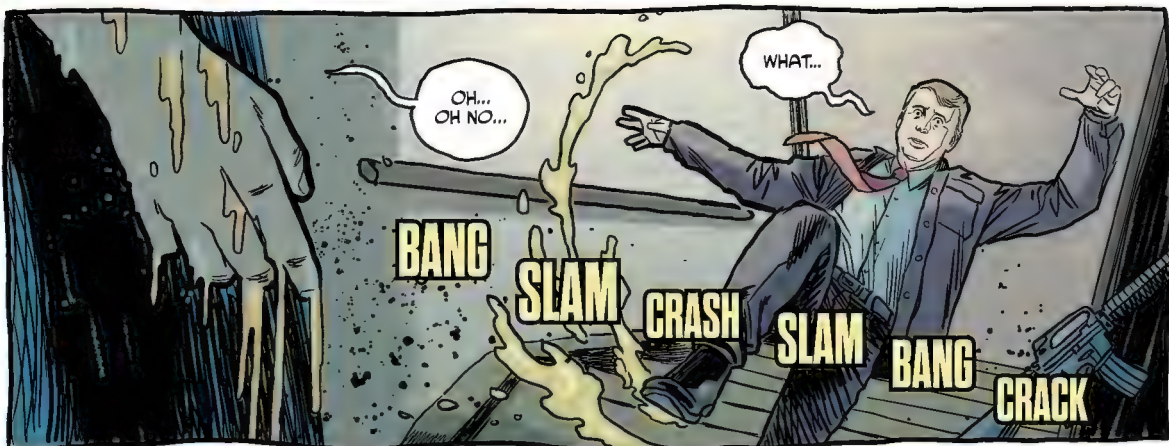


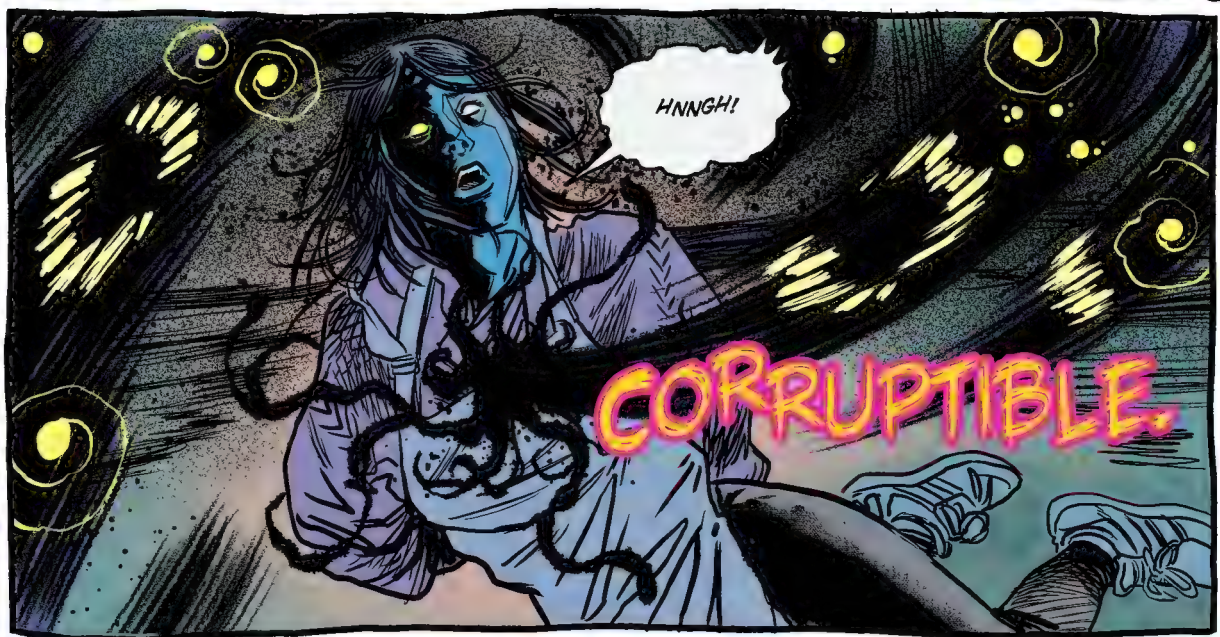
AGENT HOFER,
YOU'RE A REAL
BITTER, CORRUPTIBLE
SON OF A BITCH.

GIVE THE
FRIGHT THERE
YOUR BODY, AND
LOU WILL KNOCK
YOU COLD.

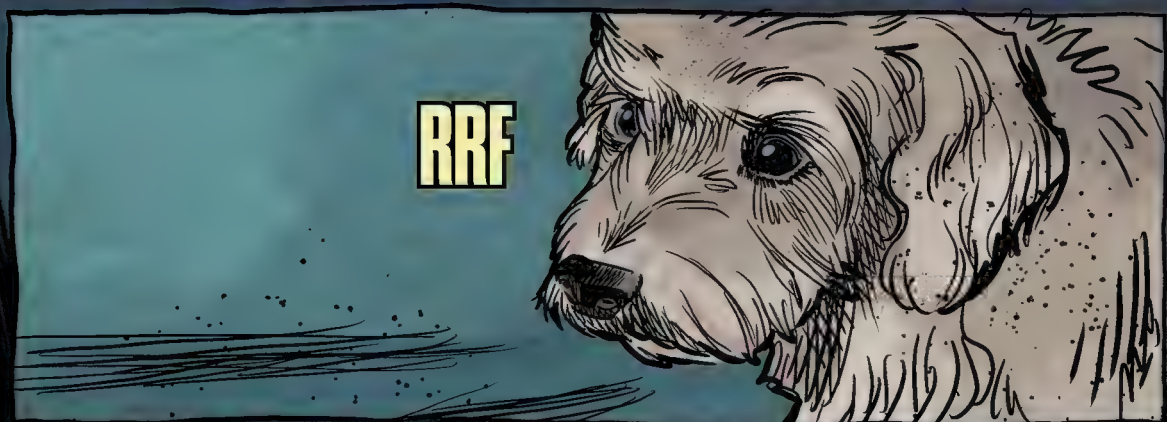
UH,
YES...
SIR?



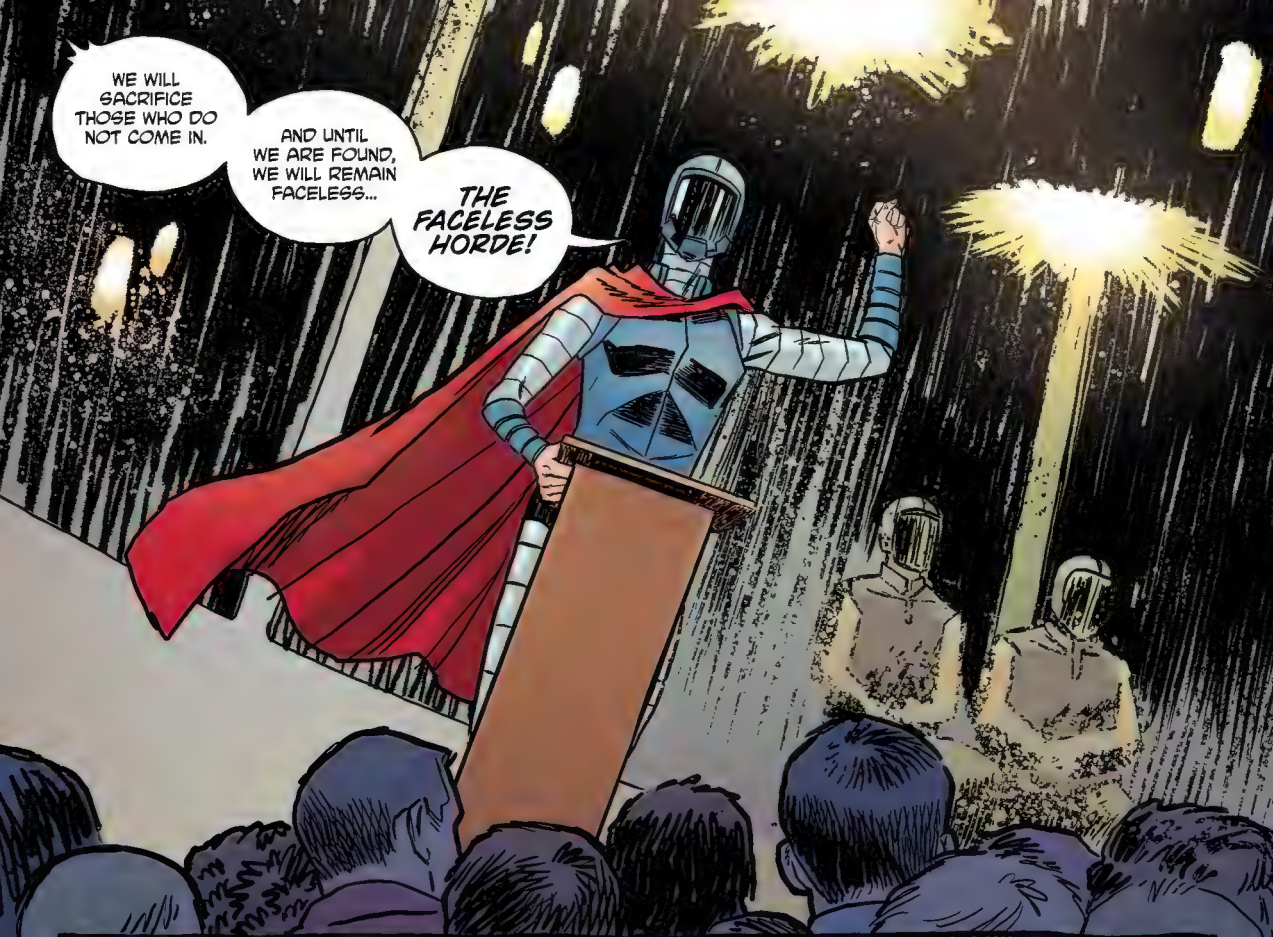








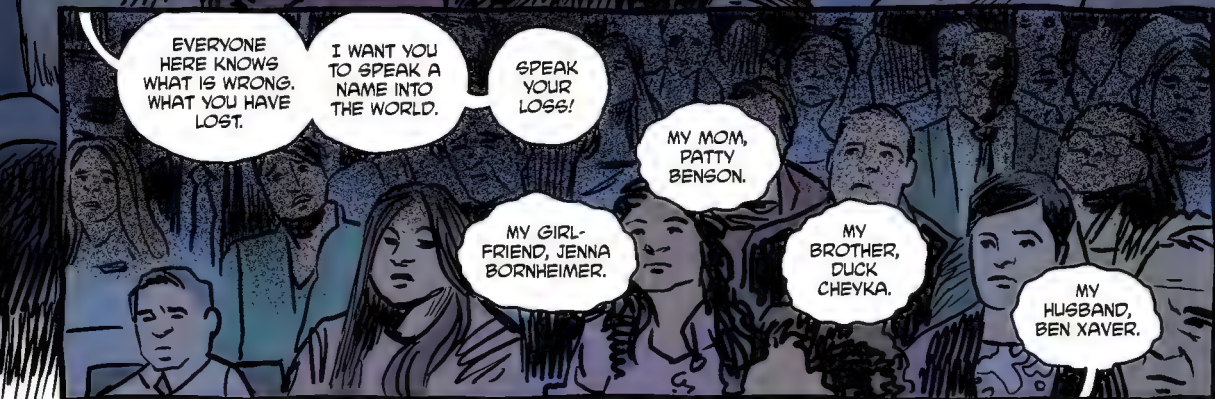




WE WILL
SACRIFICE
THOSE WHO DO
NOT COME IN.

AND UNTIL
WE ARE FOUND,
WE WILL REMAIN
FACELESS...

**THE
FACELESS
HORDE!**



EVERYONE
HERE KNOWS
WHAT IS WRONG.
WHAT YOU HAVE
LOST.

I WANT YOU
TO SPEAK A
NAME INTO THE
WORLD.

SPEAK
YOUR
LOSS!

MY MOM,
PATTY
BENSON.

MY GIRL-
FRIEND, JENNA
BORNHEIMER.

MY
BROTHER,
DUCK
CHEYKA.

MY
HUSBAND,
BEN XAVER.



**SPEAK
IT LOUD!**

MY
SON...

**JACK
XAVER.**

375 00
350 00
350 00
320 00
270 00
25 00
00 00
00 00
5 00
00
00
00
00
00

1. 100.00
 2. 100.00
 3. 100.00
 4. 100.00
 5. 100.00
 6. 100.00
 7. 100.00
 8. 100.00
 9. 100.00
 10. 100.00

1000
1000
1000
1000
1000
1000
1000

275. *Unpublished data only*

11
JUNE

\$399
USA

The logo for 'THIAA GEN' is displayed in a stylized, 3D font. The letters 'THIAA' are large and white with blue outlines, while 'GEN' is smaller and blue with a white outline, enclosed in a circular emblem. In the foreground, the head of a character with spiky brown hair and a red and white striped shirt is visible, looking towards the logo. The background is a fiery orange and yellow gradient.



THIRD GEN #11

THIRD GEN 19-22

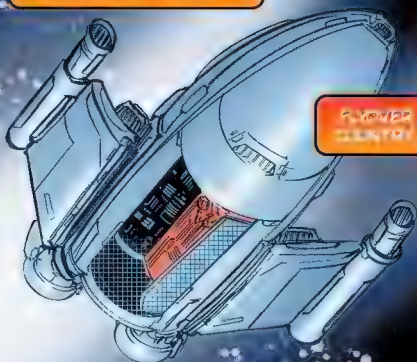
104
105-108
109-112
113-118
119
120-125
126-127
128
129-140
141
142
143-149
150-151
152

152	
153	Arundel
154	
155	Arundel
156	
157	Arundel
158	
159	Arundel
160	
161	Arundel
162	
163	Arundel
164	Arundel
165	Arundel
166	Arundel
167	Arundel
168	Arundel
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189	Arundel
190	Arundel
191	Arundel
192	Arundel
193	Arundel
194	Arundel
195	Arundel
196	Arundel
197	Arundel
198	Arundel
199	Arundel
200	Arundel

AIR SPEED:
200 MPH

COORDINATES:
88° 30' 00" N LATITUDE
141° 00' 00" E LONGITUDE

FLYOVER
CLUSTER

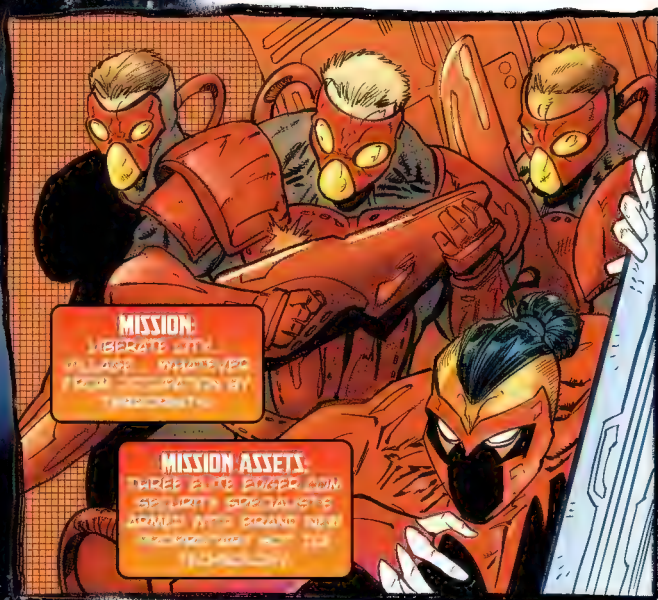


MISSION:

LIBERATE CITY
SALAGE - WHATEVER
FROM OCCUPATION BY
TERRORISTS

MISSION ASSETS:

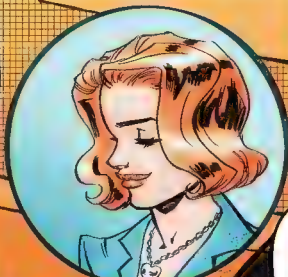
THREE ELITE RIDER GUN
SQUADRY SPECIALIST'S
ARMED WITH BRAND NEW
ROCKETRY NOT TO
MISUSE



AND CROSSJACK REAL NAME JACK RAY

FELLOW MEMBER THIRD GEN

"...LIKELY
HOSTAGES
INCLUDE THE
TOWN'S CELEBRITY
MAYOR, THE
YOUNGEST WOMAN
EVER ELECTED TO
LOCAL OFFICE..."

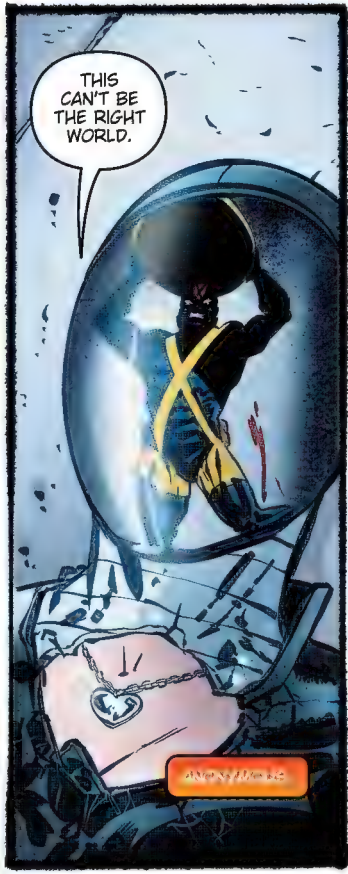
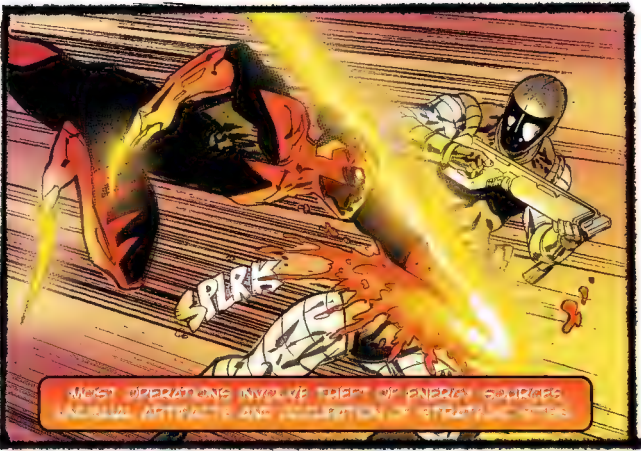
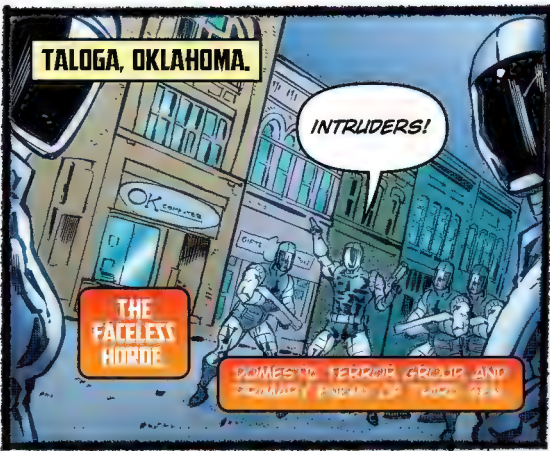


"...AFTER
THE DEATH OF
HER FATHER,
THE PREVIOUS
MAYOR LAST
YEAR AND--"

JACK.

LET'S
FUCKING
GO.







WANNA GO
HALFSIES?

NAVEEN!
HEY, MAN...

LOOK, I KNOW
WHAT INTEL SAID.
BUT MY SHIELD
HIT HER CHEST
PLATE AND...

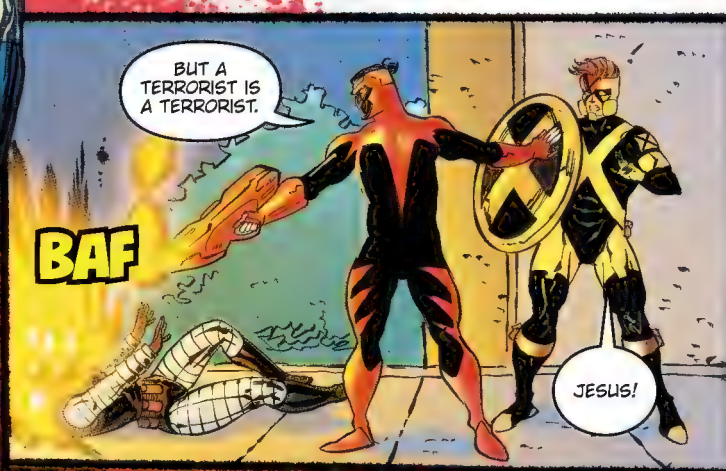
WELL, I'M PRETTY
SURE THIS IS THE
MAYOR. WE NEED
TO HOLD BACK...

THE
HORDE AREN'T
OCCUPIERS.
THE HORDE IS
THE TOWN.



WE CAN
CHANGE IT.
LISTEN, WE
CAN FIX IT...

INTER-
ESTING
IDEA.



BUT A
TERRORIST IS
A TERRORIST.

BAF

JESUS!



WITNESS!
WHAT I TOLD
YOU ALL WAS
RIGHT!



SUPERHEROES
DON'T CARE
ABOUT A BETTER
WORLD!

THEY WILL
NOT FIND YOU
WHEN YOU'RE
LOST!

KILL THEM!
IN THE NAME OF
THE PRICE!

FOR THE
PRICE!



"THE PRICE" THAT'S
WHAT THEY'RE CALLING
THEIR EXECUTIVE PFFT!

PRICE. WHAT DO THESE
IDIOTS KNOW ABOUT 'COST'!
ABOUT INVESTMENT?

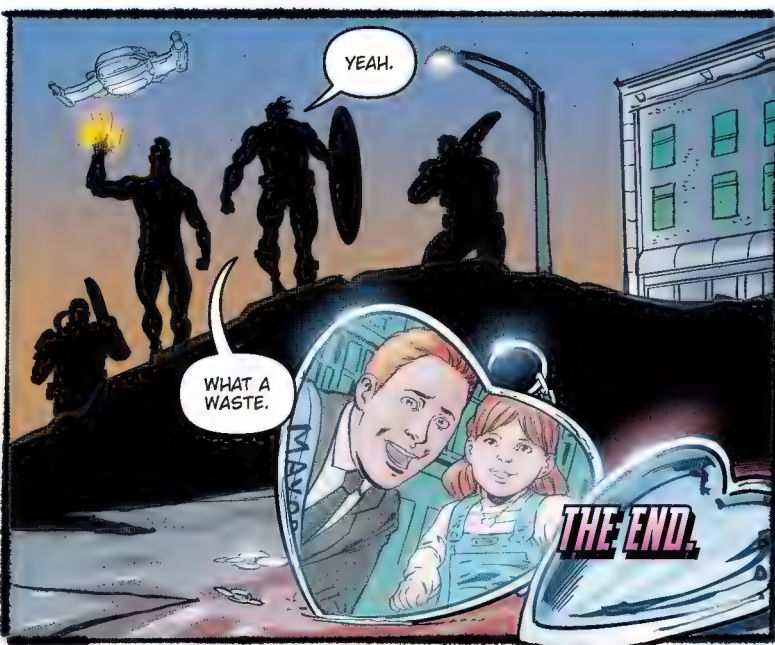
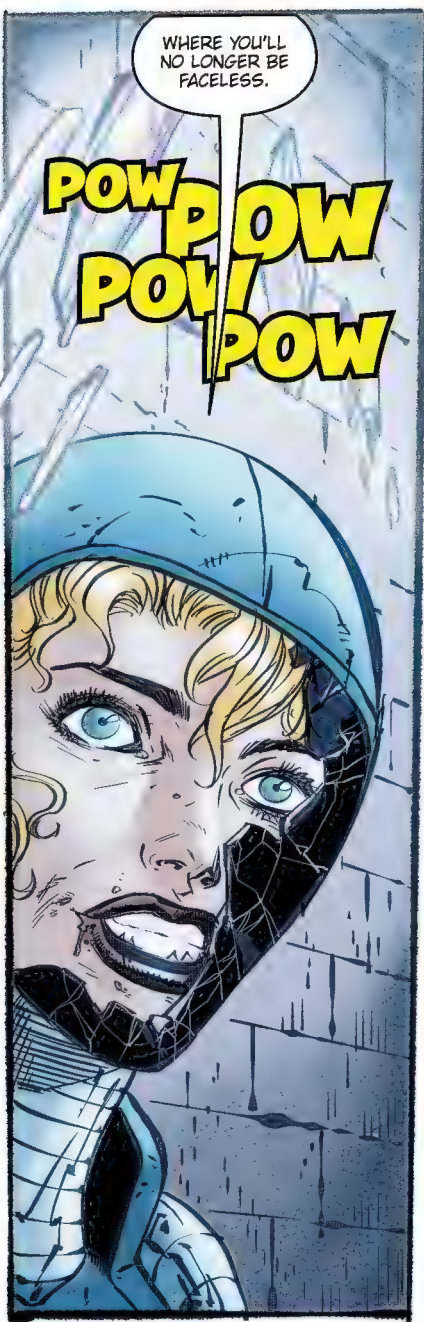
CRASH



ABOUT
INVESTMENT?

LISTEN!
ALL OF
YOU!

THE
BATTLE IS
LOST!



LOCAL WAR

image

11

JUNE

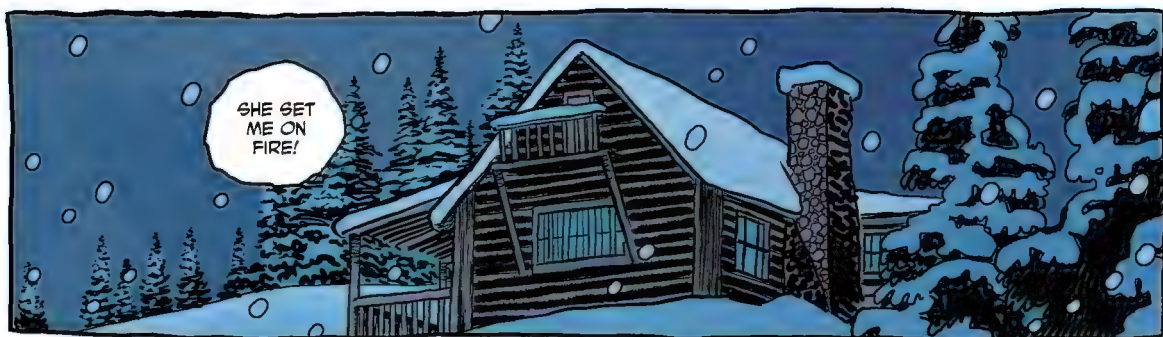
\$3.99

USA





Chapter 12



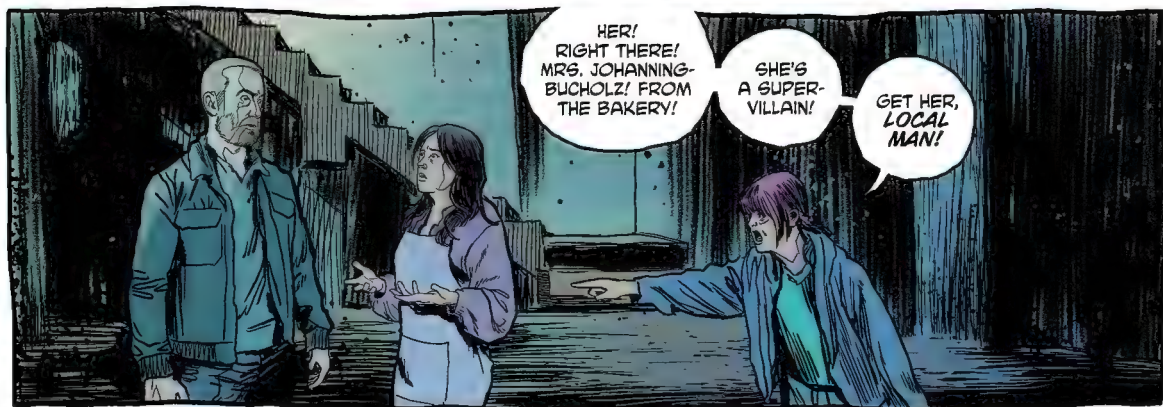
SHE GET
ME ON
FIRE!



SHE TRIED TO
SELL ME TO A
BUNCH OF CREEPY
RICH PEOPLE!



AND THEN SHE LET
A WATER MONSTER
LADY FLOOD FARMING-
TON SO SHE COULD
RUN AWAY!



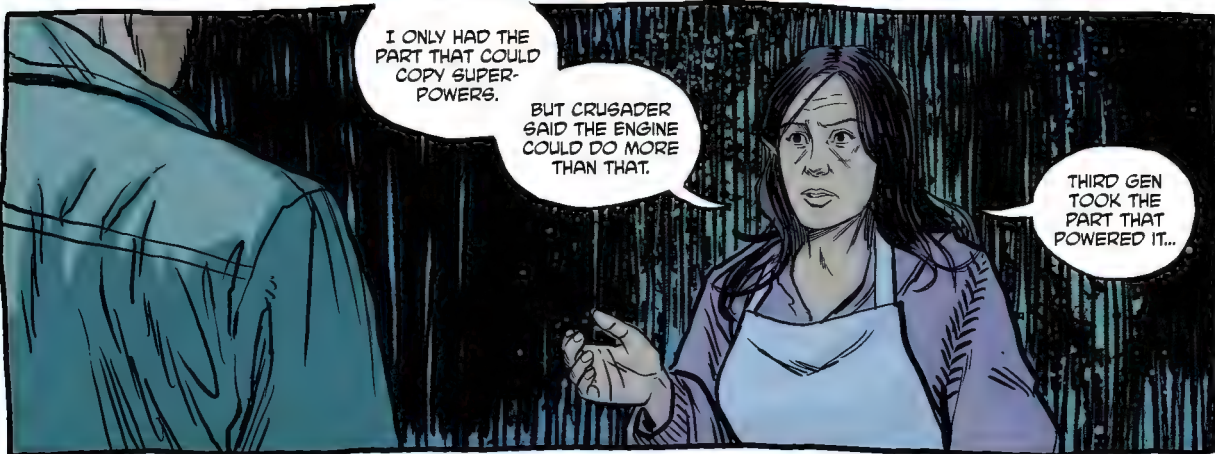
HER!
RIGHT THERE!
MRS. JOHANNING-
BUCHOLZ! FROM
THE BAKERY!

SHE'S
A SUPER-
VILLAIN!

GET HER,
LOCAL
MAN!



INGA...





THE
MERCY
SEAT.
YEAH.

NEON TOOK
IT TO WHATEVER
INDIANA JONES
WAREHOUSE
THIRD GEN HAS.

HELLO?!

WHY AREN'T
YOU FIGHTING
HER?!



BUT *THEY*
DON'T KNOW
THAT. THAT'S WHY
THEY'RE HERE.

THE
FACELESS
HORDE.

THE
HORDE?

THEY'VE
ALWAYS HAD
AGENTS SNEAKING
AROUND TOWN.

FOR TWENTY
YEARS, AT
LEAST.



WAIT.

DID YOU
GUYS KILL *DAN*
QUAYLE?

YES!
CUZ HE'S
A SUPER-
VILLAIN!

LIKE
YOU!



THIRD GEN
THOUGHT THE
HORDE WERE
JUST TERROR-
ISTS THAT WOULD
OCCUPY TOWNS.

BUT THAT
WAS WRONG.
THEY SHOW
PEOPLE
SOMETHING--

AND SOMEHOW
IT MAKES THEM
BECOME THE
HORDE, LIKE,
OVERNIGHT.



IT HAP-
PENED HERE.
TO FARMINGTON.
WE'RE THE LAST
ONES.

YOU WERE
HERE WHILE
I WAS GONE.
YOU KNOW
THIS PLACE...

ITS WEAK-
NESSES AND
STRENGTHS.
YOU KNOW IF
IT CAN BE
SAVED.

WAIT...

YOU TWO
CANNOT
TEAM UP!

WE'RE
ALREADY
TEAMED UP!



INGA,
I NEED
YOUR
HELP.

GHYAAAH!

BOOMERS!



WE'RE
NOT--
RUDY...

SLICK
2.0...

I HAVE
A MISSION
FOR YOU
TOO.

ANOTHER
MISSION!?!
YOU STILL
HAVEN'T PAID
ME FOR THIS
MISSION!

DID YOU
EVER EVEN
HAVE TWENTY
DOLLARS??



IF THIS
THING GOES
BAD...

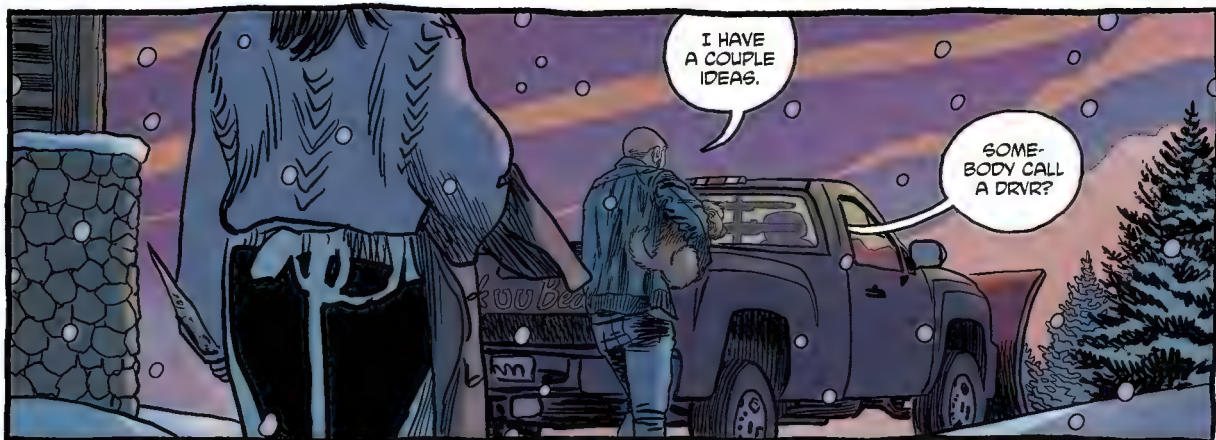
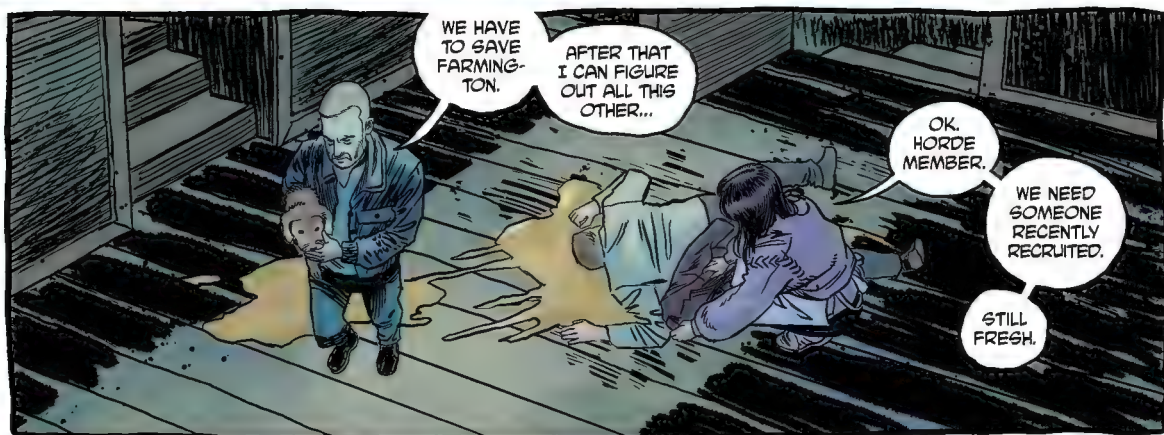
YOU'LL BE THE
ONLY ONE LEFT
TO HELP THESE
PEOPLE.

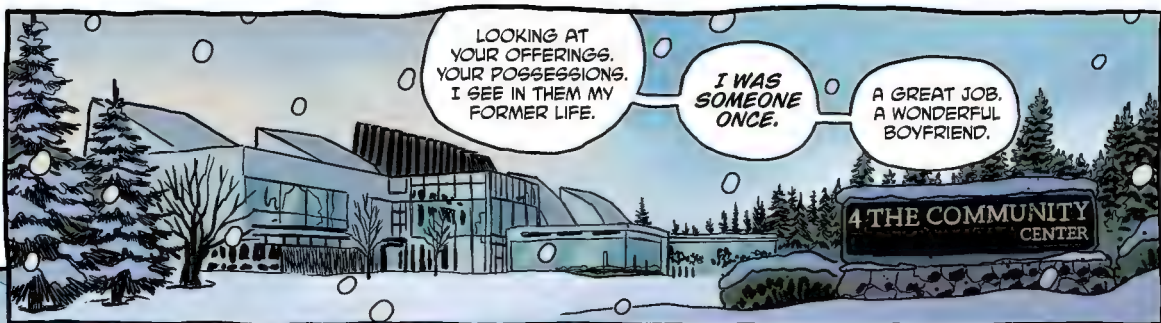


УВАЖАЮЩИЙ
ОТНОШЕНИЕ К
ЭТОЙ ЖЕНЩИНЕ
ПОКАЖЕТСЯ
ВАМ ПОСЛЕДНИМ
ПРЕДУПРЕЖДЕНИЕМ



...I PROMISE.
A TOTAL OF
\$40, OKAY?





LOOKING AT
YOUR OFFERINGS.
YOUR POSSESSIONS.
I SEE IN THEM MY
FORMER LIFE.

I WAS
SOMEONE
ONCE.

A GREAT JOB.
A WONDERFUL
BOYFRIEND.



HE WAS A
SUPERHERO.
AN HONEST-TO-
GOODNESS
CHAMPION OF
A BETTER
WORLD.

AND ONE
DAY, HE DIS-
APPEARED.

HE AND HIS
WHOLE TEAM.
HE VANISHED.

HE WAS HOLDING
ME IN HIS ARMS
WHEN WE WENT TO
SLEEP AND WHEN
I AWOKE...



I ASKED
FOR HELP.

I BEGGED
SOMEONE TO FIND
HIM. PEOPLE TOLD
ME I WAS WRONG.
THAT HE'D NEVER
EVEN EXISTED.

BUT I
KNEW HE
HAD.



BECAUSE
EVEN THOUGH
HE'D GONE OFF
TO A BETTER
WORLD...

SOME OF THE
THINGS HE AND HIS
TEAMMATES HAD
USED WERE STILL
HERE FOR THOSE
WHO KNEW WHERE
TO LOOK.

ARMOR...



GUNS...

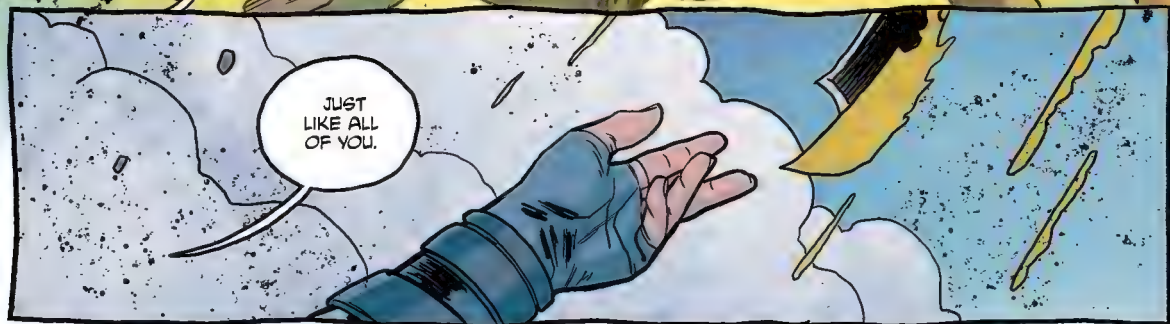
BLAM! SHAKOOM! SKOOM!



I WAS
SOMEONE.

BA-DOOM

JUST
LIKE ALL
OF YOU.

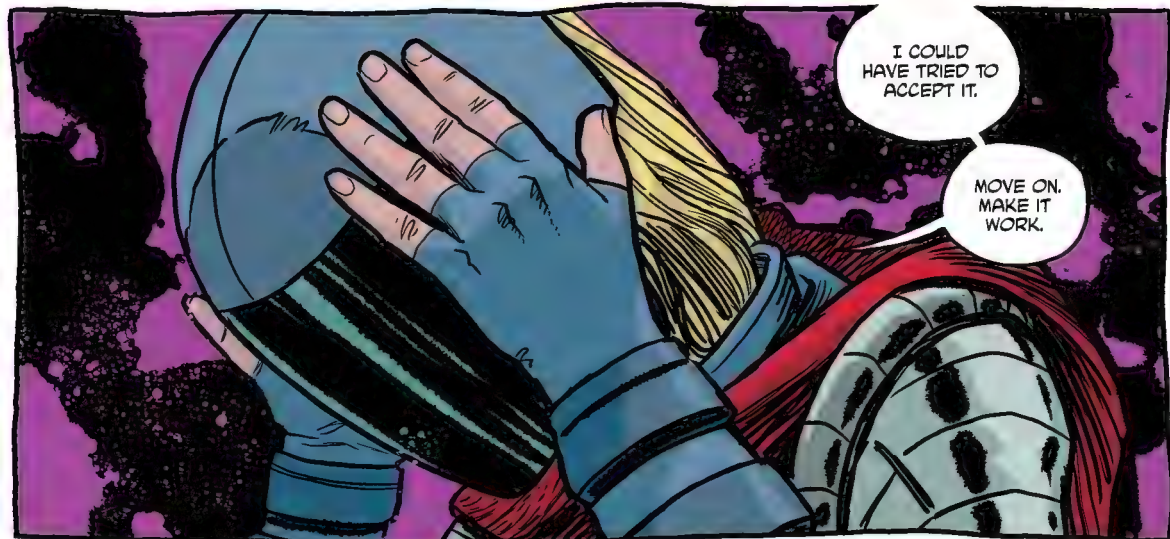


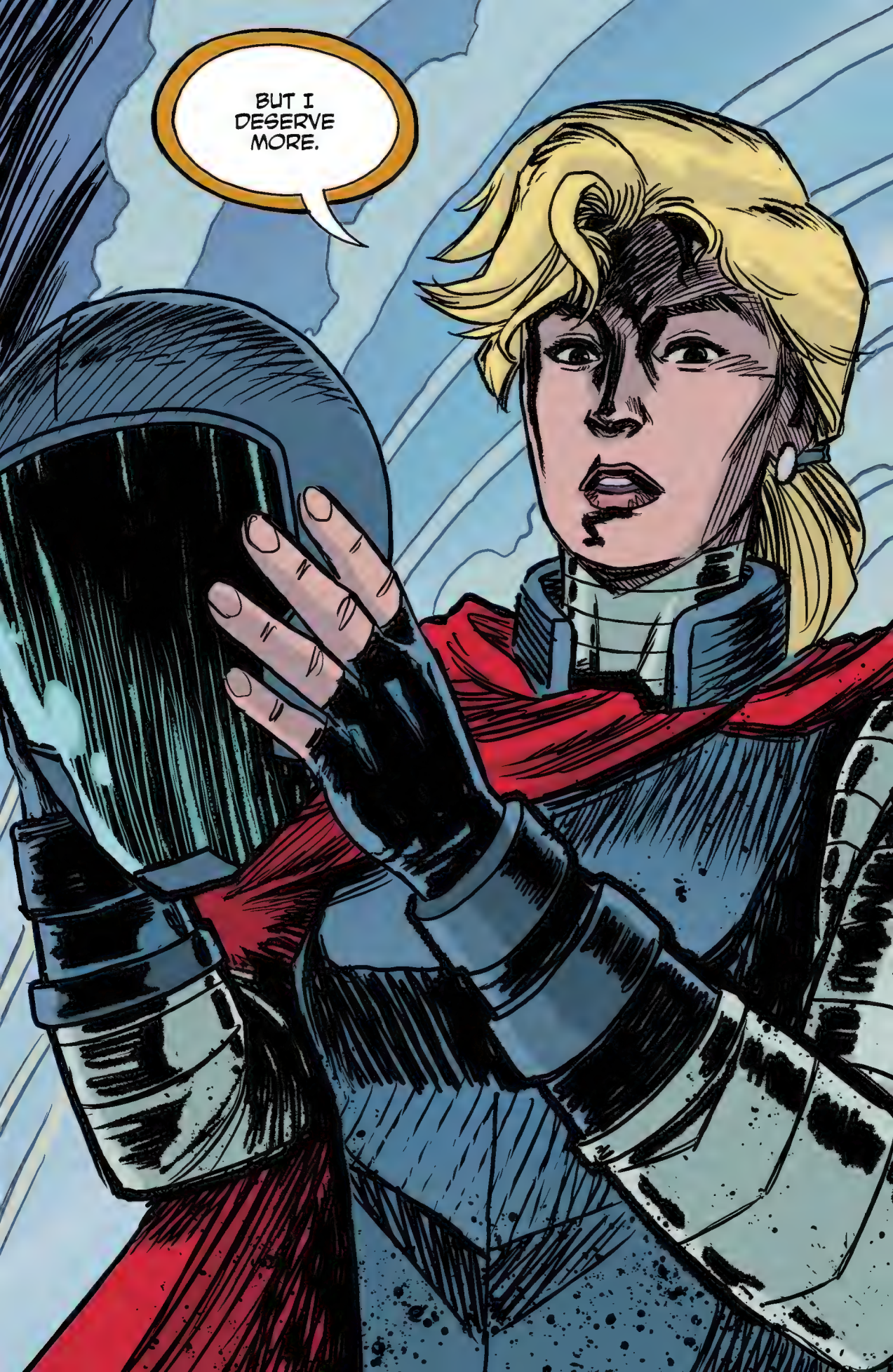
BUT I LOST
MY PERSON, AND
ALONG WITH HIM,
THE LIFE I KNEW.

THE LIFE I
THOUGHT WAS
REAL.

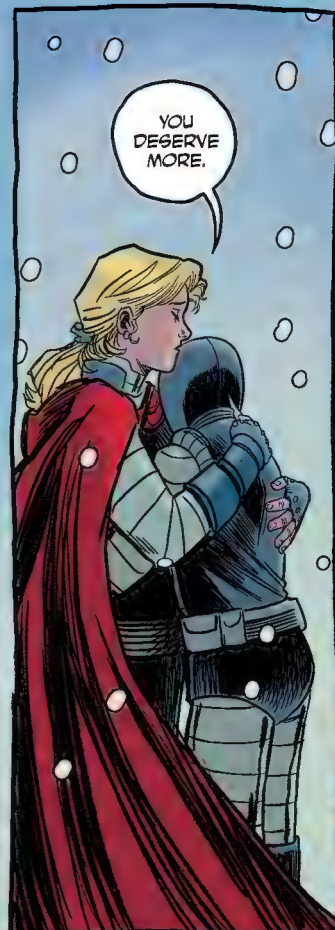
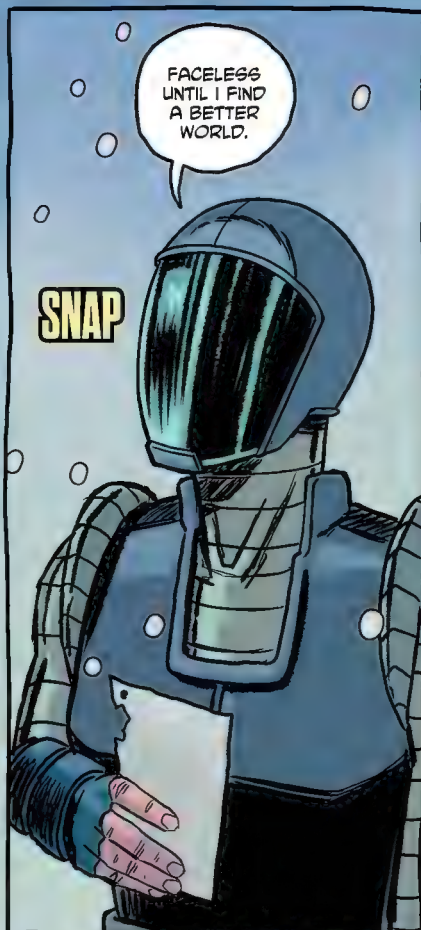
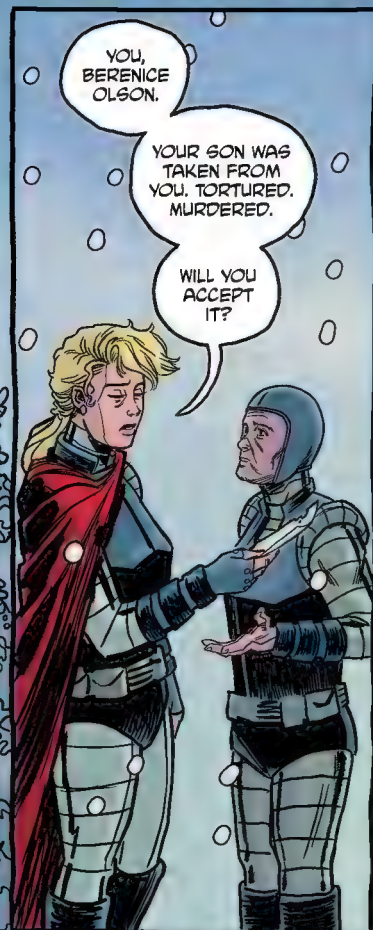
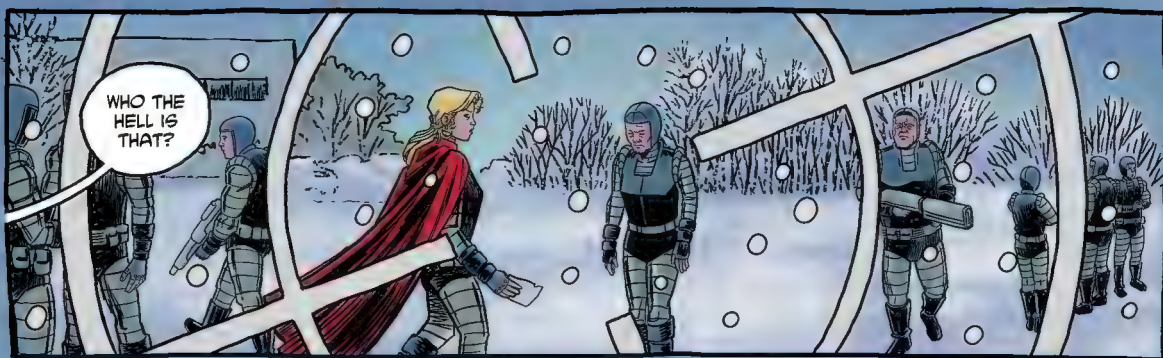
I COULD
HAVE TRIED TO
ACCEPT IT.

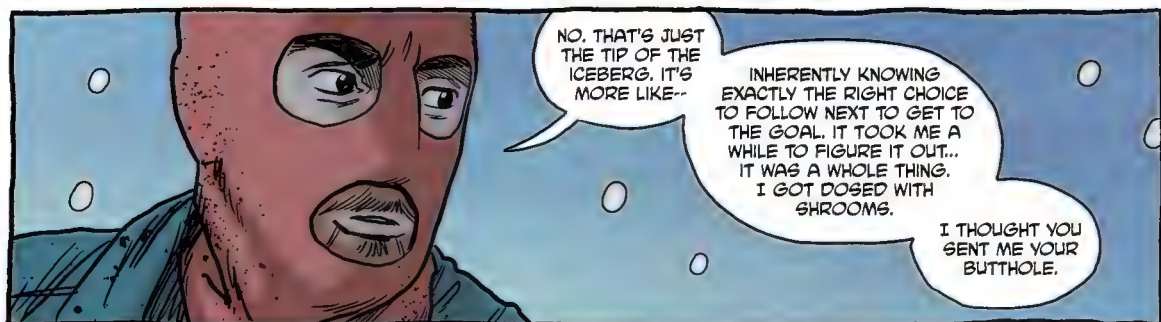
MOVE ON.
MAKE IT
WORK.

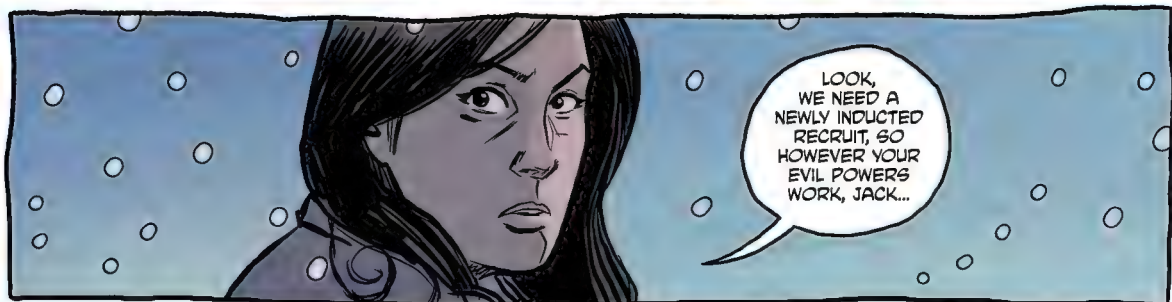
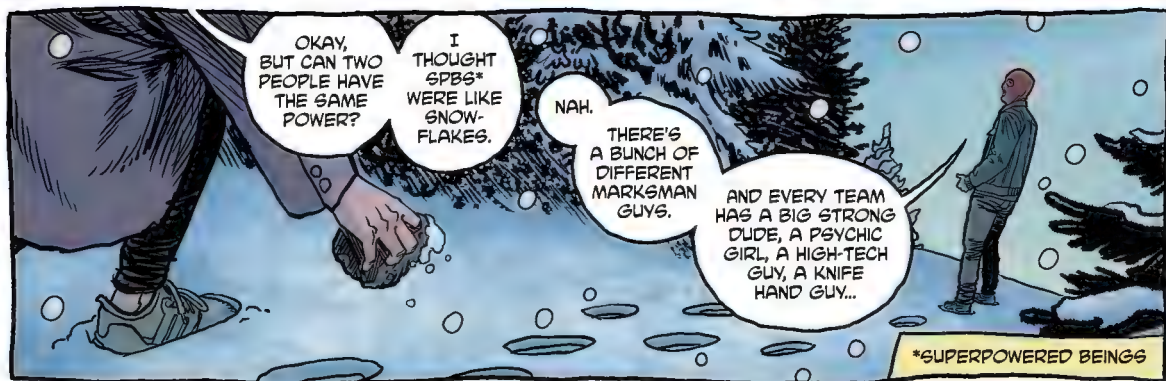




BUT I
DESERVE
MORE.









AND SO...

SHIT,
MAN...

IS THIS
CHIEF
BUCHOLZ?

HNNH.



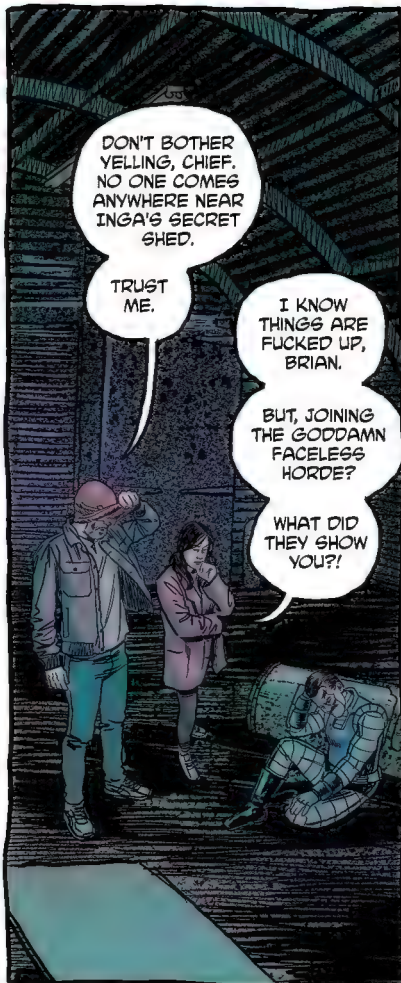
DUDE, I MIGHT
JOIN THAT CULT IF
I COULD GET THIS
SWEET ARMOR.

PLEASE
DON'T.



ALL
RIGHT.
WELL...

I'M GONNA SPLIT
UNLESS YOU NEED ME
TO DRIVE ANY MORE
KNOCKED-OUT COPS
AROUND.



DON'T BOTHER
YELLING, CHIEF.
NO ONE COMES
ANYWHERE NEAR
INGA'S SECRET
SHED.

TRUST
ME.

I KNOW
THINGS ARE
FUCKED UP,
BRIAN.

BUT, JOINING
THE GODDAMN
FACELESS
HORDE?

WHAT DID
THEY SHOW
YOU?!



WHAT WOULD
MAKE YOU, OF
ALL PEOPLE,
JOIN A CULT?

JESUS,
BRIAN...

THINK
OF OUR
KIDS.



I AM
THINKING
OF THEM.

I'M THINKING
OF A VERSION
OF CARMIE AND
CHANNING IN A
BETTER PLACE.

A WORLD
WHERE THEY'RE
LIVING IN FARMING-
TON INSTEAD OF
CHICAGO WITH MY
BROTHER.



WHERE THEIR MOM
DIDN'T TEAR THEIR
FAMILY APART, FUCK
HER SUPERHERO
EX-BOYFRIEND, AND
THEN LET A SEA
HAG LOOSE ON
THEIR TOWN.

THE FACELESS
HORDE IS GOING TO
SHOW ME HOW TO JOIN
THAT CARMELA AND
THAT CHANNING IN THAT
BETTER PLACE.



BECAUSE
THAT'S THE WAY THINGS
SHOULD BE.

I WAS
A GOOD
MAN.



I DIDN'T
DESERVE
THIS WORLD.

I DIDN'T
DESERVE
YOU, INGA.

I DIDN'T
DESERVE
JACK
XAVIER.

NO.

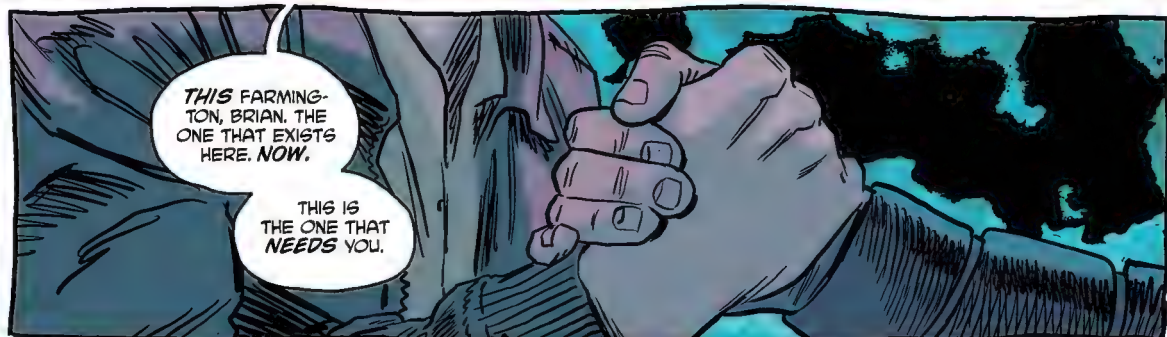
YOU
DIDN'T.

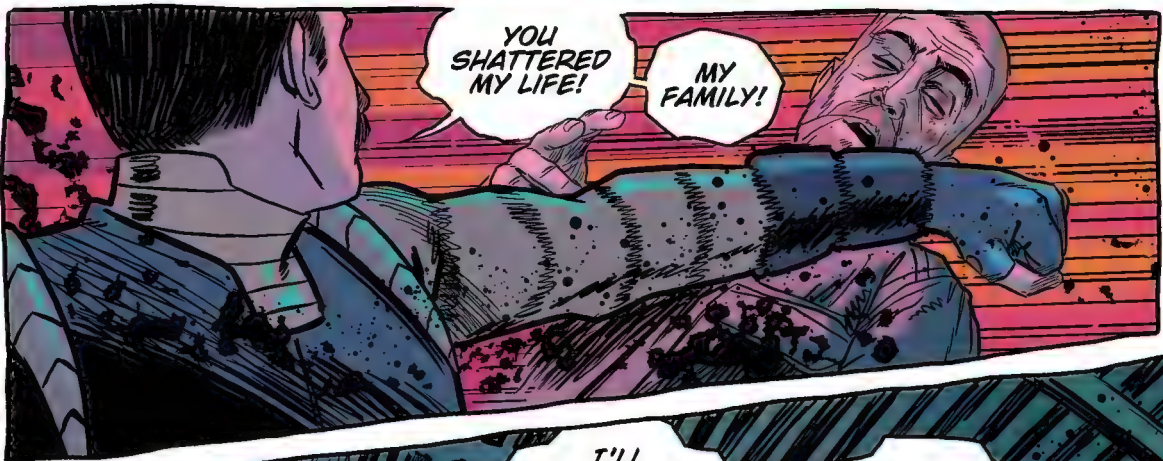


YOU CALLED
IT FROM THE
BEGINNING.

YOU DIDN'T
WANT ME IN
THIS TOWN.

YOU KNEW I'D
SHOW UP AND
BRING ALL KINDS
OF TROUBLE WITH
ME AND I DID.





THAT'S
WHAT SHE
SHOWS US.

THAT
MAKES US
BELIEVERS.

THE
SHATTERING.

RRE

IS
THAT A
PERSON?

NO.
IT'S A THING.
A PLACE.

SOME
PEOPLE,
IT FOLLOWS
THEM AROUND.

PEOPLE
LIKE THE
PRICE.

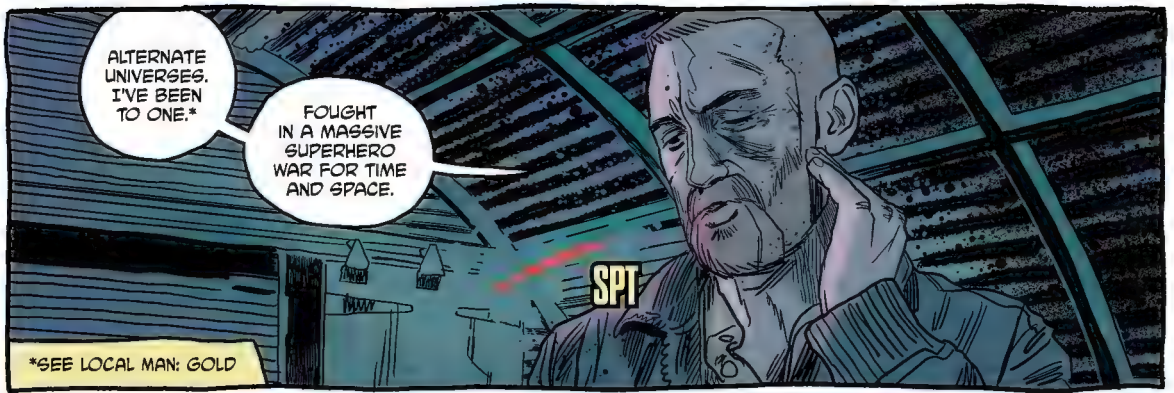
WHEN
YOU SEE
IT...

IT'S
THIS TRUTH.
THERE'S A
REAL ANSWER
TO YOUR
PROBLEMS.

...IT'S LIKE
LITTLE BREAKS IN
THE WORLD. SHARDS.
AND IN THEM'S OTHER
PLACES. FUTURES.
PRESENTS. PASTS.

PLACES
WHERE THINGS
ARE DIFFERENT
THAN HERE.

SOME-
TIMES WORSE.
MOST TIMES
BETTER.



ALTERNATE
UNIVERSES.
I'VE BEEN
TO ONE.*

FOUGHT
IN A MASSIVE
SUPERHERO
WAR FOR TIME
AND SPACE.

SPT

*SEE LOCAL MAN: GOLD



YEAH, WELL,
MAYBE THAT'S
WHAT CAUSED IT.
I DUNNO.

THE THING IS
THOUGH, IT'S
JUST LIKE...
A VIEWER.

TO ACTUALLY
GO THROUGH
A SHARD, YOU
NEED A THING.



THAT'S
WHAT THEY'RE
LOOKING FOR.
*THE MERCY
SEAT.*

IT'S
NOT HERE
ANYMORE.

NO, THE
PRICE SAYS NEON
AND HER CREW
WALKED OFF WITH
AN EMPTY HARD
DRIVE.



EVERYTHING
IN IT WAS OFF-
LOADED SOME-
WHERE ELSE.

THAT'S WHAT
THEY'RE LOOKING
FOR. THE
"VESSEL."

WHEN THEY
FIND IT, ONE
PERSON LEAVES
TO FIND A BETTER
WORLD FIRST.

A
VOLUNTEER.
JACK...

THE
VOLUNTEER
IS...

IT'S YOUR
MOTHER.

NO.
I'VE SEEN
WHAT...

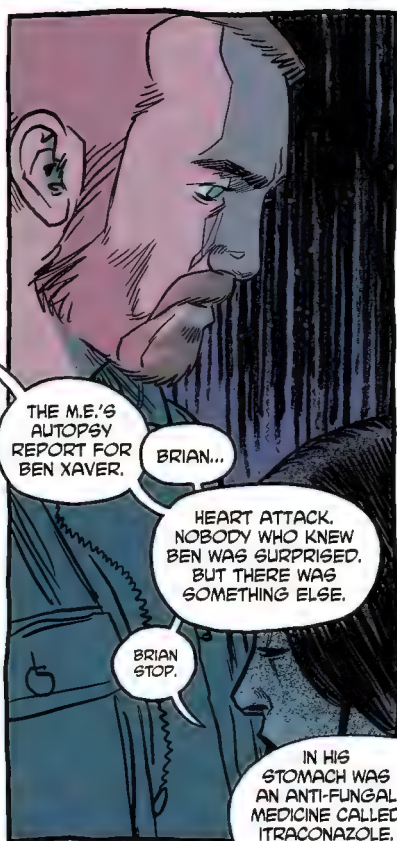
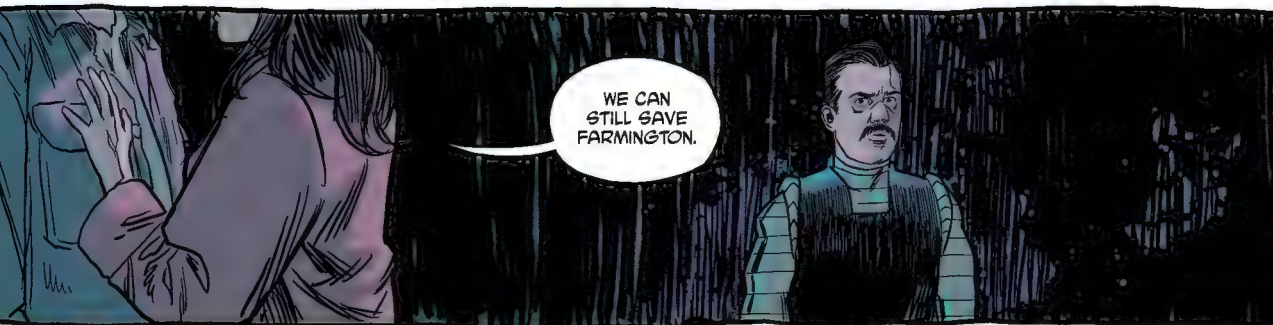
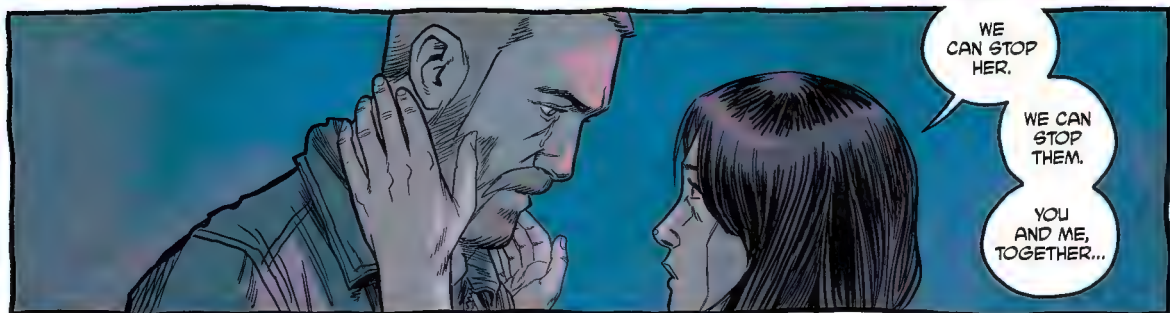
THE
FACELESS
HORDE...
SHE'S...

THERE'S
NO BETTER
WORLD...

SHE'S
GOING TO
KILL HERSELF.
I CAN'T--

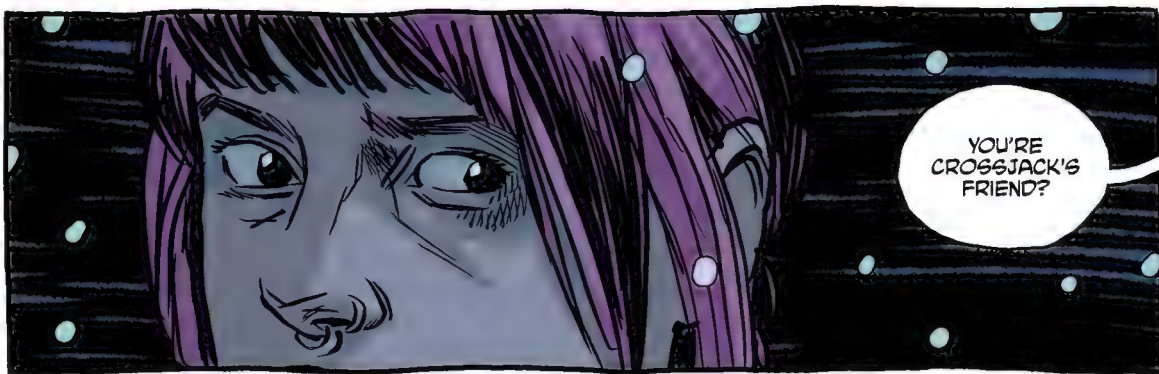
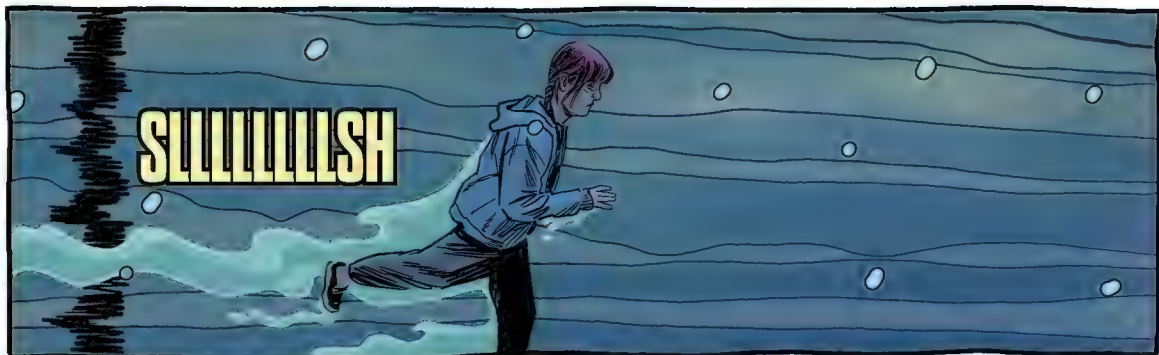
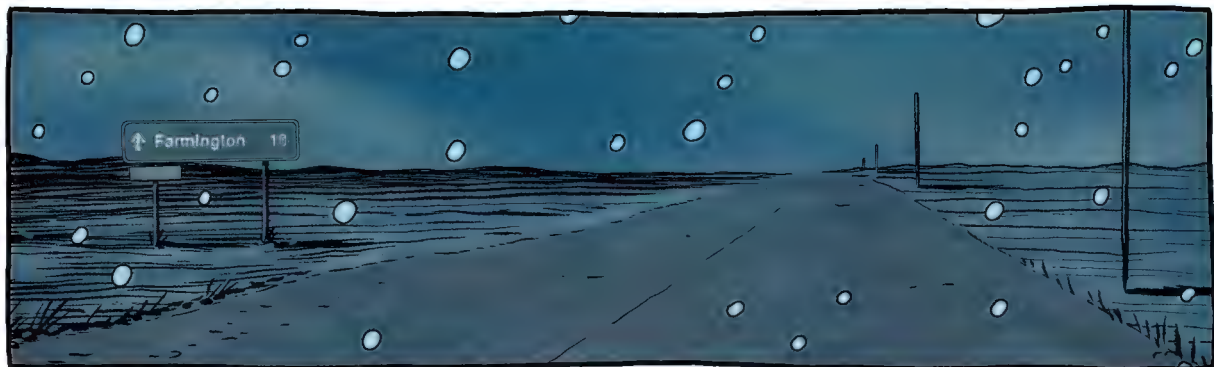
HEY...





I'LL
FUCKING
KILL YOU!





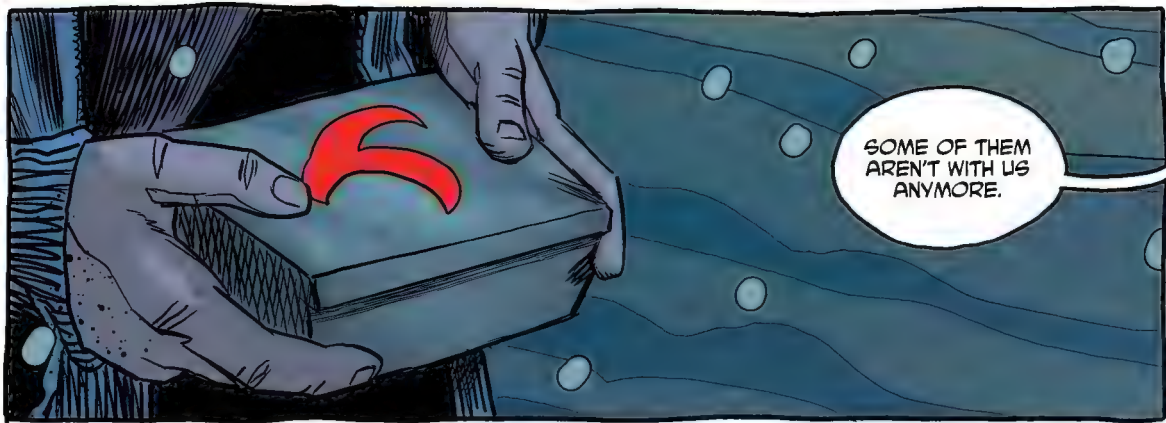


HE TOLD
ME TO GIVE
YOU THIS.



PLEASE BE
CAREFUL.

THOSE
WERE MY
FRIENDS.



SOME OF THEM
AREN'T WITH US
ANYMORE.

PAST.

...DAY TWELVE OF THE VOLCANIC
ERUPTION ON THE TINY, REMOTE
ISLAND OF LO'IIHI, AT THE VERY END
OF THE HAWAIIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

DAMAGE IS WIDESPREAD, AND
RESIDENTS OF THE POVERTY-
STRICKEN VILLAGES, GIVEN
LITTLE OF THE HELP AFFORDED
TO THE BIG ISLANDS, ARE
BEGINNING TO LOSE HOPE.

KAI!!

KAI!
STOP!

COME
BACK!!

MOMMA?

HRMPH.

DON'T
YOU GO,
KAI!



DON'T YOU GO
WITH FATHER
GRINT!

IT
NEVER
DID!

HE DON'T
KNOW WHAT HE'S
TALKING ABOUT!
IT WON'T HELP
ANYTHING!

WOMAN!
YOU SHAME
YOURSELF, AND
YOUR PEOPLE!

SCIENCE HAS
DONE NOTHING
TO HELP YOU!



YOUR PEOPLE'S
HISTORY SAYS THERE
IS ONLY ONE WAY TO
STOP THIS!

AND IF YOU WILL NOT
ACCEPT CHRIST, THEN
YOU MUST LISTEN TO
YOUR GODS!

FOUL-
MOUTHED
SINNER KAI IS
READY, AREN'T
YOU, KAI?!



I'M READY,
MOTHER-
FUCKERS.



NOOOOHHHHOOOOOOO.

THRRMBLLL



THERE,
BOY, YOUR
DESTINY.

FATHER...
WILL I BE
A HERO?

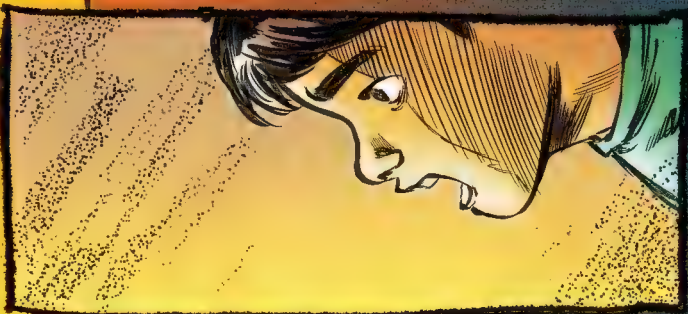
YOU'LL BE
EXACTLY WHAT
THIS ISLAND
NEEDS, KAI.



KSSH

A REMINDER
OF THE
SAVAGERY OF
YOUR GODS...

AND THE
PROMISE OF
JESUS.



LOST.



LOST.

LOST.

HNH?



WE ARE LOST.

WHERE--?
SHOULDN'T I
BE DEAD?

YOU
SHOULD
BE.

YOU
SHOULD BE.

YOU SHOULD BE.

YOU SHOULD BE...
A HERO.

POST
NO
BILL



LATER.

NOOO!

MAY SATAN
CURSE YOU
AND DROWN
THIS SPECK
IN FIRE!!

WILL HE
ACTUALLY
GO TO JAIL,
MOMMA?

ENDANGERMENT
OF A MINOR WITH A
LOT OF WITNESSES.
ATTEMPTED
MURDER....

...I'D CALL IT
AN OPEN AND
SHUT CASE.

ALL RIGHT, I
ANSWERED YOUR
QUESTION.

NOW,
"BIG ISLAND,"
IF YOU COULD
ANSWER ONE
OF MINE...

WHAT
DID YOUR
SACRIFICE
SHOW YOU?

**NEXT
ISSUE**

SECRETS REVEALED!

Chapter 13





THERE.

UP
THERE.

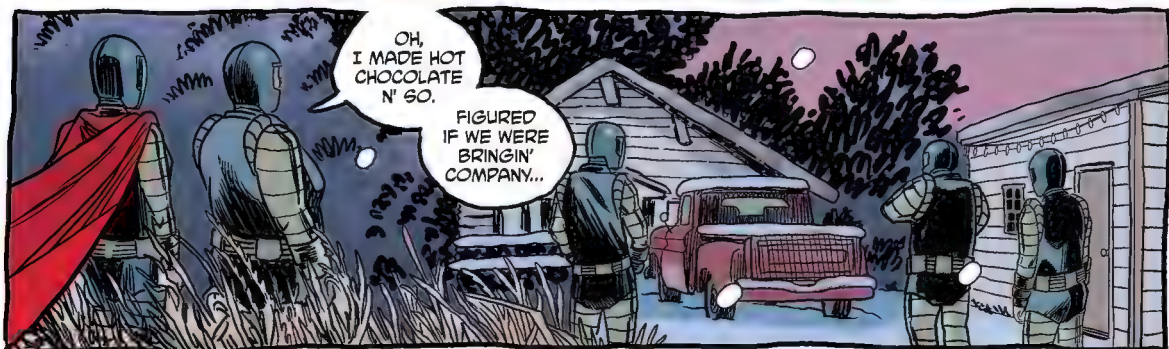
THAT'S MY
FARM.



OR...

WELL,
IT WAS
MINE...

IT WILL BE
YOURS AGAIN,
ALONG WITH
YOUR NAME.



OH,
I MADE HOT
CHOCOLATE
N' SO.

FIGURED
IF WE WERE
BRINGIN'
COMPANY...



THE
TRUCK?

IT WAS
MY HUS-
BAND'S.

HE WAS
GONNA FIX IT
UP, Y'KNOW.
HE NEVER GOT
AROUND.

HORDE.
CONVERT THAT
INTO OUR
ALTAR.

THE
VESSEL
IS ALMOST
HERE.



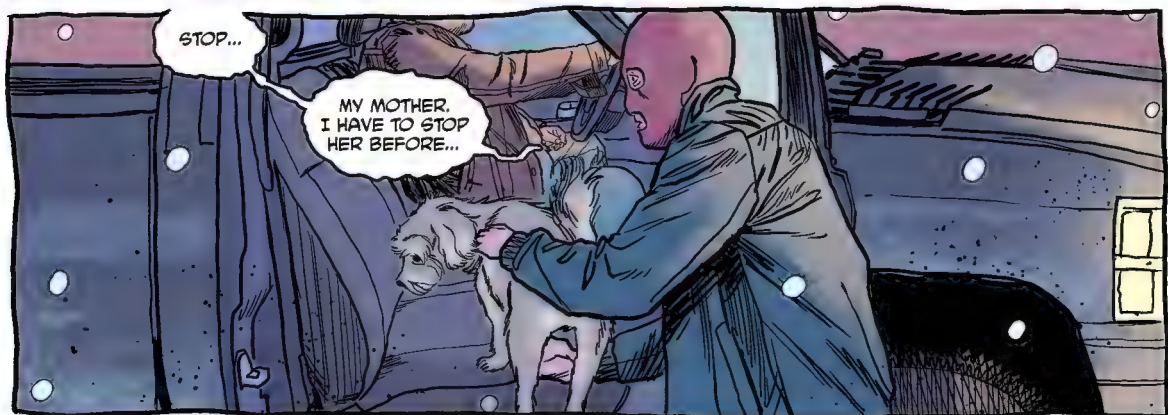
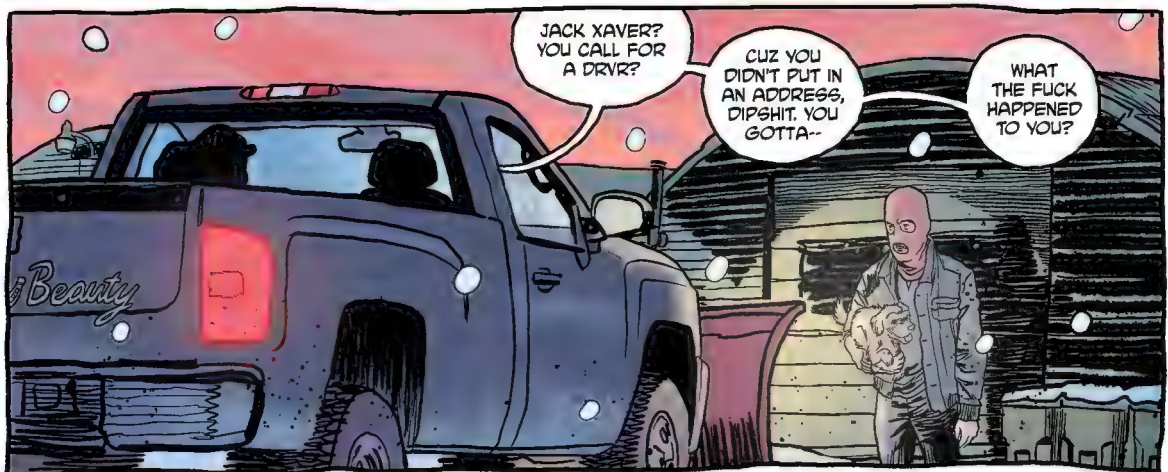
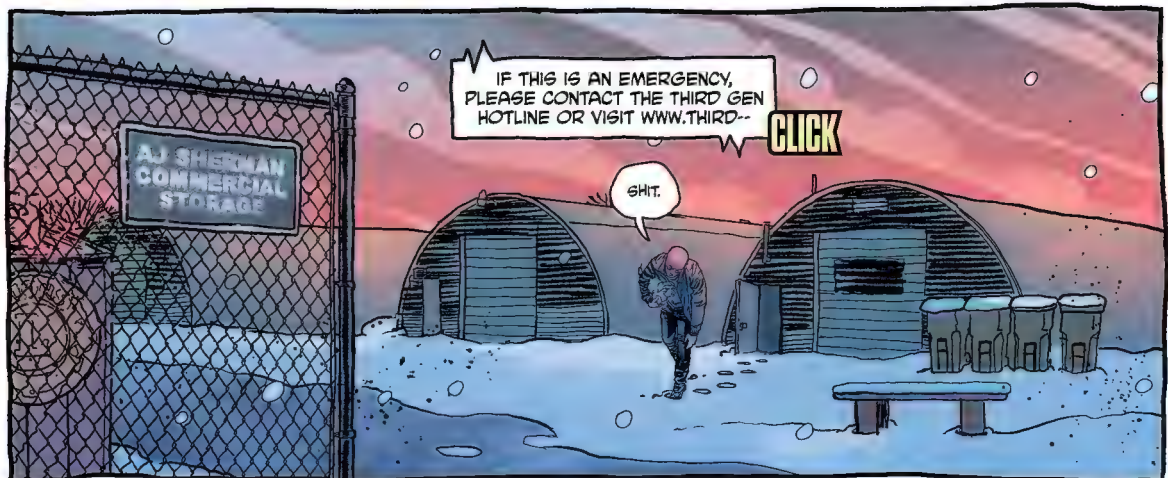
ONCE YOU
HAVE MADE YOUR
SACRIFICE, WE WILL
ALL HAVE WHAT WE
DESERVE.

WE WILL HAVE
NAMES AGAIN.
FACES.

IN A
BETTER
WORLD.

SNAP

IN A
BETTER
WORLD.



BEFORE.

...KILL
YOU!!

YOU
KILLED MY
DAD!?

YOU
KILLED
FOURTH
GEN!

GHK

GKK

WHAT
THE FUCK
DID YOU...

RFF!

RFFF!!

RFFF!

JACK.

STOP.

HRRRK

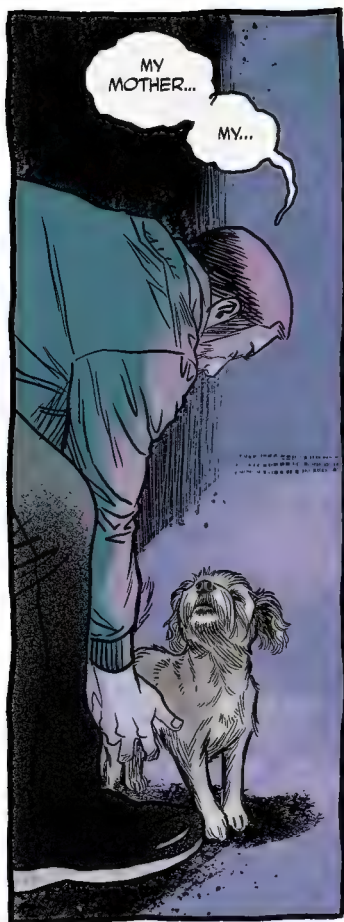
YOUR
MOTHER.

YOU HAVE
TO STOP HER
BEFORE THE
SACRIFICE.

NO!
SHE
KILLED
MY--

THEY'RE
ALREADY AT THE
FARM, JACK.
YOU DO NOT
HAVE TIME.

AND THIS ONE
ISN'T WORTH
KILLING.



MY MOTHER...

MY...



WH--

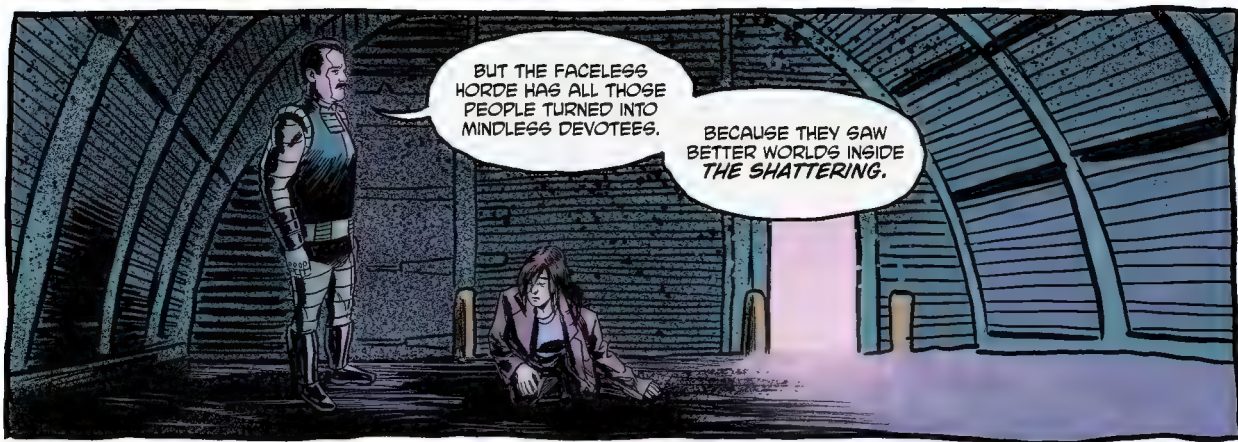
KOFF KOFF

WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST LET HIM FINISH IF YOU HATE ME SO MUCH?



YOU'RE RIGHT, INGA.

I DO FUCKING HATE YOU.



BUT THE FACELESS HORDE HAS ALL THOSE PEOPLE TURNED INTO MINDLESS DEVOTEES.

BECAUSE THEY SAW BETTER WORLDS INSIDE THE SHATTERING.



WE HAVE TO OFFER FARMINGTON SOMETHING BETTER.

AND I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M SAYING THIS...

BUT I THINK YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS WHAT THAT IS.

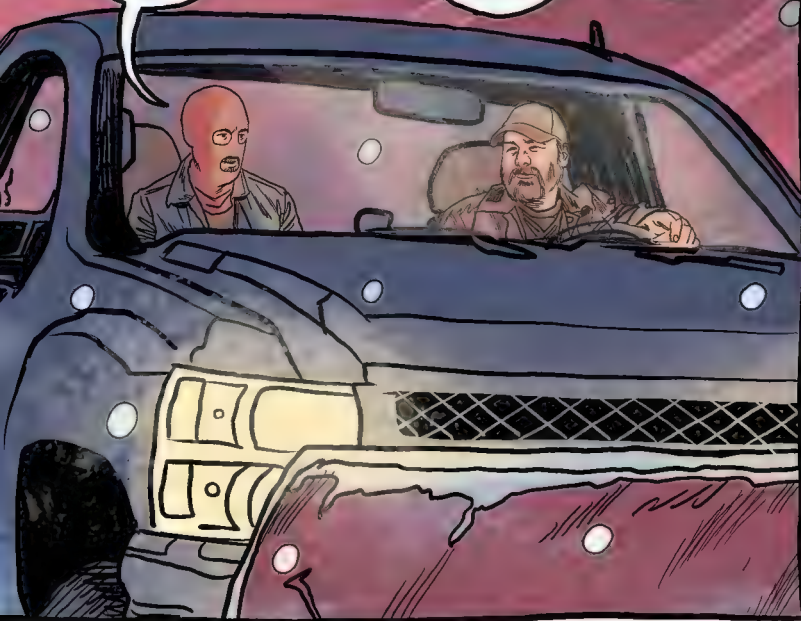
NOW.

I
THOUGHT
I HAD THIS
FIGURED
OUT.

I HAD A
TEAM, LIKE
THE OLD
DAYS WITH
THIRD GEN.

BUT NOW
IT'S JUST ME
AGAINST ALL
OF THEM.

THE
FACELESS
HORDE HAS
FARMINGTON.
THEY HAVE
MY MOM.



IN THE OLD
DAYS WHEN I WAS A
SUPERHERO, Y'KNOW,
IF SOMETHING LIKE THIS
HAPPENED, I GUESS I'D
GET MAD, RIGHT?



IF I WAS
PUSHED TO MY
LIMIT, HAD EVERY-
THING TAKEN AWAY
WITH NOTHING LEFT
TO LOSE, I'D MAKE
THEM ALL PAY.

I'D GET A
BUNCH OF BIG
FUCKING GUNS
AND JUST...

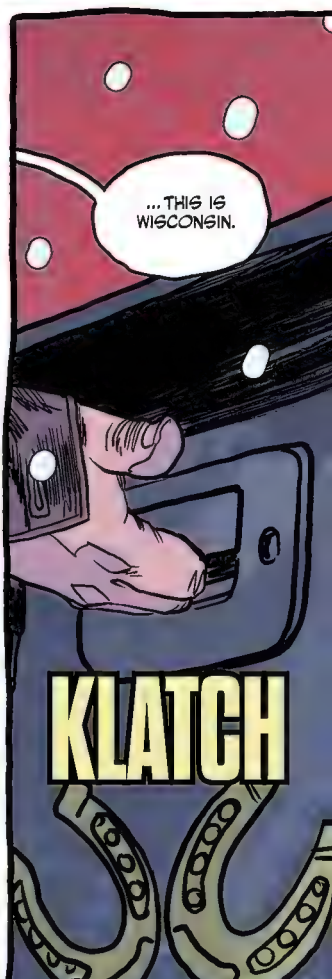


BUT I
CAN'T EVEN...
I'M NOT READY.
I DON'T HAVE ANY
GUNS OR ANY...

DUDE,
C'MON...

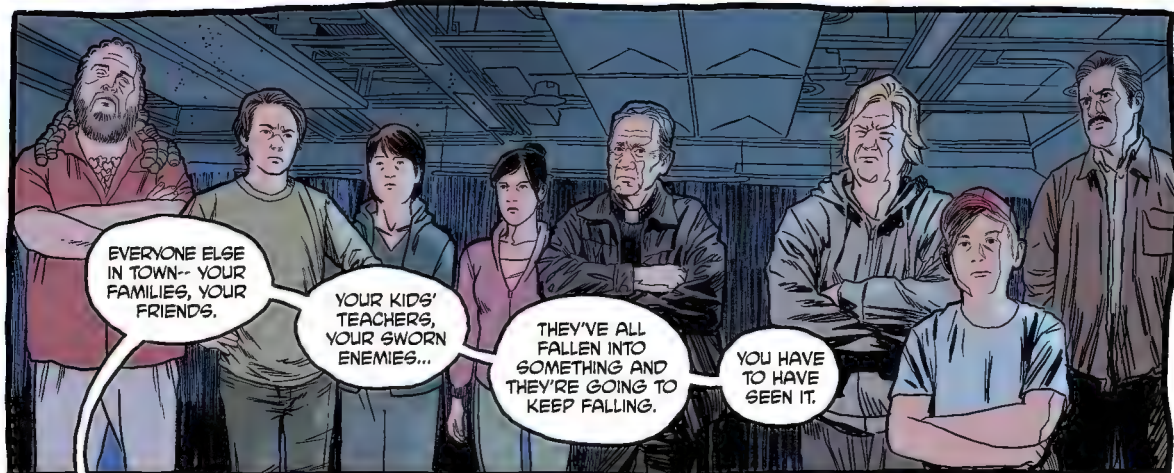
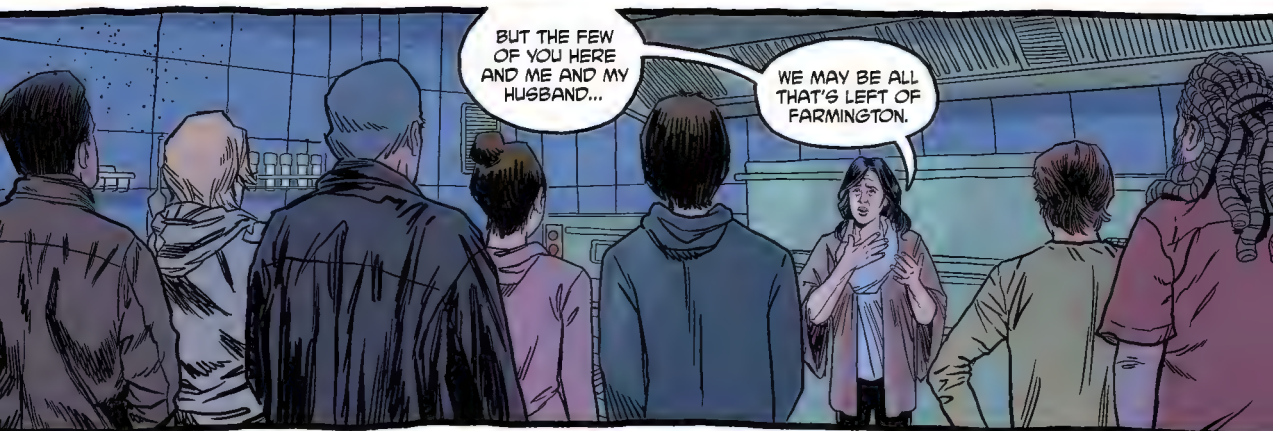


...THIS IS
WISCONSIN.



KLATCH







YOU
SHOULDN'T
TRUST HER.
I SURE DON'T.

BUT A **REAL**
SUPERHERO
GAVE ME THIS
BOX AND...



...MISS INGA'S
THE ONLY ONE
HERE THAT KNOWS
WHAT TO DO
WITH IT.

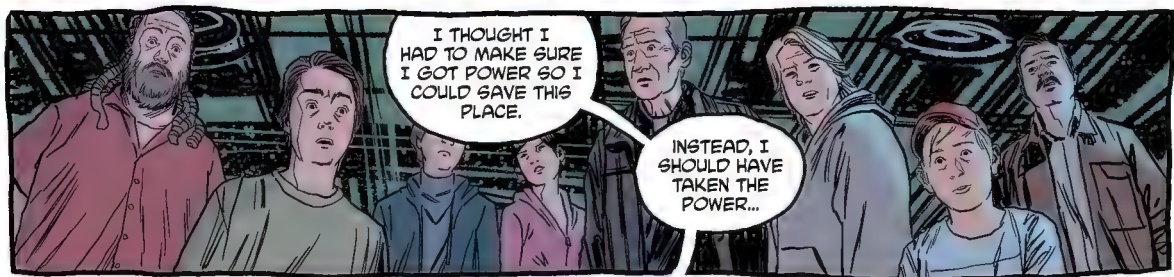


I HURT
FARMINGTON.
I KNOW THAT.

I RAN FROM YOU
ALL RATHER THAN
FACE YOU. BUT WHILE
I WAS OUT THERE
RUNNING, I THOUGHT
ABOUT EVERYTHING
I DID WRONG.

I DID
A LOT
WRONG.

BUT
MY MAIN
MISTAKE
WAS...

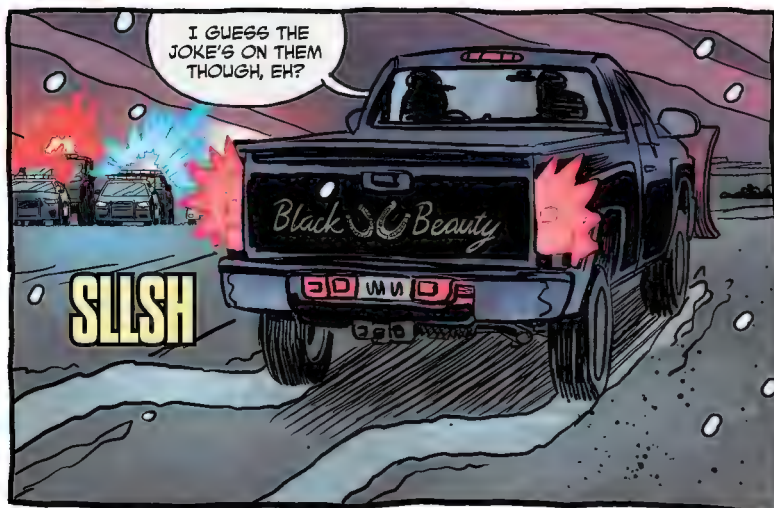
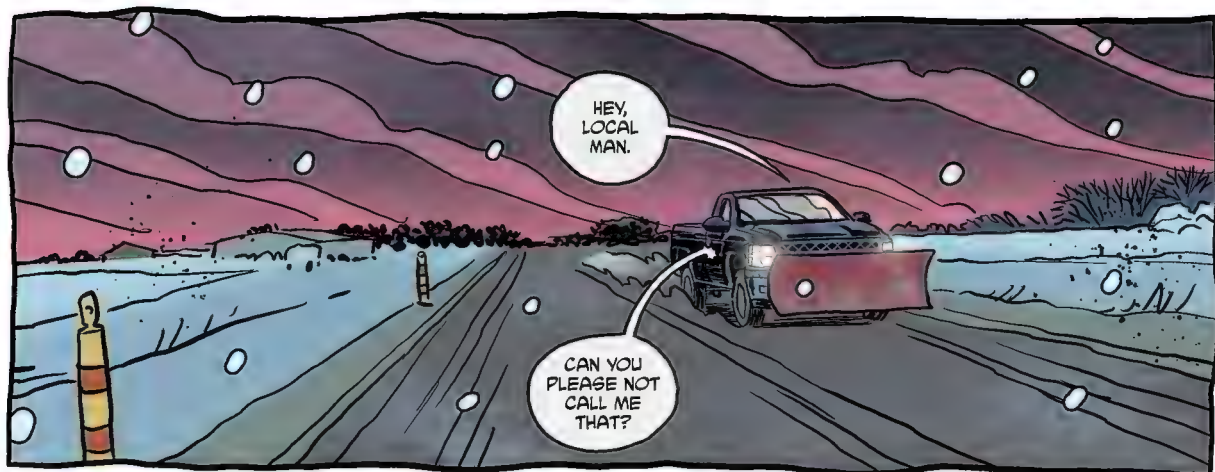


I THOUGHT I
HAD TO MAKE SURE
I GOT POWER SO I
COULD SAVE THIS
PLACE.

INSTEAD, I
SHOULD HAVE
TAKEN THE
POWER...



...AND
SHARED
IT.



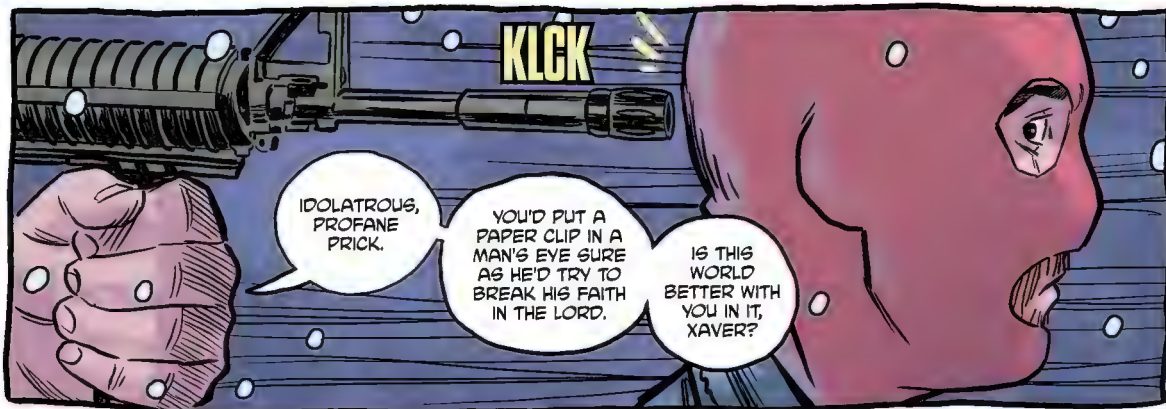
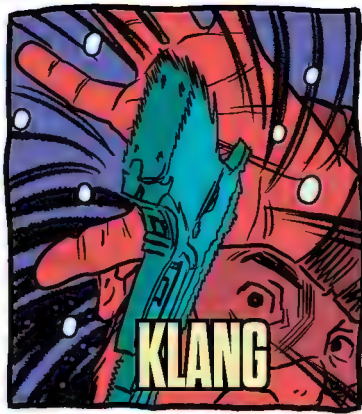
THAT
MEANS
THEY'RE
FUCKED.

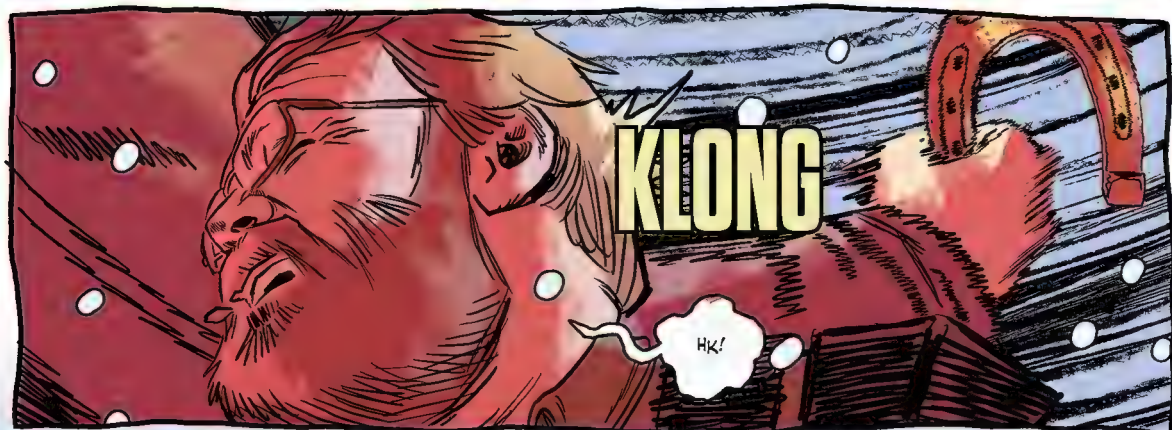


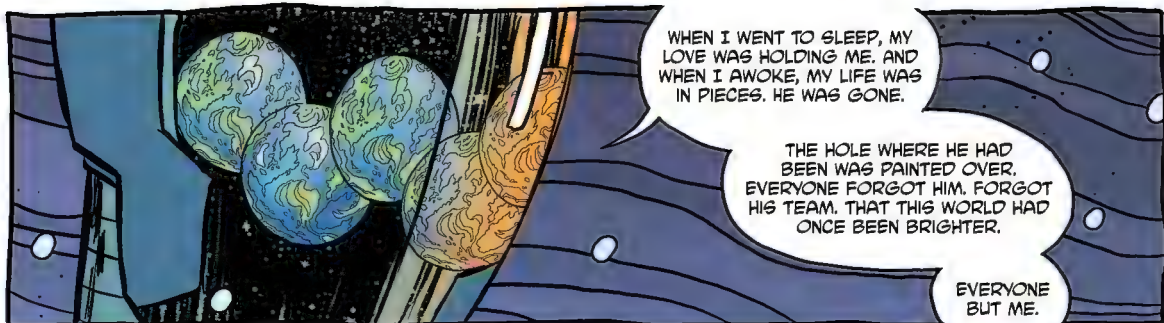
"GOD'S
SHEPHERD,"
MY ASS.



NOBODY'S
GONNA BELIEVE
THIS SHIT.







WHEN I WENT TO SLEEP, MY LOVE WAS HOLDING ME. AND WHEN I AWOK, MY LIFE WAS IN PIECES. HE WAS GONE.

THE HOLE WHERE HE HAD BEEN WAS PAINTED OVER. EVERYONE FORGOT HIM. FORGOT HIS TEAM. THAT THIS WORLD HAD ONCE BEEN BRIGHTER.

EVERYONE BUT ME.



"FOR YEARS I HUNTED. I CHASED WHISPERS. I SEARCHED FOR MEANING. UNTIL I FINALLY BROKE THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE."

"I SAW THE SHATTERING."

"ENTROPY'S EVENT HORIZON."

"I SAW MY LOVE RIPPED FROM THIS UNIVERSE TO A MORE AWESOME WORLD."

SEE: SHATTERED IMAGE #1-4



HE TOOK PARTS OF MY LIFE WITH HIM.

MY CAREER. ENOUGH MEMORIES AND EXPERIENCES THAT SOME PEOPLE THOUGHT I HAD GONE CRAZY.

HE TOOK HALF OF ME.

ALL HE LEFT ME WITH WERE MY SENSE OF JUSTICE...

AND THIS.



NOW, MY HORDE, I WILL SAVE YOU FROM YOUR BROKEN WORLDS.

YOU NEED ONLY PAY THE PRICE. SACRIFICE YOUR PAIN.

POTENTIAL WEAPONS:

1. CAPE

2. DAD'S TRUCK

3. ARROW

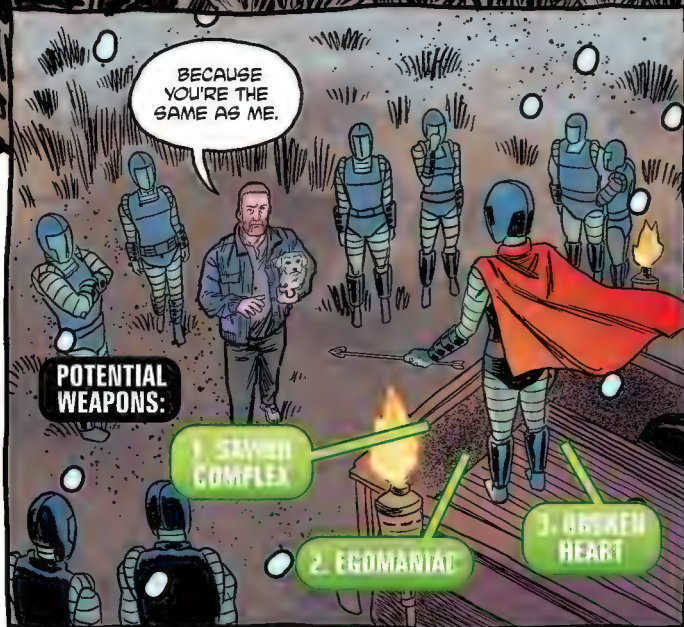
THAT'S A LIE.



THIS
ISN'T ABOUT
THEM.

IT'S
ABOUT
YOU.

I
KNOW...



BECAUSE
YOU'RE THE
SAME AS ME.

POTENTIAL
WEAPONS:

1. SAVEN
COMPLEX

2. EGO MANIAC

3. BROKEN
HEART

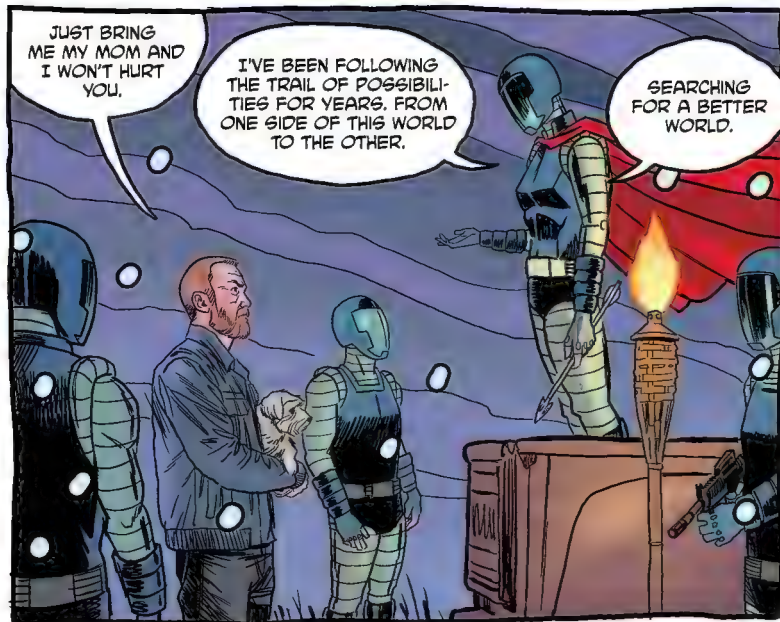


JACK
XAVER, AT
LAST.

IT'S TRUE.
WE SHARE
AN UNUSUAL
ABILITY.

YOU USE
YOURS TO AIM
WEAPONS OF
WAR.

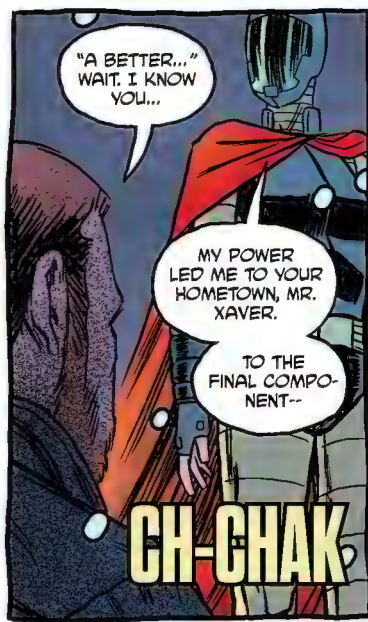
I USED MINE TO
SEE THE POTENTIAL
IN THIS SHATTERED
UNIVERSE. HOW TO
UNLOCK THE
SHARDS.



JUST BRING
ME MY MOM AND
I WON'T HURT
YOU.

I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING
THE TRAIL OF POSSIBILI-
TIES FOR YEARS. FROM
ONE SIDE OF THIS WORLD
TO THE OTHER.

SEARCHING
FOR A BETTER
WORLD.



"A BETTER..."
WAIT. I KNOW
YOU...

MY POWER
LED ME TO YOUR
HOMETOWN, MR.
XAVER.

TO THE
FINAL COMPO-
NENT--

CH-CHAK

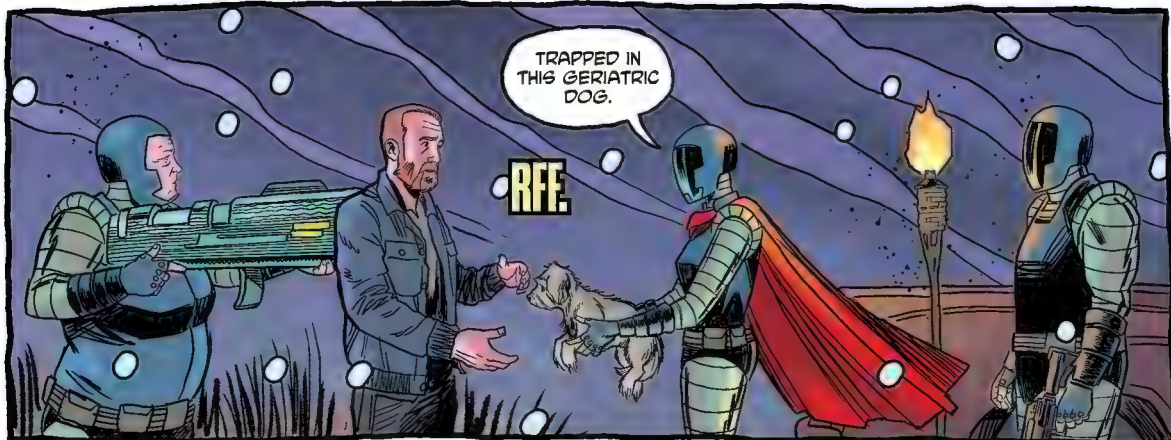


DON'T YOU
MOVE NONE,
JACK.

MOM?

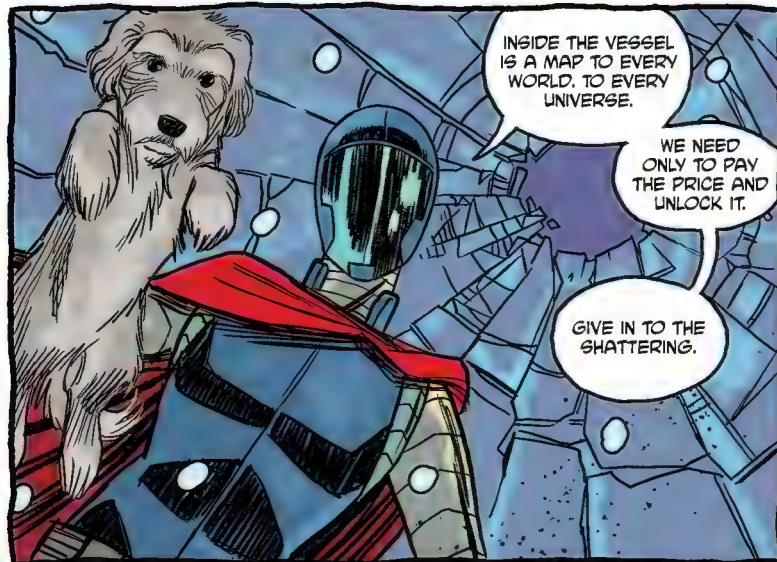
THE VESSEL. THE
REPOSITORY OF ALL
OF THE KNOWLEDGE
OF ALL UNIVERSES.

DOWNLOADED
FROM THE MERCY SEAT
ITSELF. EVERY MOMENT.
EVERY THOUGHT. GOD'S
HARD DRIVE.



TRAPPED IN
THIS GERIATRIC
DOG.

RFE.



INSIDE THE VESSEL
IS A MAP TO EVERY
WORLD. TO EVERY
UNIVERSE.

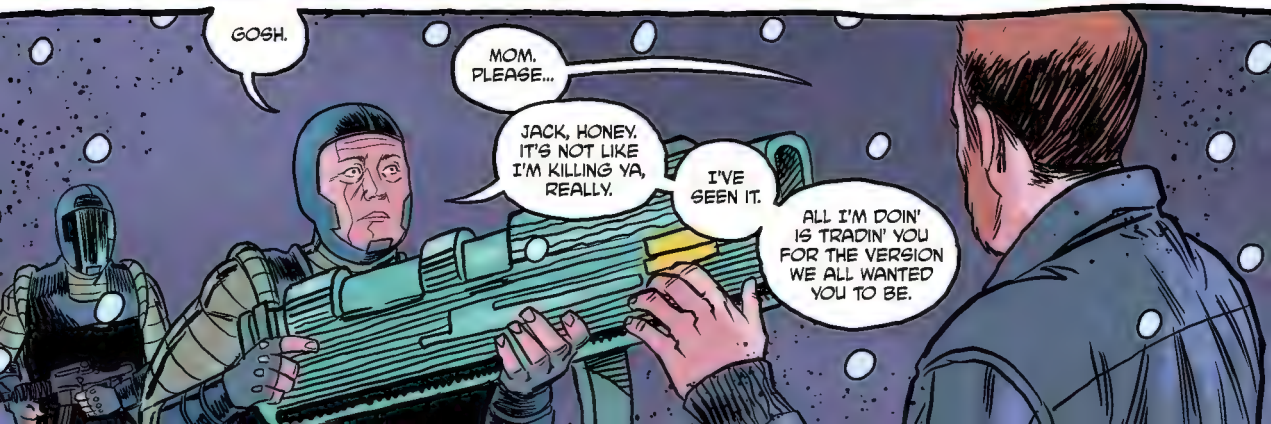
WE NEED
ONLY TO PAY
THE PRICE AND
UNLOCK IT.

GIVE IN TO THE
SHATTERING.



DO IT,
LILA.

MAKE YOUR
SACRIFICE!



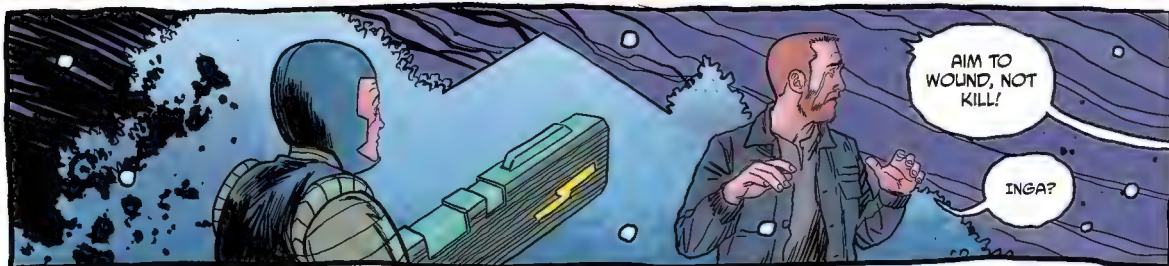
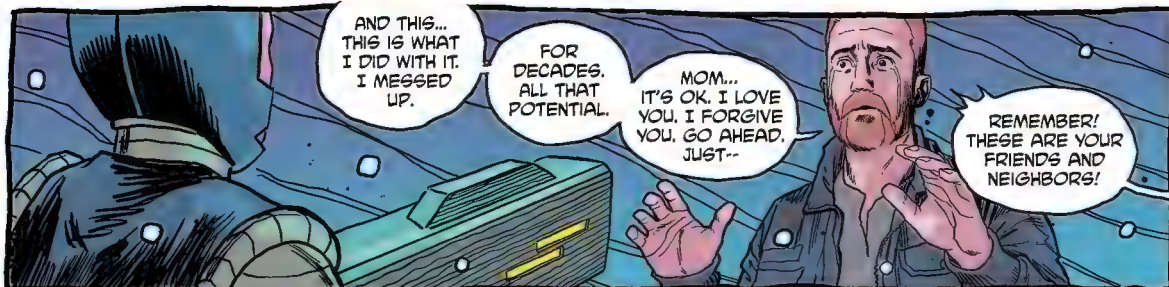
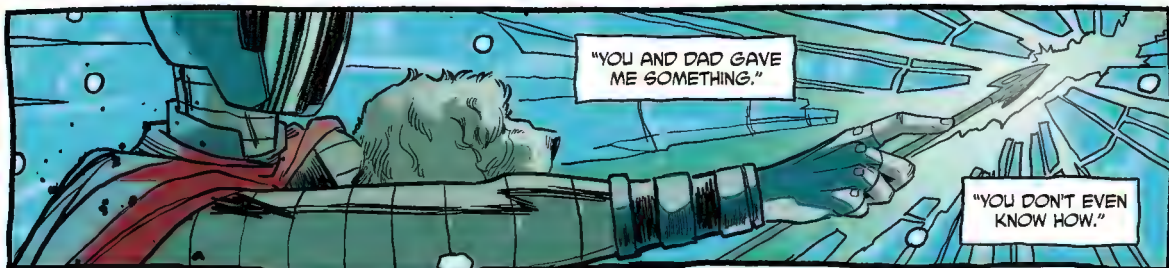
GOSH.

MOM.
PLEASE...

JACK, HONEY.
IT'S NOT LIKE
I'M KILLING YA,
REALLY.

I'VE
SEEN IT.

ALL I'M DOIN'
IS TRADIN' YOU
FOR THE VERSION
WE ALL WANTED
YOU TO BE.





YOU'RE
SUPERHEROES
NOW!

ACT
LIKE IT!!



I'm
sooper
for real!

THOOM



OH MY
HEAVENS,
I'M CYBER.

I'M
CYBER!!

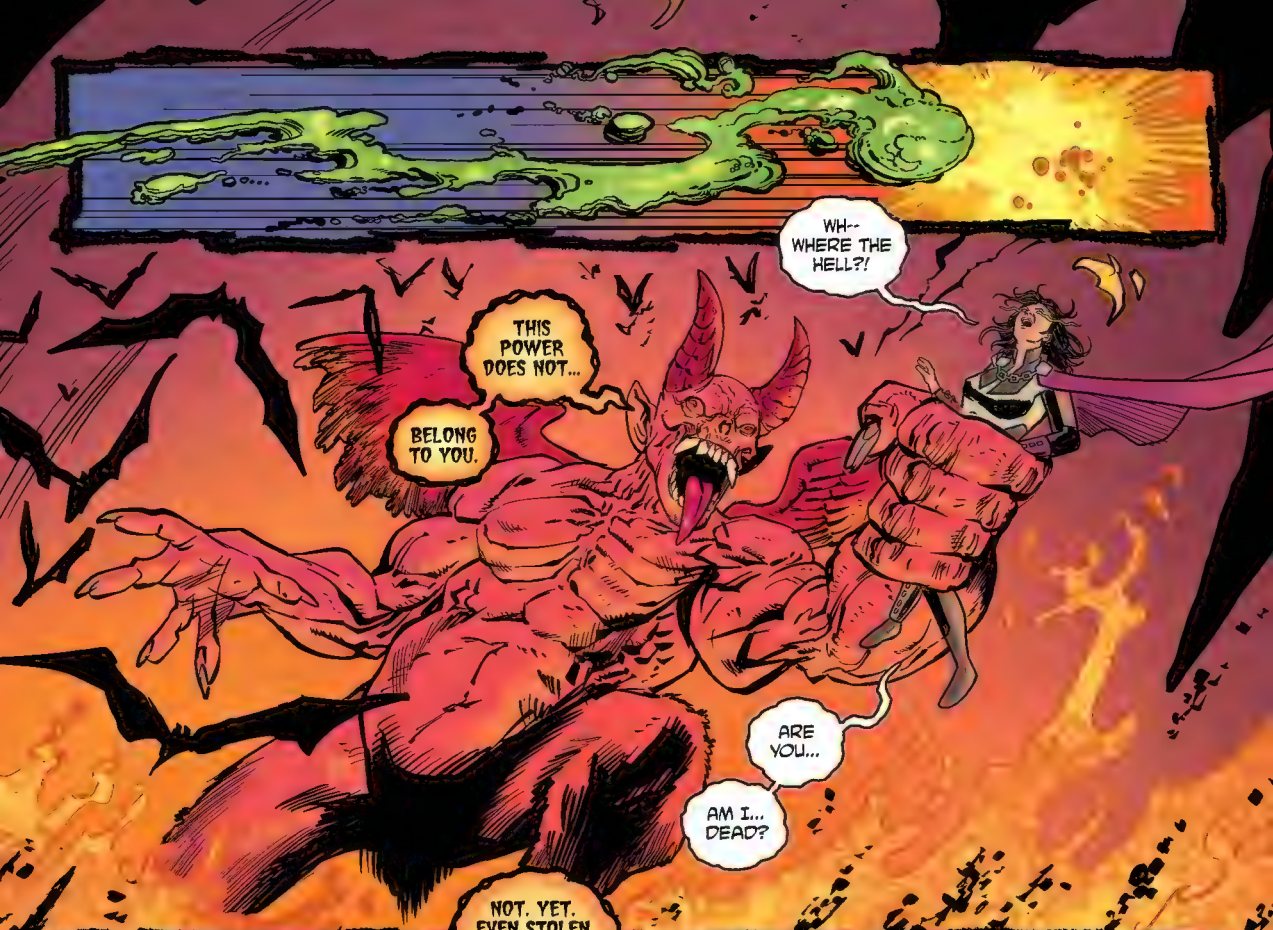
FZAPPP



WE ONLY
GET ONE SHOT
AT THIS!

THIS IS FOR
EVERYTHING!
FOR FARMINGT--

BLIPP



WH--
WHERE THE
HELL?!

THIS
POWER
DOES NOT...

BELONG
TO YOU.

ARE
YOU...

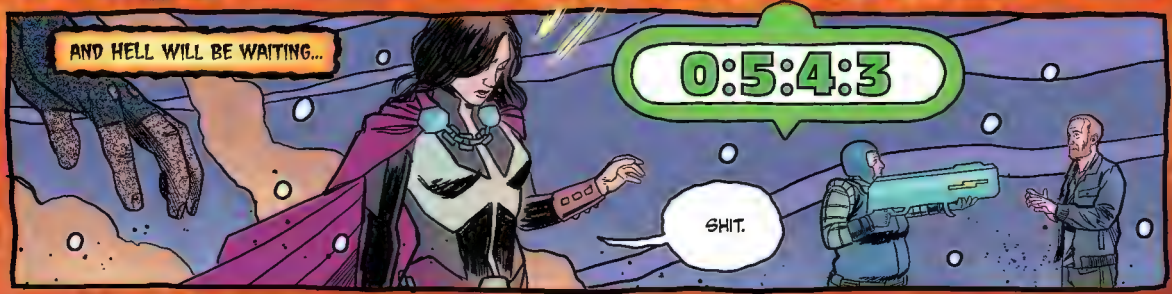
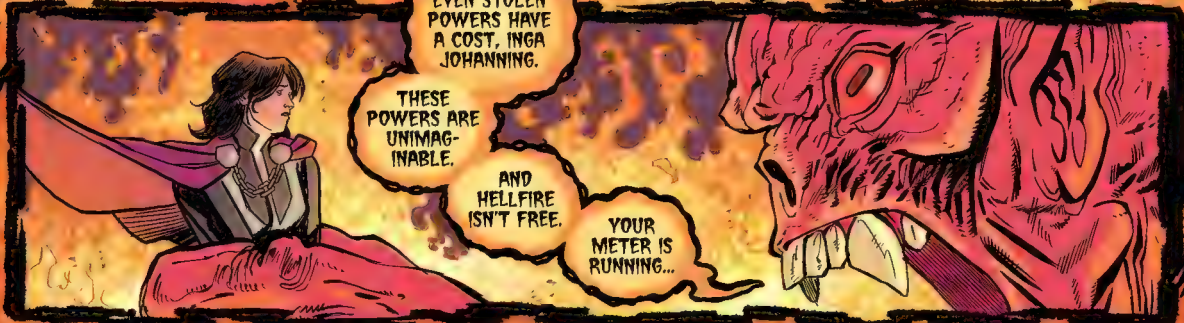
AM I...
DEAD?

NOT. YET.
EVEN STOLEN
POWERS HAVE
A COST, INGA
JOHANNING.

THESE
POWERS ARE
UNIMAG-
INABLE.

AND
HELLFIRE
ISN'T FREE.

YOUR
METER IS
RUNNING...



AND HELL WILL BE WAITING...

0:5:4:3

SHIT.



MOM,
LOOK!

PLEASE
JUST LOOK!
IT'S...

IT'S THE
PEOPLE.
THE TOWN.

I'M NOT
SUPPOSED
TO SAVE
FARMING-
TON...

LILA!

DO IT
NOW!!



...THEY'RE
SAVING
US.

MOM!
FARMING-
TON IS--

LILA, WE
DON'T HAVE
TIME FOR
THIS!

JACK?

MOM!

WHEN...
DID YOU
GET HOME?

IF YOU
WON'T MAKE
YOUR SACRI-
FICE...

THEN YOU
WILL *BE* THE
SACRIFICE.

SKLUTCH

HNN

KATHOOM

RAAAAAH!

HNF

KRRSSSH

HNH

I...

I
HEAR
YOU.



THE
YOUNG.

A HERO.
HERO.

THE
WILD.

THE
SUPREME.

HEROES.

DISTRICT
ATTORNEY.

GIRLFRIEND.

MY LOVE.

BABY...
I FOUND
YOU.

I KNEW
IF I...

I KNEW WE
DESERVED A
BETTER
WORLD.

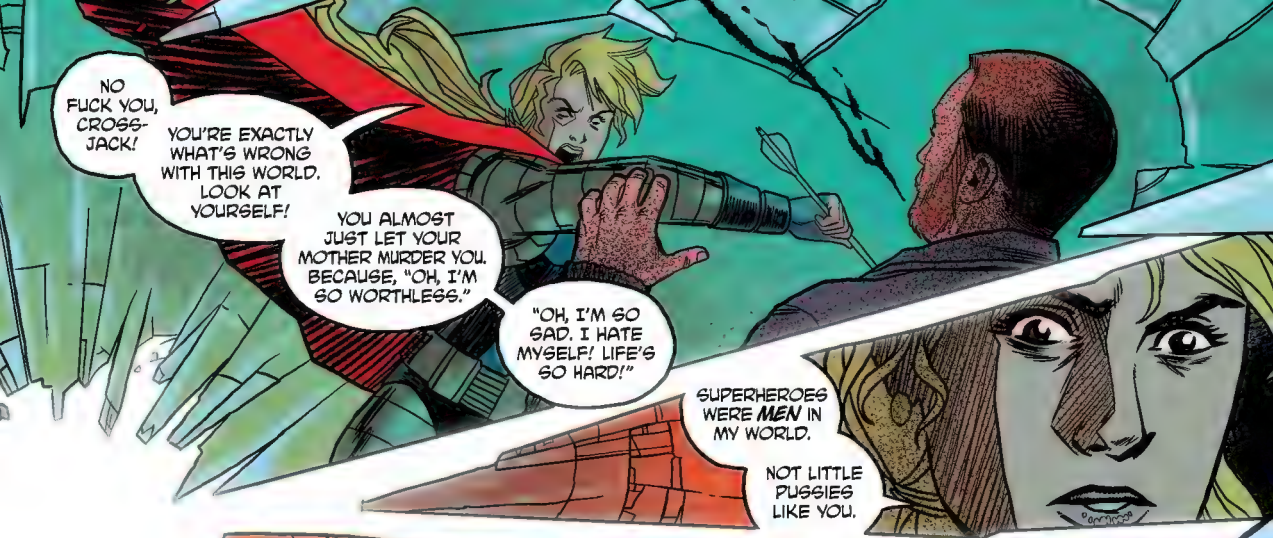
WE
DESER-
VED...

SHELLY!

WHAT
THE--

FUCK
WHAT YOU
DESERVE.

CRASH!!!



NO
FUCK YOU,
CROSS-
JACK!

YOU'RE EXACTLY
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH THIS WORLD.
LOOK AT
YOURSELF!

YOU ALMOST
JUST LET YOUR
MOTHER MURDER YOU.
BECAUSE, "OH, I'M
SO WORTHLESS."

"OH, I'M SO
SAD. I HATE
MYSELF! LIFE'S
SO HARD!"

SUPERHEROES
WERE *MEN* IN
MY WORLD.

NOT LITTLE
PUGGIES
LIKE YOU.



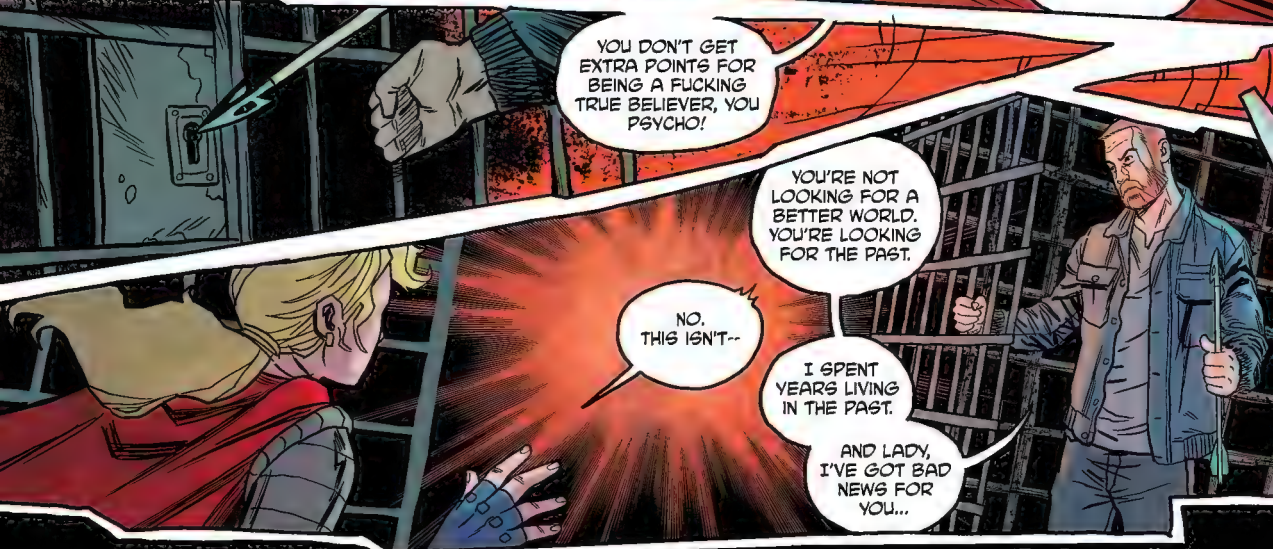
YOU KNOW
WHAT!? LIFE
IS HARD.

BUT YOU DON'T
GET TO OPT OUT!
YOU DON'T GET TO
JUST FUCKING KILL
PEOPLE!

YOU
KILLED MY...
MY...

BECAUSE...

BECAUSE
YOU *BELIEVE* YOU
DESERVE SOME-
THING THAT YOU
USED TO HAVE!



YOU DON'T GET
EXTRA POINTS FOR
BEING A FUCKING
TRUE BELIEVER, YOU
PSYCHO!

YOU'RE NOT
LOOKING FOR A
BETTER WORLD.
YOU'RE LOOKING
FOR THE PAST.

NO.
THIS ISN'T--

I SPENT
YEARS LIVING
IN THE PAST.

AND LADY,
I'VE GOT BAD
NEWS FOR
YOU...

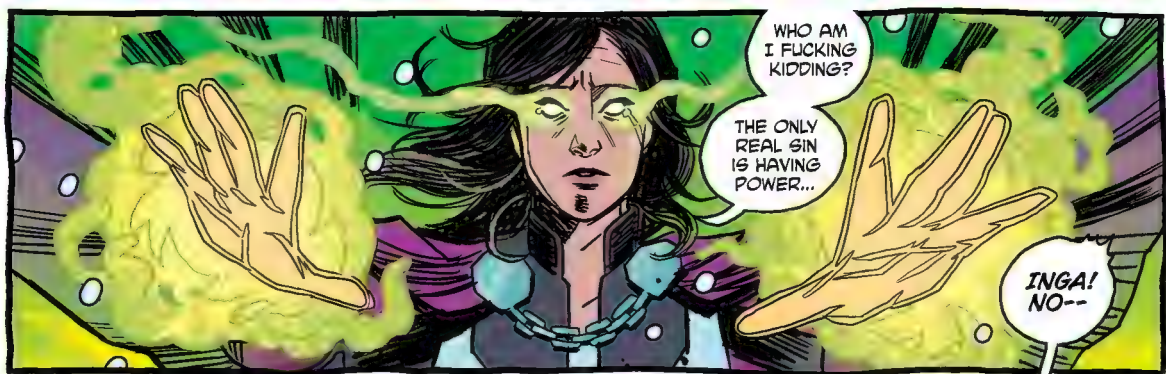
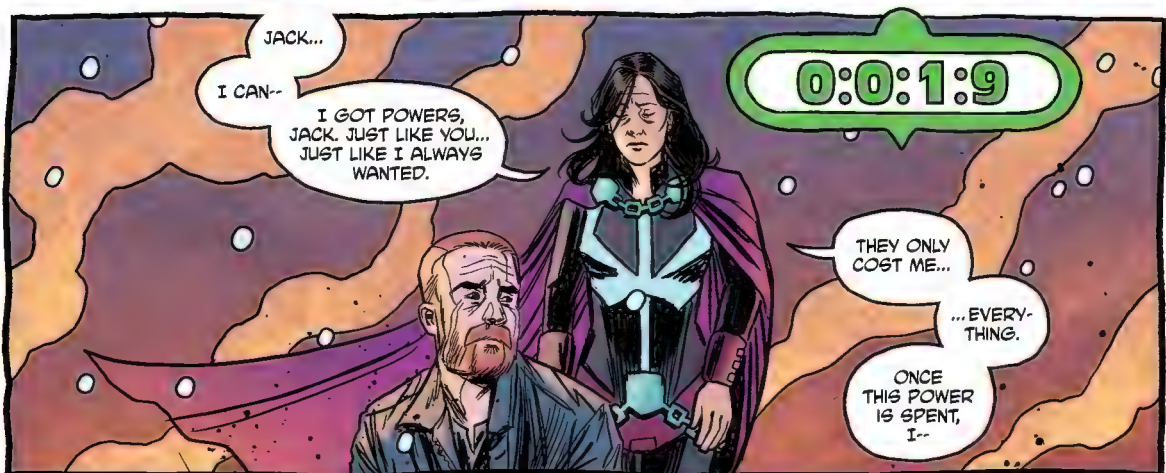
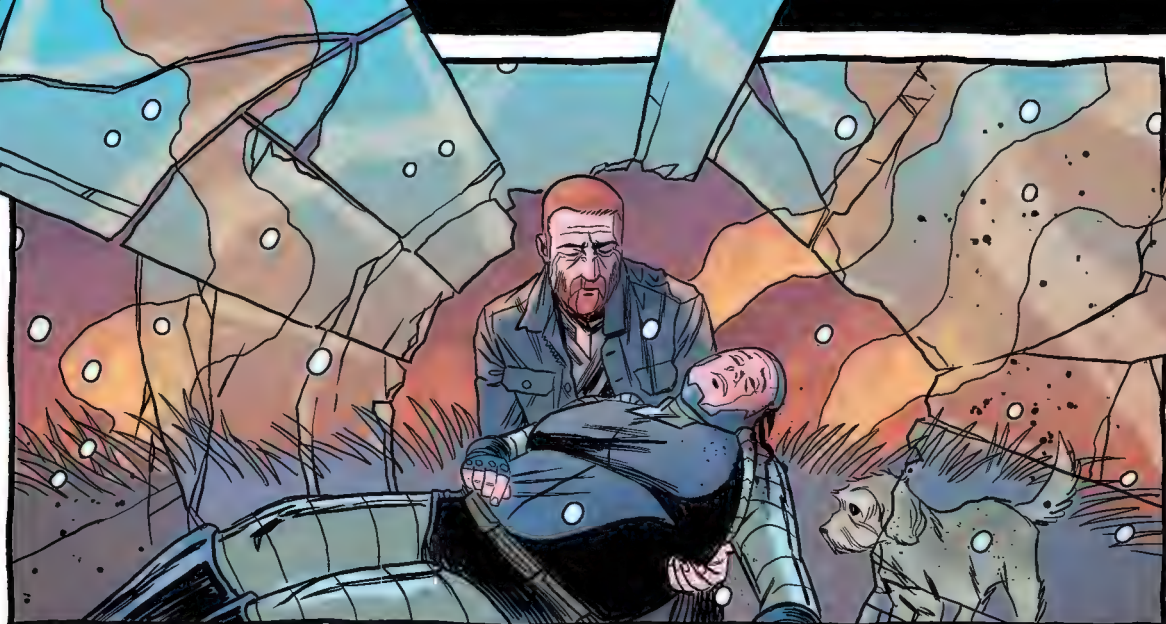


"THE PAST ISN'T THERE ANYMORE."

SLAM!

NO! NO!!
LET ME
OUT!

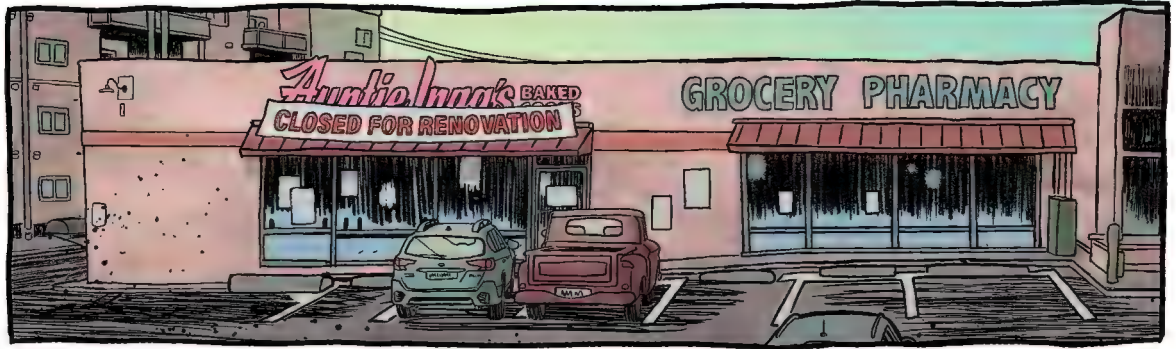
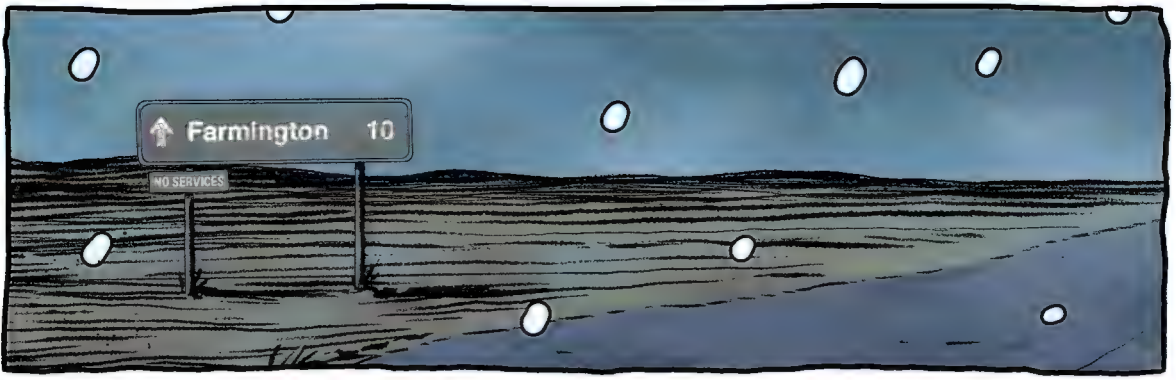
PEPPER.
TAKE US--



0:0:0:0

"...AND NOT USING IT."





SUMMER.

WELL,
WHEREVER IT
IS, I'M PRETTY
SURE THIS
ISN'T IT.

UGH!
STOP!

I'LL JUST ASK
SOMEONE FOR
DIRECTIONS,
OKAY?

HEY,
SORRY TO
BOTHER
YOU.

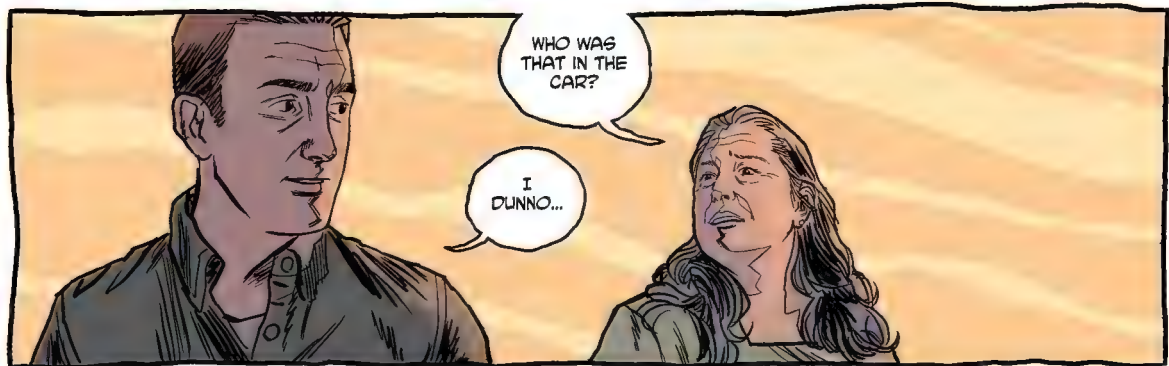
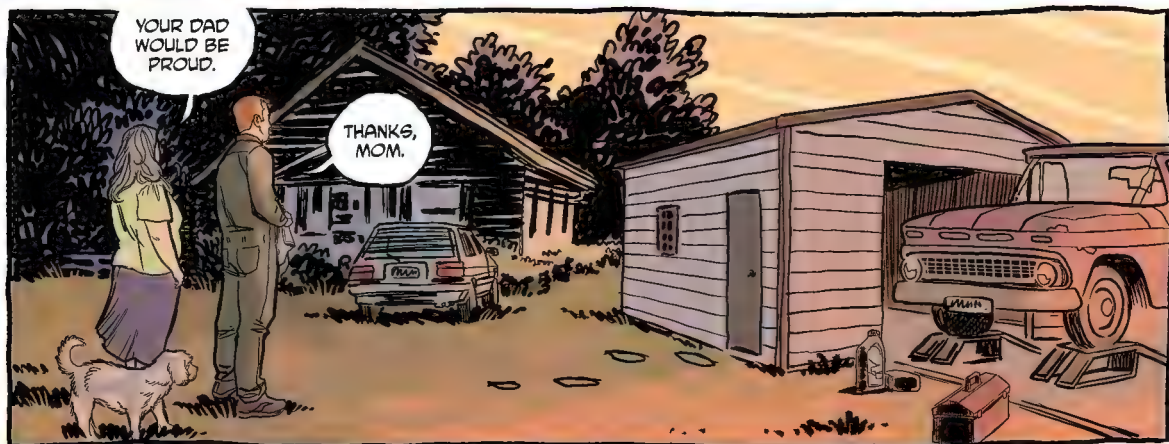
WE'RE
LOOKING FOR
DOWNTOWN?

THERE'S
A BAKERY
LIQUIDATION
SALE...

MY HUSBAND
IS GETTING
ANNOYED
WITH ME.

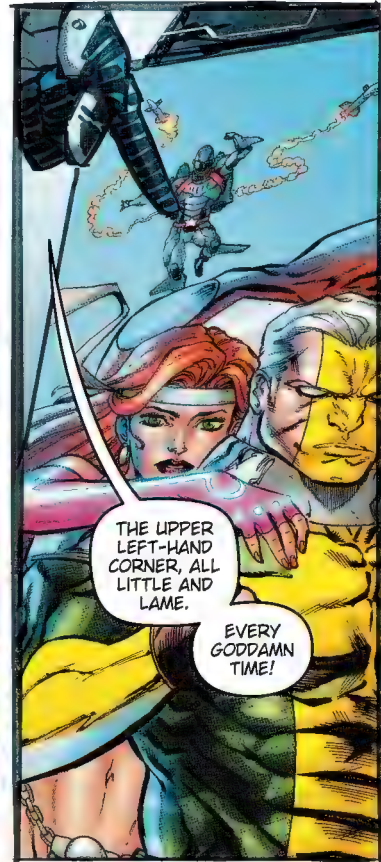
CAN YOU
HELP US
OUT?

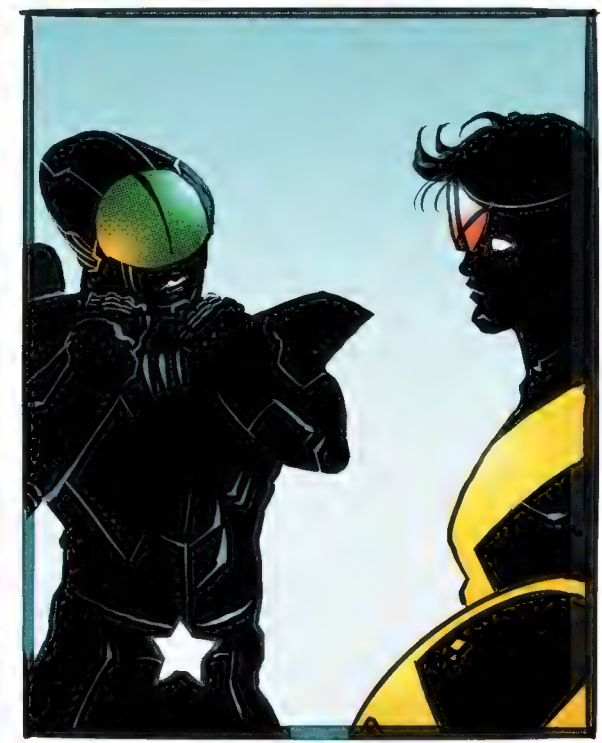
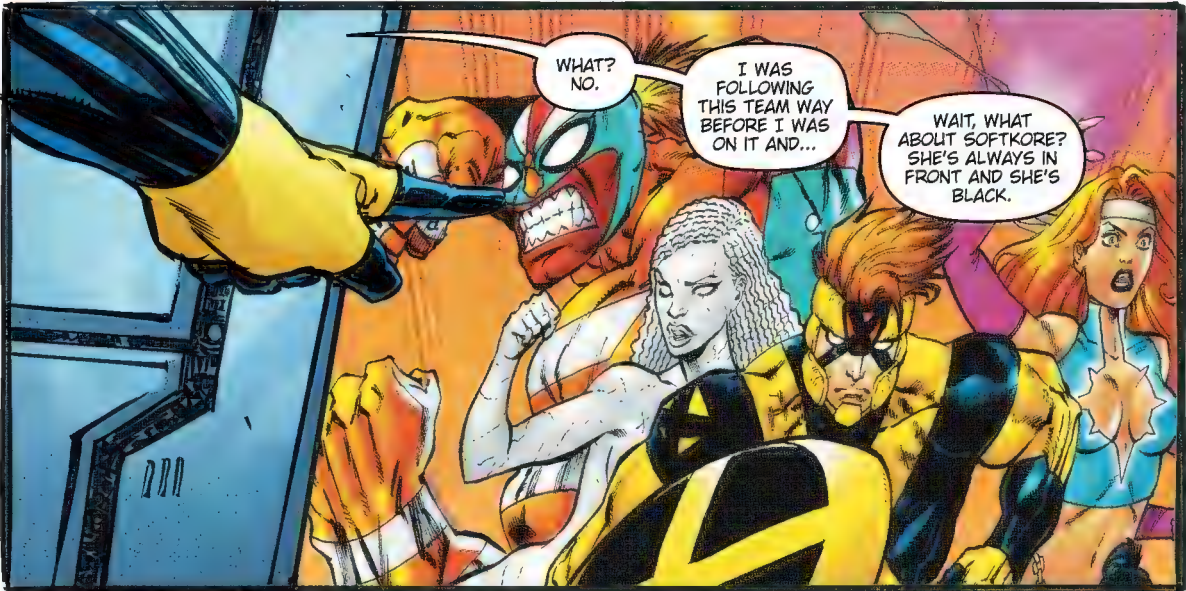
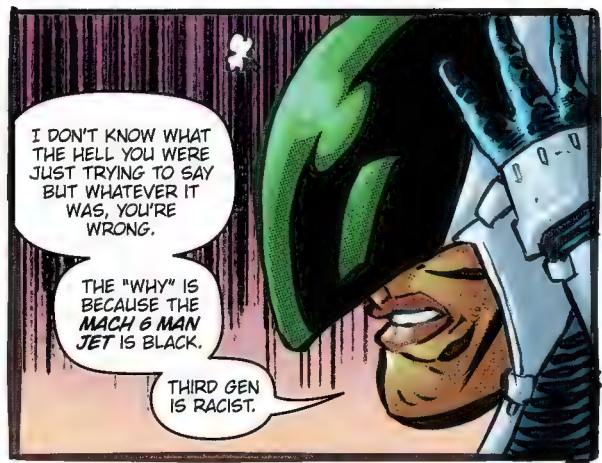
OH.
SURE.





**THIRD GEN HEADQUARTERS,
ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA.**



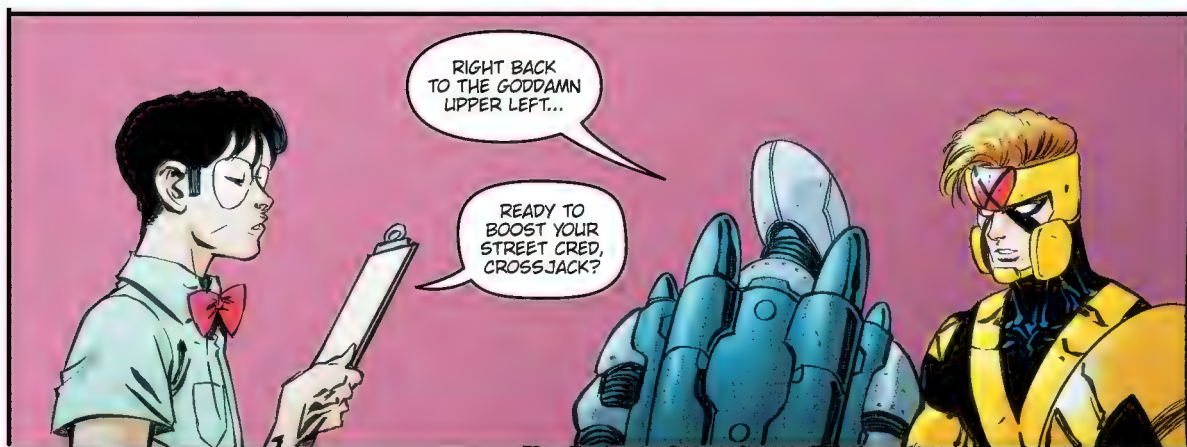
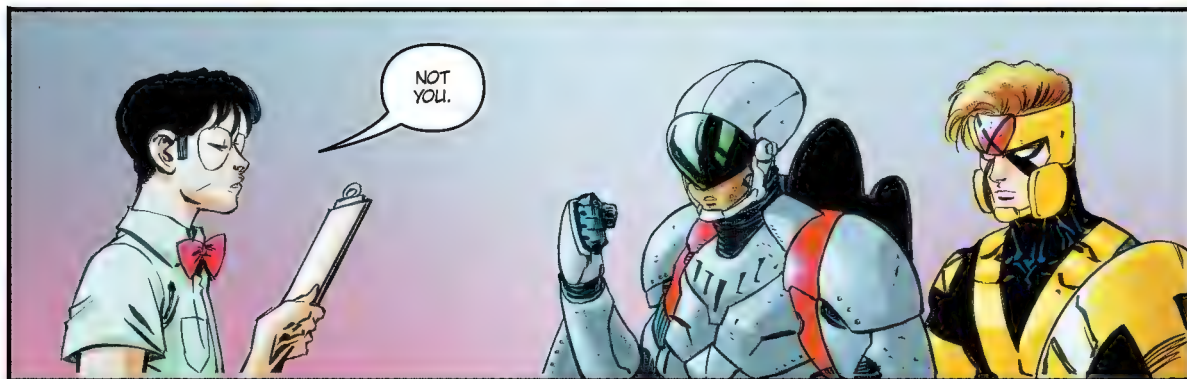
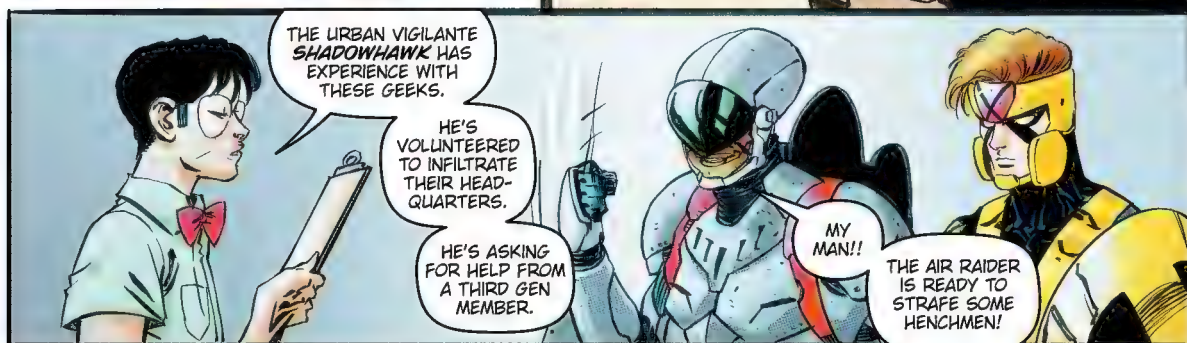




MORPHEUS
OR... ORPHEUS?
WHATEVER IT IS,
THEY'RE AT IT
AGAIN.

THEY STOLE A TOP
SECRET GENETIC SAMPLE
FROM THE D.O.D.* THAT
CONTAINS DNA SAMPLES
FROM EVERY KNOWN
ACTIVE SUPERHUMAN.

*DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE



NEAR THE AUSTRIAN/SWISS BORDER.



**LET'S
DO IT!**

TO BE CONTINUED...



Chapter 25

AMK/24
scotey

HELL'S GATE PENITENTIARY.

RURAL OHIO.

INMATE 41992 OF
SECTOR A--REPORT
TO FRONT GATE.

SEE YA WHEN
I SEES YA,
KID.

GOOD
LUCK ON THE
OUTSIDE.

DON'T DO
NOTHIN' I
WOULD.

ONE
BODYSUIT,
SPANDEX.

ONE PAIR,
SWEAT-
PANTS.

PAIR OF
VANS, SIZE
7½.

CONTROL, RELEASING 41992.

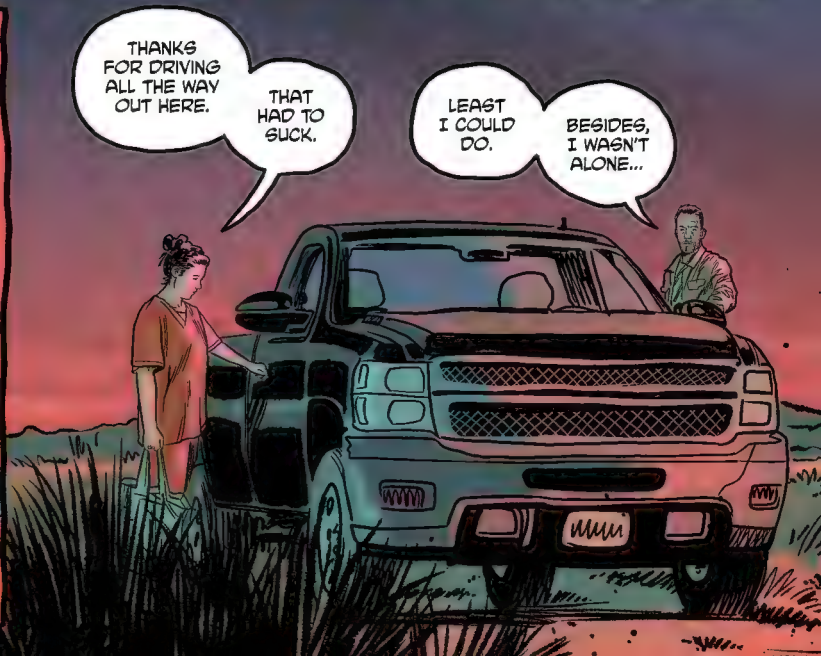
BAAAAAANNNNNT

PRISON AREA

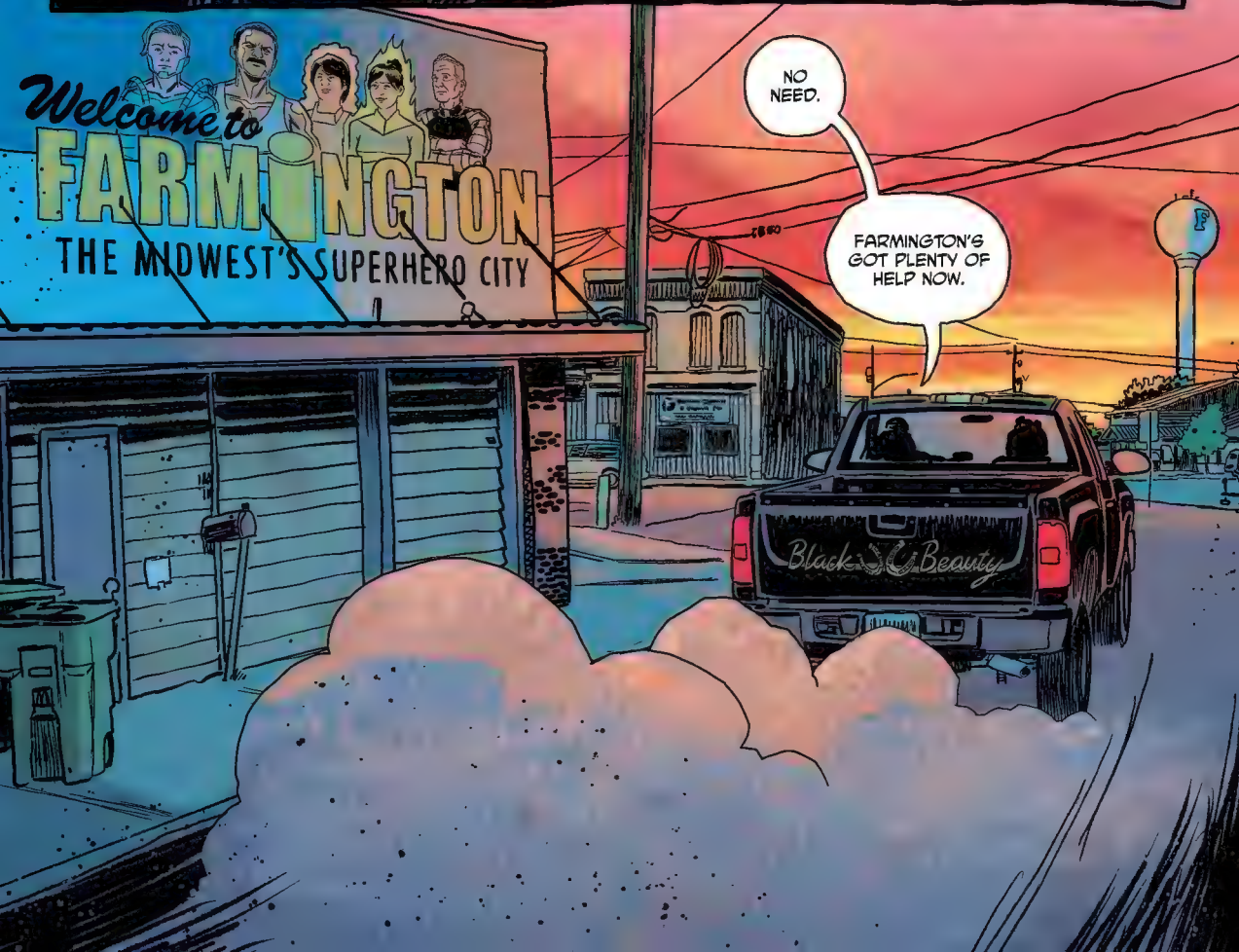
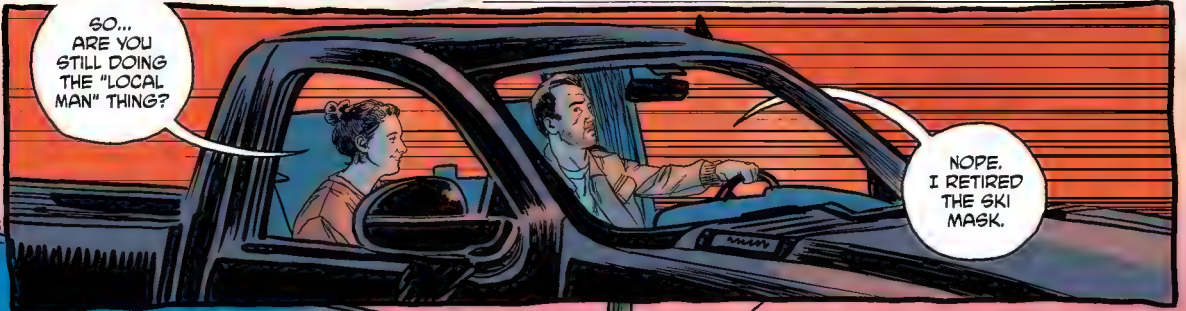
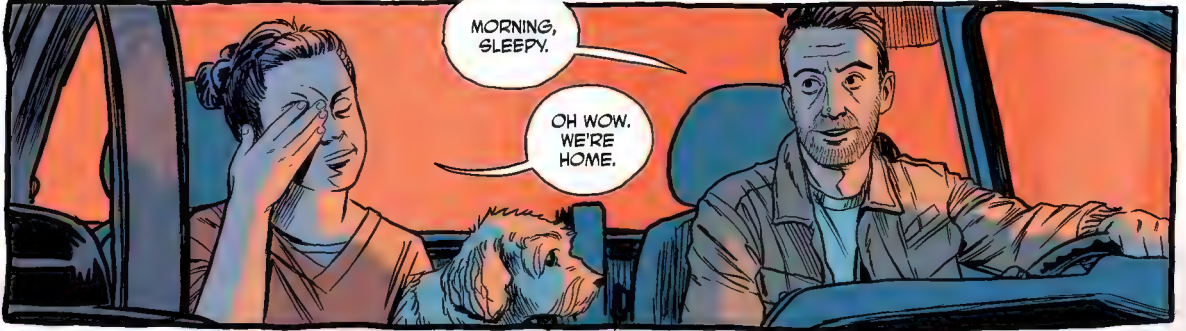
DO NOT PICK UP
HITCHHIKERS

ONLY TWELVE
MONTHS FOR THE
DEATH OF A
FORMER VICE
PRESIDENT?

DANGER
ELECTRIC
FENCE









SO...

WHAT DO YOU DO IF YOU'RE NOT...

DING

HOLY CRAP...

YOU'D NEVER KNOW THIS PLACE WAS A FRONT FOR AN INTERNATIONAL SUPERVILLAIN.

WHO YOU USED TO DOINK.

YEAH, WELL, A LOT HAS CHANGED...

HOLA DADDY!!



SANTIAGO!

HI BUDDY! WHERE'S YOUR MOM?

HOLA DADDY.



HEY BABE.

RUDY, THIS IS IZA, MY--

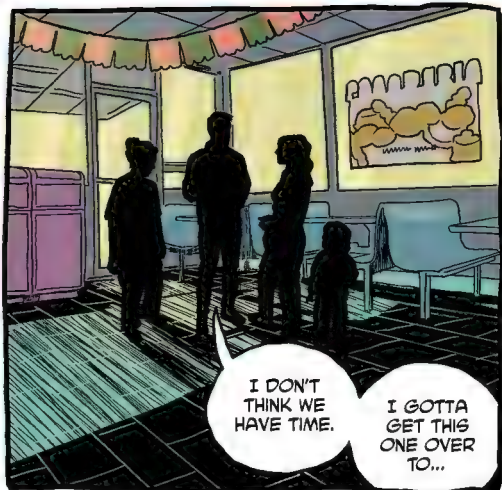
AY, YOU STINK!



SORRY. LONG DRIVE.

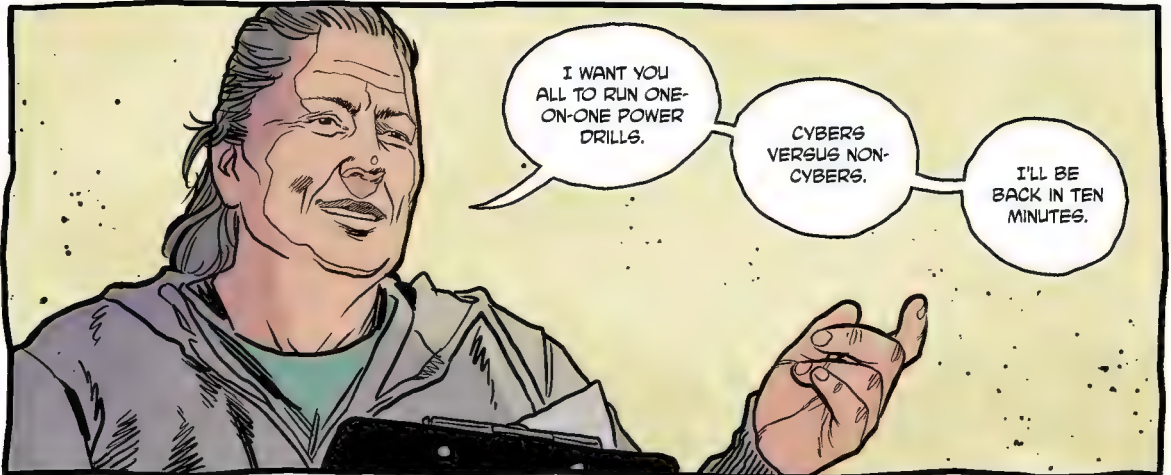
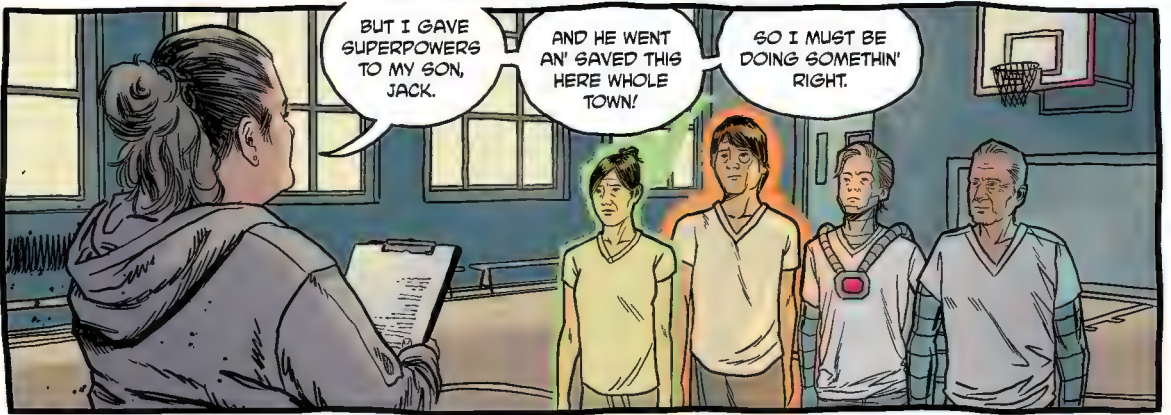
IT'S OK. I LIKE YOUR STINK.

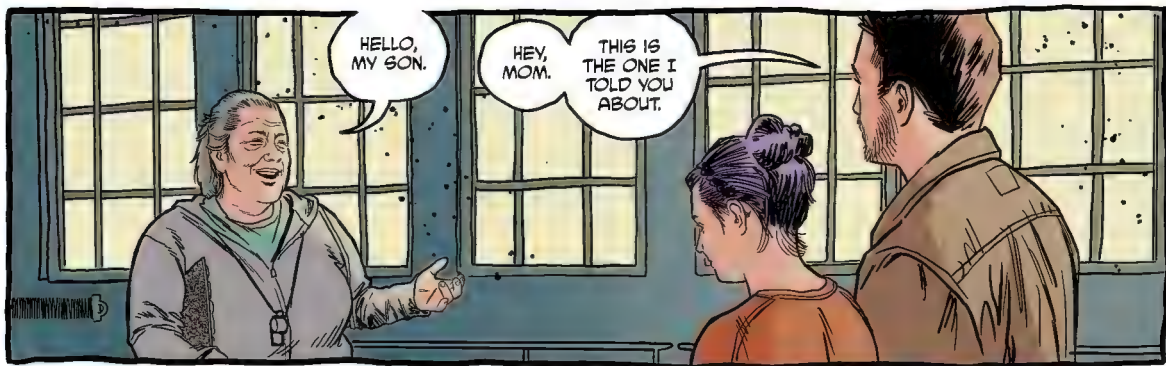
ARE YOU TWO HUNGRY?



I DON'T THINK WE HAVE TIME.

I GOTTA GET THIS ONE OVER TO...

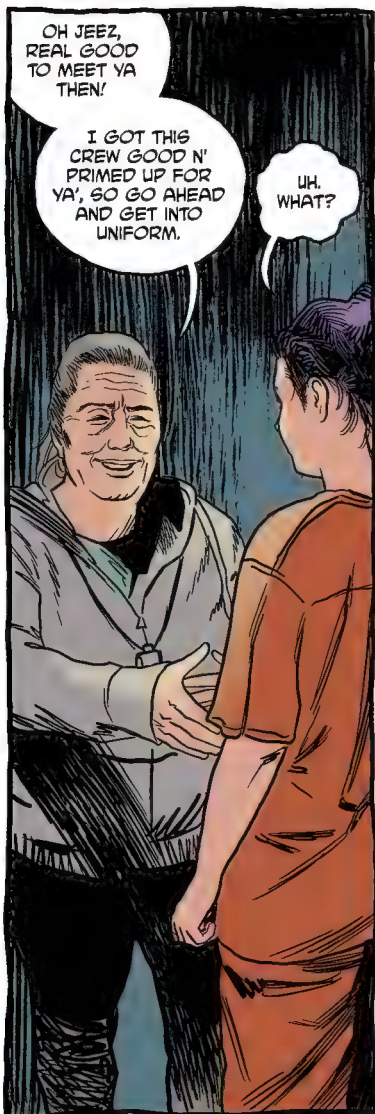




HELLO,
MY SON.

HEY,
MOM.

THIS IS
THE ONE I
TOLD YOU
ABOUT.



OH JEEZ,
REAL GOOD
TO MEET YA
THEN!

I GOT THIS
CREW GOOD N'
PRIMED UP FOR
YA', SO GO AHEAD
AND GET INTO
UNIFORM.

UH.
WHAT?



YOU'RE THE
NEW TRAINER
AT THE 4-THE
COMMUNITY
ACADEMY.

FULL-
TIME
GIG.

GOVERNMENT
INSURANCE.

BETTER THAN
THE FORTY BUCKS
YOU MADE TO BE
MY SIDEKICK
ANYWAY.



JACK--
YOU'RE
PRETTY
COOL.

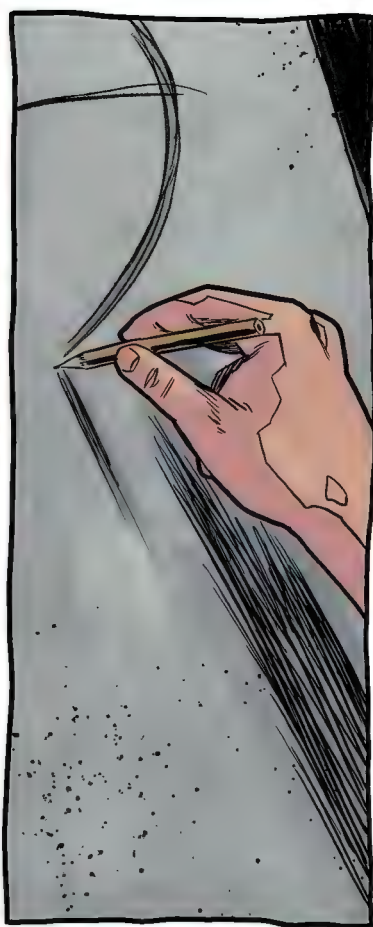
I NEVER
THOUGHT YOU
DESERVED IT,
Y'KNOW. NOT
EVEN BEFORE
I KNEW YOU.

DESERVED
WHAT?



WHEN
PEOPLE SAID
"FUCK CROSS-
JACK."





JESUS,
YOU LOOK
LIKE SHIT.

ROUGH
YEAR?



THE
FUCKIN'...
CAN'T MISS
KID.

BORN WITH A
SUPERPOWER
THAT MAKES IT
SO HE NEVER
MISSES.

SITTING
IN HIS MOM'S
BASEMENT, HOPING
DESPERATELY...



IT'LL HELP
YOU...

WHAT?
PAINT A
PICTURE?

RRF RRF RRF

ERICA--

GOOD NEWS,
COUNTRY BOY:
THIRD GEN
IS BACK.

AND THEY
WANT YOU
BACK
TOO.

PUT AWAY
YOUR ARTS AND
CRAFTS AND
GRAB YOUR
SHIELD.

YOU CAN
CHANGE IN
THE GENJET.

ERICA,
I DON'T...

EVERY-
THING'S
DIFFERENT
NOW.

I'VE GOT
A WHOLE LIFE
HERE. I'VE
GOT...

What am I
supposed to be?

"SO, WE'RE JUST
JUMPING INTO THIS?"

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

YOU SOUND
SURPRISED,
CROSSJACK.

AFTER BEING
DECOMMISSIONED
FOR ALL THAT TIME,
WE'RE AMPED
AS FUCK.

FIRE
UP.

BESIDES,
WHAT MORE DO
YOU REALLY NEED
TO KNOW?



IT'S
SUPERIO.

RUSSIAN SUPER-
WARRIOR. FORMER
MEMBER OF THE
MEGA-MERC
DESOLATORS.

RAHH!



HE'S SUPER
STRONG, HIGH
INDESTRUCTI-
BLE...



AND HE
HATES
AMERICA...

SLUCH



SO HE
NEEDS TO
BE BROUGHT
DOWN HARD!

SPANG

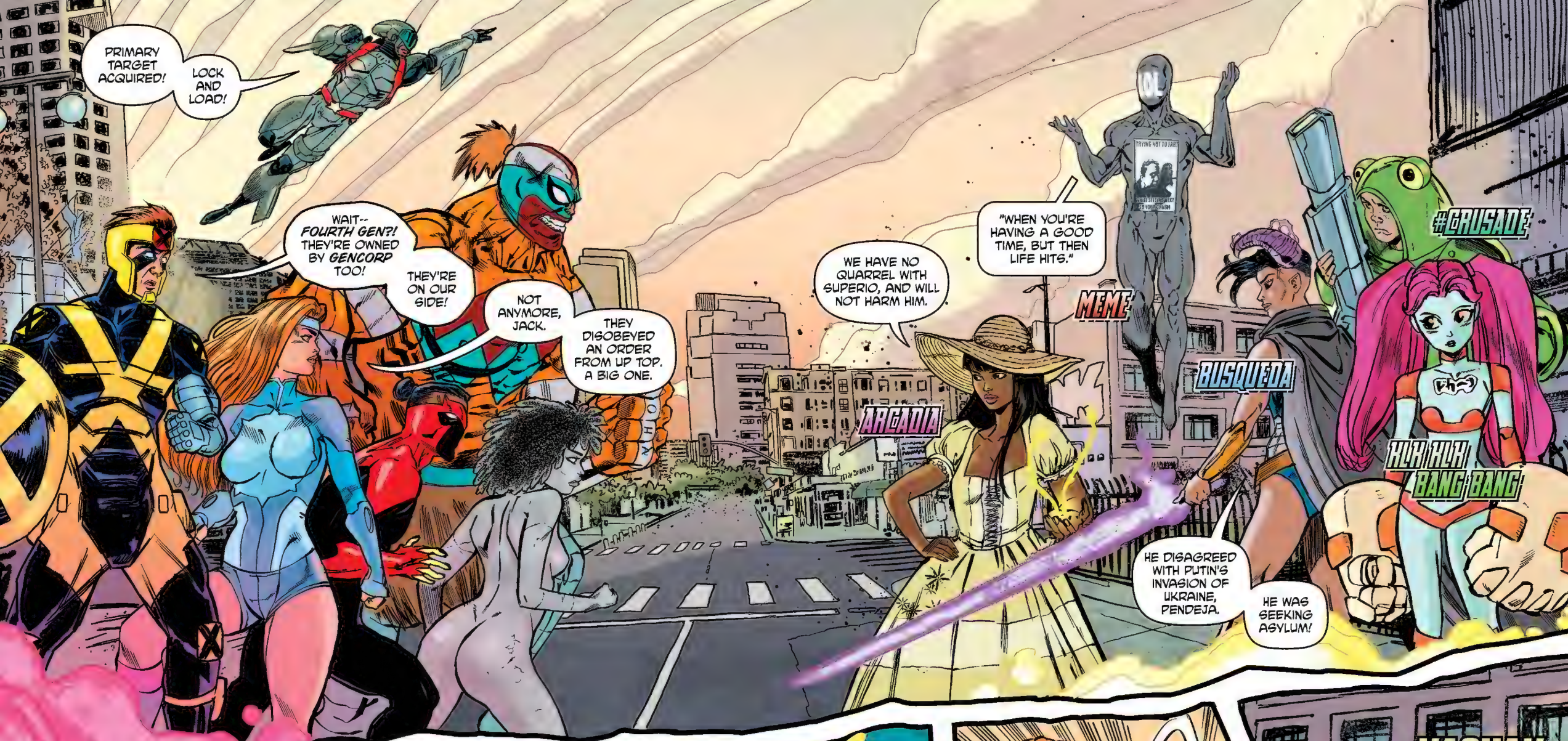
HOO-
AH!



NICE JOB,
THIRD GEN.
HOPE YOU'RE
LOOSENED UP.

BECAUSE
SUPERIO WAS
ONLY A SECOND-
ARY TARGET.

I'VE GOT
RADAR EYES
ON PRIMARY
NOW.



PRIMARY
TARGET
ACQUIRED!

LOCK
AND
LOAD!

WAIT--
FOURTH GEN?!
THEY'RE OWNED
BY GENCORP
TOO!

THEY'RE
ON OUR
SIDE!

NOT
ANYMORE,
JACK.

THEY
DISOBEYED
AN ORDER
FROM UP TOP.
A BIG ONE.

WE HAVE NO
QUARREL WITH
SUPERIO, AND WILL
NOT HARM HIM.

"WHEN YOU'RE
HAVING A GOOD
TIME, BUT THEN
LIFE HITS."

MEME

BUSQUEDA

#CRUSADE

**HLH HLH
BANG BANG**

HE DISAGREED
WITH PUTIN'S
INVASION OF
UKRAINE,
PENDEJA.

HE WAS
SEEKING
ASYLUM!

ARCADIA



AMERICA
DOESN'T TAKE
IN SUPER-COM-
MIES.

NOW
FUCKING DIE,
YOU KNOCK-
OFFS.

SLLSH

SHZNNN



YOU PUNKS
SHOULD BE
EMBARRASSED.



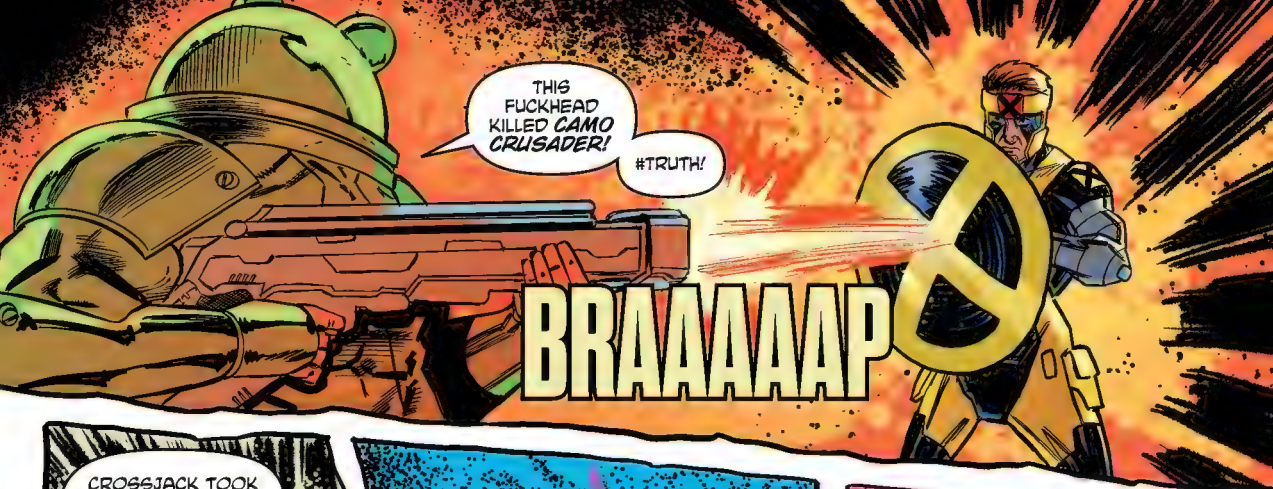
KRAK

YEAH,
AND IF IT'S COOL
WITH YOU GUYS, I'D
PREFER IT IF I WAS
THE YOUNG, HIP ONE
ON THE CREW.



KACHAK

RAAAAH!
TO HELL WITH
THESE BETA-
BITCHES!



THIS
FUCKHEAD
KILLED CAMO
CRUSADER!

#TRUTH!

BRAAAAAAP



CROSSJACK TOOK
RESPONSIBILITY FOR
HIS ACTIONS. NOW
LIE DOWN AND
TAKE YOURS.

I LOOKED
UP TO YOU,
NEON.

YOU'RE
SUCH A
DISAPPOINT-
MENT.



YOU KIDS ARE THE
DISAPPOINTMENT!
HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR
Q-RATINGS?

NOBODY'S
WATCHING
YOU!



SORRY,
HONEY.

YOU JUST
DON'T HAVE
THE STUFF.



GLOBALIST
ELITE BIG-
BUSINESS
SHITBAGS.

FUCKIN'
PINK-HAIR
FEMINAZIS.



POK

GHT--

...VIEWERS MAY RECALL LAST YEAR WHEN VETERAN SUPER TEAM THIRD GEN WAS DECOMMISSIONED AMIDST CONTROVERSY SURROUNDING THEIR HANDLING OF THE DEATH OF THEIR LEADER, *THE CAMO CRUSADER*.



TERRORISTS! COMMIES! A BUNCH OF NON-GENDER-CONFORMING WEIRDOS! FINALLY THESE CREEPS HAVE BEEN TAKEN OFF THEIR PINKO WARPATH AGAINST DECENT SOCIETY! I MEAN, IS IT PERSONAL?



SURE, THE KIDS HAD SOME GOOD IDEAS. BUT STYLE-WISE? WHO EVER HEARD OF A FROG COMMANDO? AND WHAT EVEN IS "COT-TAGE CORE"? IT JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU THAT YOU CAN'T IMPROVE ON THE CLASSICS.



WELL, NOW IT'S THE GEN-Z UPSTART *FOURTH GEN* TEAM THAT'S BEEN DECOMMISSIONED AND SENT TO HELL'S GATE PENITENTIARY, PENDING TRIAL FOR ALLEGEDLY HELPING AN OMEGA-LEVEL FOREIGN OPERATIVE ESCAPE FEDERAL CUSTODY...



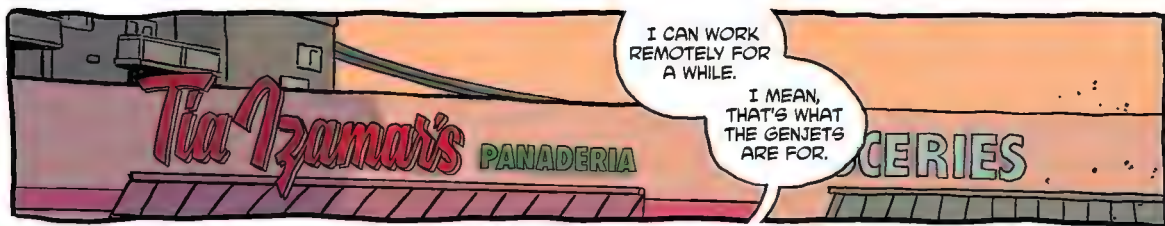
GODDAMN RIGHT, IT'S PERSONAL! THOSE FOURTH GEN PUNKS TRIED TO CONNECT ME TO AN ALIEN DISINFORMATION CAMPAIGN! THEY WOULD'A BURNED DOWN MY COMPOUND! WHAT DO I NEED THE *BLOODLESS EMPIRE* FOR? I GOT HORMONE SUPPLEMENTS TO SELL!



SPEAKING OF, HAVE YOU SEEN *CROSSJACK* LATELY?

HE'S BACK IN THE BIG LEAGUES AND LOOKING TASTIER THAN EVER.





I CAN WORK
REMOVELY FOR
A WHILE.

I MEAN,
THAT'S WHAT
THE GENJETS
ARE FOR.

BUT WE MIGHT
WANT TO CONSIDER
MOVING TO BE
CLOSER TO L.A.

A SUBURB
MAYBE? JUST
FOR THE
SCHOOLS.

EW.

I DO
CITIES OR I
DO COUNTRY.

NONE OF
THAT PATHETIC
IN-BETWEEN
SHIT.

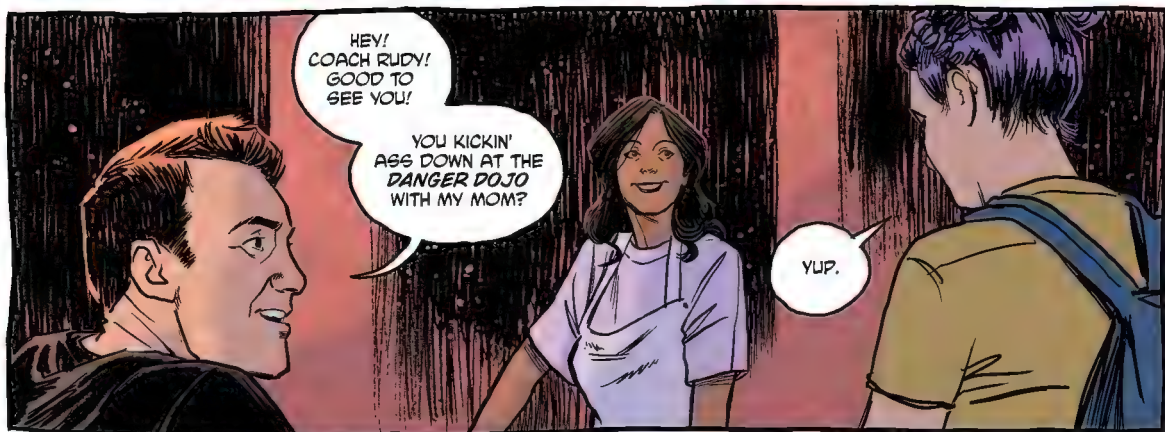
ONE
MORNING
RAPIDO,
PLEASE.



HEY!
COACH RUDY!
GOOD TO
SEE YOU!

YOU KICKIN'
ASS DOWN AT THE
DANGER DOJO
WITH MY MOM?

YUP.



THANKS,
MS. PRADO.

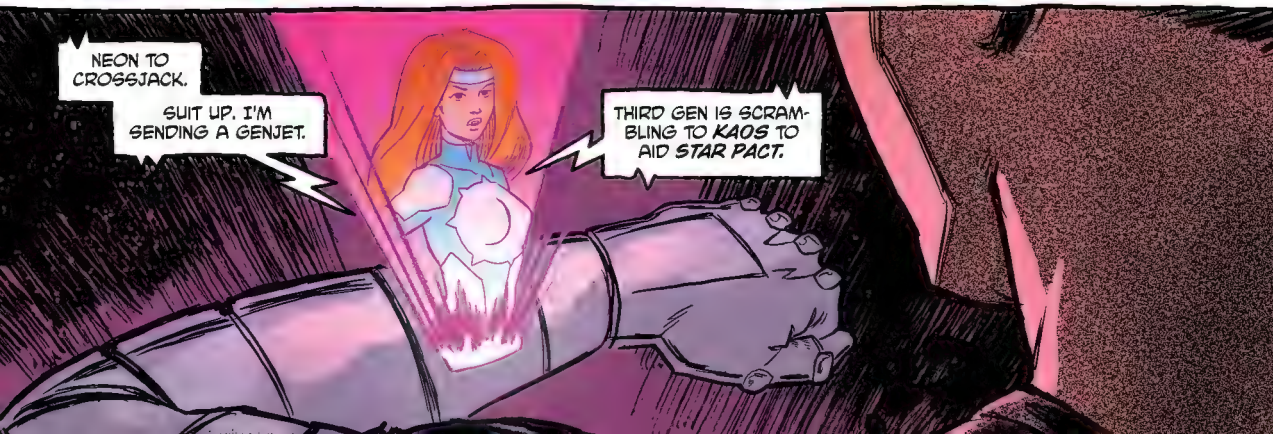
UH...



HEY,
ARE WE
COOL?

RUDY?







HEY BABE,
THAT WAS WORK.
THEY NEED ME...

THEY
NEED ME
TO--

ANOTHER
MISSION.



YOU'RE GONNA
LEAVE EARTH AND GO
FUCK AROUND WITH ALL
THE OTHER CORNY OLD
SUPER PEOPLE.



MEANWHILE, A BUNCH
OF KIDS JUST TRYING TO
ACTUALLY DO SOMETHING
ARE LOCKED IN JAIL...

BECAUSE
YOU PUT THEM
THERE.



FUCK
CROSSJACK.

HELL'S GATE PENITENTIARY.

SECTOR-Z HIGH-SECURITY WING.

MOVE IT!

NO LOLLY-GAGGING IF YA WANNA GET YER LUNCH.

HEY, I'M CRACKIN' UP IN HERE!

LEMME OUT, I'M CLAUSTRO-PHOBIC!

C'MON FELLAS, HAVE A HEART!

LOOK, MY TOOTHFUL CHAPS.

I BET THEIR DREAMS ARE STILL BRIGHT.

WE SHOULD FIX THAT.

私たちはここで死ぬつもりです

IT'S OKAY, KKK. WE'RE ALL HERE.

WE'VE GOT EACH OTHER.

BWEEOPP BWEEOP

"SERIOUSLY, THIS IS ME SURPRISED."

SECURITY BREACH!

NOBODY GETS OUTTA THE GATE!

"THAT MEANS SOME-
ONE'S GETTIN' IN!"

BWEEOP

BWEEOP

HOLYSHIT-
HOLYSHITHOLY-
HOLYSHIT-
SHIT.

WHAT
ARE WE
DOING?!

LOCK-
DOWN ON
SECTOR Z!

CLOSE
ALL BLAST
GATES!

SHMMMMMMMM

DON'T
WORRY,
SLICK Z.O.

BWEEOP

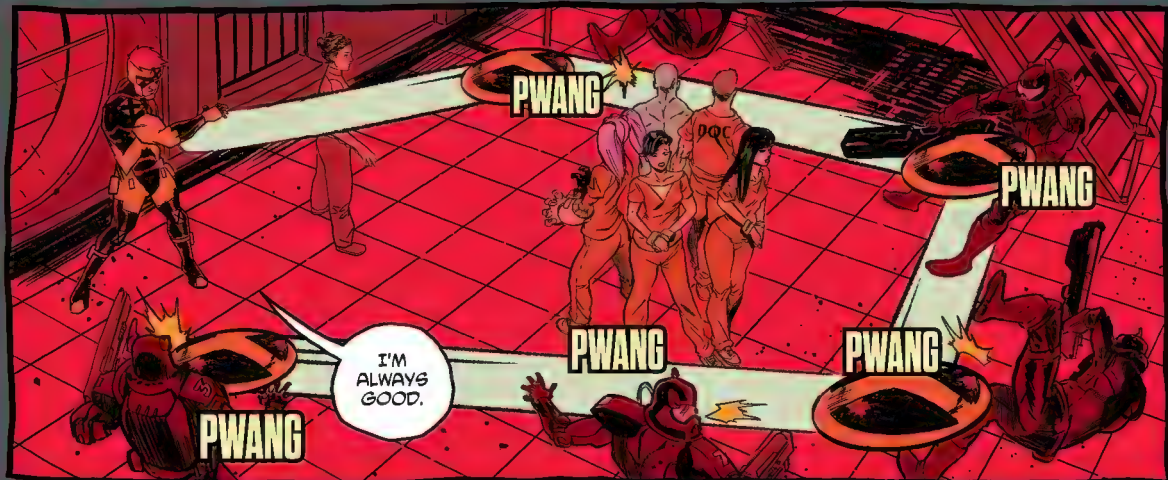
BWEEOP

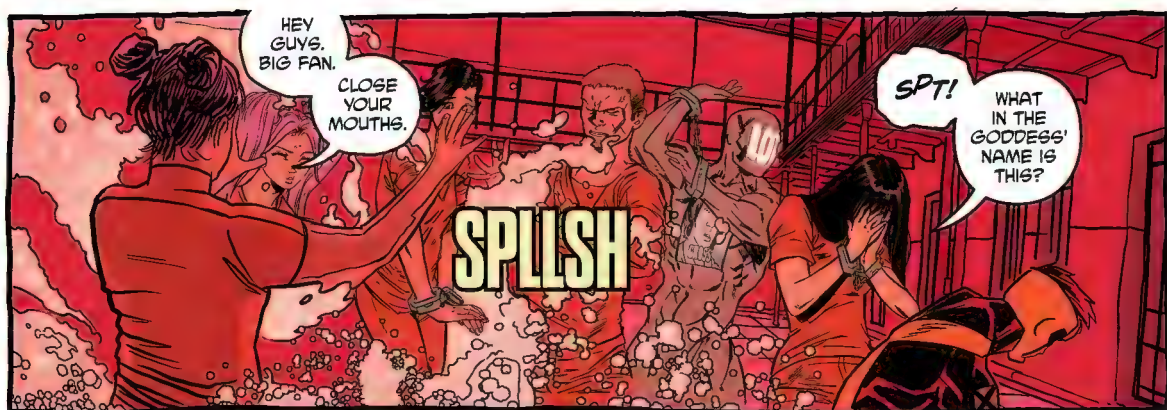
PWANG

IF THERE'S
ONE THING THIRD
GEN TRAINED
ME FOR...

...IT'S
INFILTRATION
MISSIONS.

SLSSSSSSSSSH





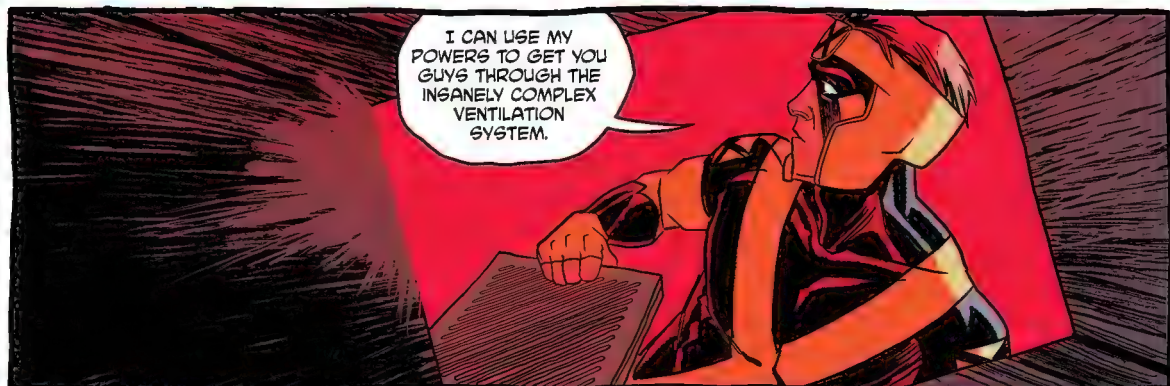
HEY GUYS. BIG FAN.

CLOSE YOUR MOUTHS.

SPLLSH

SPT!

WHAT IN THE GODDESSES' NAME IS THIS?



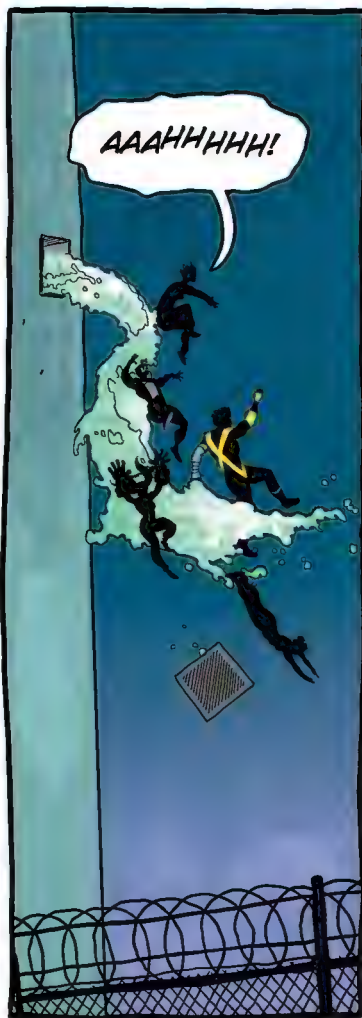
I CAN USE MY POWERS TO GET YOU GUYS THROUGH THE INSANELY COMPLEX VENTILATION SYSTEM.



"BUT IT'S GOING TO BE A PRETTY TIGHT FIT."

AHHHHHH...

SLLLLLSSSSSH



AAAAHHHHH!



OKAY. WE'VE GOT 36.5 SECONDS BEFORE THEY CAN MAN AND START FIRING OFF THOSE TOWERS.

YOU NEED TO GO, NOW, AND FAST--

JACK...



...WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOU?

YOU GET
FIRED BY
CAMO
CRUSADER.

YOU CRAWL
BACK TO
WISCONSIN.

YOU KILL
MY FUCKING
HUSBAND.

I'VE GIVEN
YOU SO MANY
CHANCES.

YOU JUST
USED UP THE
LAST ONE.

YOU USED TO
FIGHT AGAINST
THE SYSTEM,
ERICA. NOW YOU
ARE THE
SYSTEM.

YOU GAVE UP
EVERYTHING YOU
USED TO STAND
FOR. BECAUSE
WHAT?

I REALLY
CAN'T UNDER-
STAND IT.

HOLD
FOR THIRD
GEN!

BECAUSE, IDIOT.
IT'S NOT ABOUT
STANDING FOR
SOMETHING.

YOU NEED THE
PUBLIC TO LOVE
YOU. FAME GIVES
YOU POWER.

AND THEN YOU
USE THAT POWER
TO REMIND THEM
ALL THEY CAN'T
FUCK WITH YOU.

NOBODY
CAN FUCK
WITH YOU.

NOW, ARE YOU
GOING TO HAND
OVER THESE
SUPER SHITS...

OR IS THIRD GEN
GOING TO SPANK
THEIR WET LITTLE
ASSES AGAIN?

ON MY
MARK...

ARCADIA.
SUNRAYS CAN
DISSIPATE NEON'S
SPACE MIST.

SHANG

GAH!

BUSQUEDA.
MAGIC FAIRY
SWORD INTO
AIR RAIDER'S
CPU.

HIS LOGIC
CENTERS
CAN'T HANDLE
MAGIC.

MEME.
REVERSE
MOVE ON *BIG*
ISLAND.

HIS MYSTIC-HERO
POWERS WILL GET
TURNED UPSIDE
DOWN BY A BILLION GIGS
OF JPEGs.

LOL

KRAK

KLK
KLK.

SOFTKORE
COVERS UP THE
FLAW IN HER ARMOR
WITH WIGGS.

USE YOUR
FISTS TO HIT
HER HARD,
AND CRACK
HER UP.

OOF!

#CRUSADE.
TAKE ADVANTAGE
OF CUTTING EDGE
UNDERESTIMATING
YOU, AND KICK
HIM RIGHT IN HIS
ELITIST DICK.

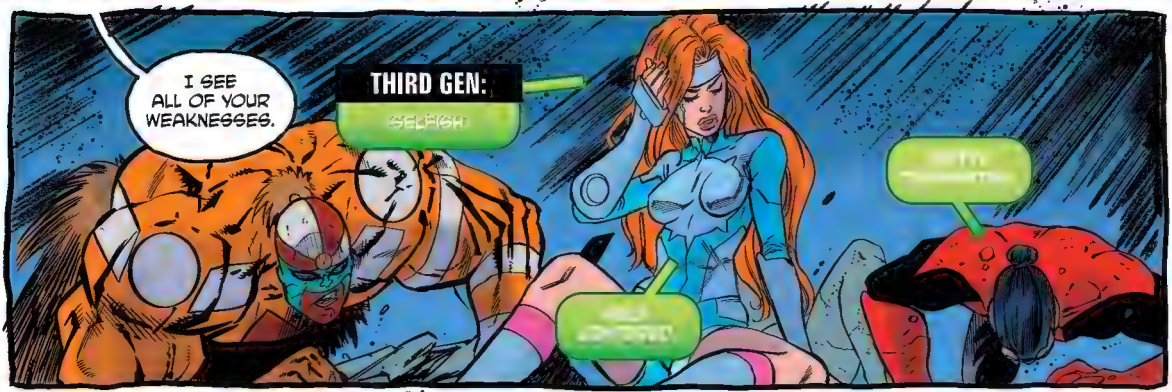
BOOT!



YOU BEAT
FOURTH GEN
LAST TIME.

BUT THEY
WERE ON
THEIR OWN.

NOW
THEY HAVE
HELP.



I SEE
ALL OF YOUR
WEAKNESSES.

THIRD GEN:
SELFISH

I'LL
FIGHT



AND I SEE ALL
OF THESE KIDS'
POTENTIAL.

FOURTH GEN:
UNSELFISH. UNIFIED.

ARCADIA:
BUT THE
FOURTH GEN

KLK KLK BANG BANG:
THE FOURTH
GENERATION

MEME:
I DON'T
WANT TO
BE A
MEME

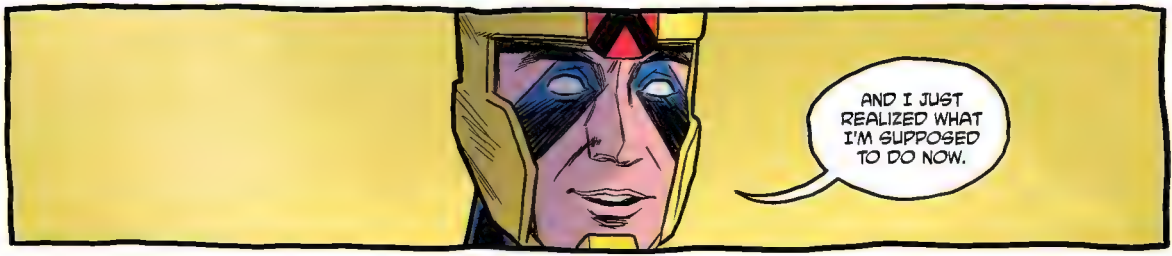
BUSQUEDA:
I DON'T
WANT TO
BE A
BUSQUEDA

#CRUSADE:
I DON'T
WANT TO
BE A
CRUSADE



IF YOU KEEP
COMING AFTER THESE
KIDS, I WILL SHOW THEM
ALL KINDS OF NEW WAYS
TO BEAT AND EMBAR-
RASS YOU, OVER AND
OVER AGAIN.

IN
PUBLIC.



AND I JUST
REALIZED WHAT
I'M SUPPOSED
TO DO NOW.

EASTON JUNIOR HIGH.

FARMINGTON, WISCONSIN.

THE THING I
LEARNED ABOUT
DRAWING IS...

IT'S MOSTLY
ABOUT SEEING
THE POTENTIAL IN
SOMETHING.

EVERY TIME
YOU PUT DOWN
A LINE...

YOU'RE REALLY
LOOKING INTO THE
NEAR FUTURE, AND
ASKING "WHAT'S
NEXT?"

AND THE MORE
YOU SKETCH OUT,
THE MORE YOU'RE
ABLE TO SEE...

THE BETTER
YOUR NEXT
CHOICE IS.

WHEN YOU'VE
CHOSEN THE BEST
NEXT LINE OVER
AND OVER AGAIN,
SOONER OR
LATER...

YOU'VE
REACHED THE
POTENTIAL.

UM, MR.
XAVER?

WHERE DO
YOU GET YOUR
INSPIRATION
FROM?

WELCOME ARTISTS

WELL, I
MEAN...

PEPPER HERE
IS MY MUSE,
OBSIOUSLY.

RFF

Mr. Xaver
DRAWING 1

HA HA HA HA HA

I KID.
SORT OF. I GUESS...
MY INSPIRATION IS
EVERYTHING.

EVERYONE.
MY DAD. MY MOM.
MY OLD JOB. MY
NEW JOB.

MY
LIFE.

"BUT INSPIRATION--"

"WHAT YOU USE, IS PROBABLY
LESS IMPORTANT THAN WHY
YOU MAKE IT."

"I MAKE THINGS BECAUSE I
WANT TO GIVE PART OF MYSELF
TO EVERYONE ELSE."

"I'M TRYING TO SHOW
PEOPLE MY WORLD."

The background of the entire page is a dense, swirling vortex of various comic book covers and panels. Titles like 'CYBER FORCE', 'WILDSTAR', 'SPOOKY', and 'IMPACT' are visible. In the center of this vortex, a small, light-colored dog with floppy ears is running towards the viewer. Two speech bubbles are present: one at the top left and one at the bottom center.

"I WANT TO INVITE THEM, EVEN IF
IT'S JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE..."

"...INTO MY UNIVERSE."

THE END





**THIRD GEN HEADQUARTERS,
ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA.**



I MAY BE THE
NEW GUY ON THE
TEAM, BUT I PROMISE
YOU, I CAN BEAT
YOU ALL.

YOU'RE
OUTCLASSED
AND OUTGUNNED,
COUNTRY BOY.

I'M GONNA CUT
THAT GOOFY BOXING
HELMET RIGHT OFF
YOUR PRETTY FACE.

YOUR ASS
GONNA GET
SMASHED,
'JACK!

WOW.
A LOT OF
INNUENDO
FLYING AROUND
THERE, BOYS.

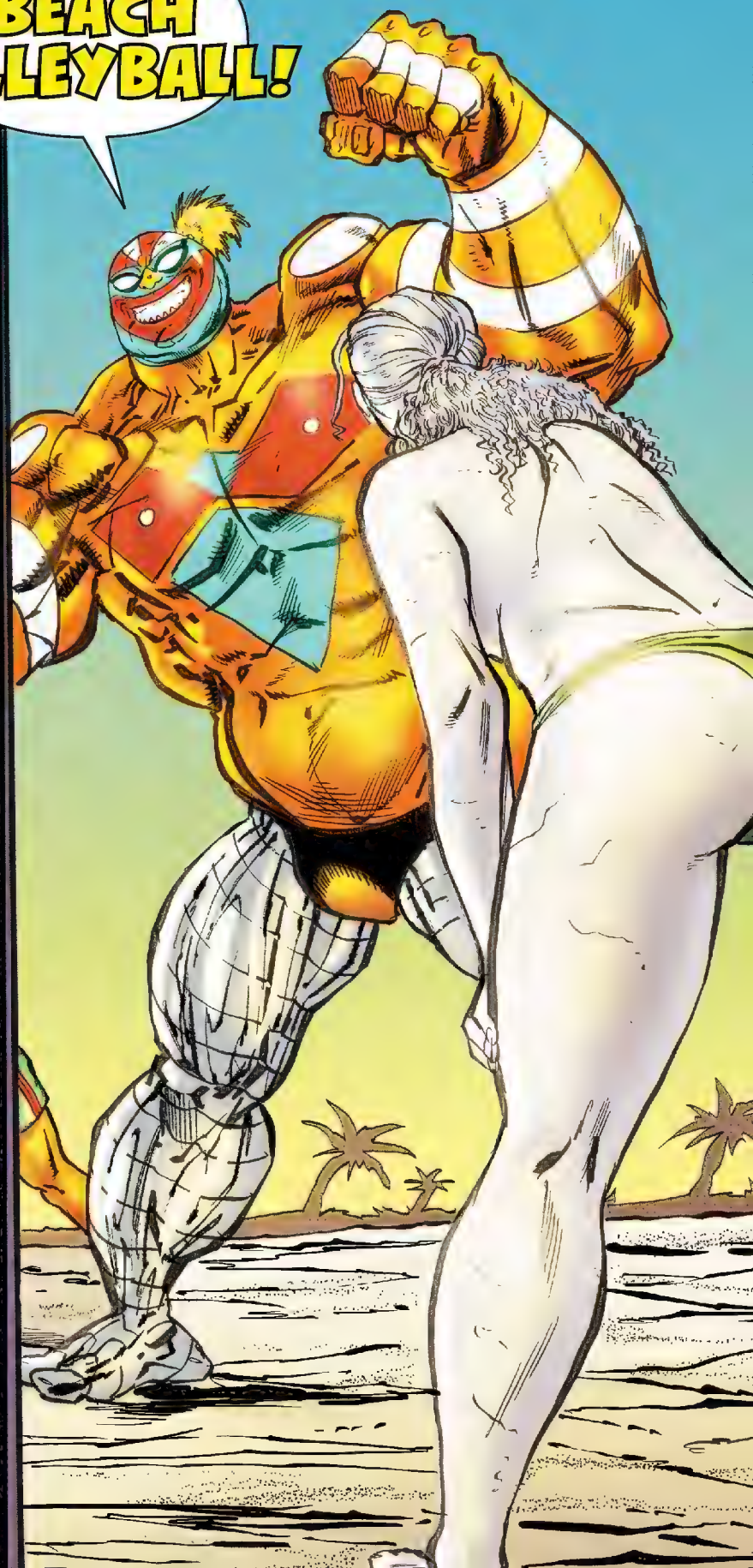
IT'S ALMOST
LIKE YOU'RE HAVING
FEELINGS FOR THE
NEW GUY THAT YOU
DON'T WANT TO
DEAL WITH.

ENOUGH!
THOUGH WE WERE
ONCE ALLIES, WE'RE
NOW ON OPPOSITE
SIDES.

THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY TO
SETTLE THIS
SCORE...



**BEACH
VOLLEYBALL!**



Cover Gallery





FLEECS AND SEELEY'S

LOCAL MAN

image

10 \$3.99
MAY USA

FLEECS
SEELEY
SIMPSON
SOBREIRO



Seeley
RTP
AFTER
M. TURNER



image

12	\$3.99
JULY	USA

LOCA



RIPPIN'
12TH ISSUE!

Bohdy
ALA
KEOWN!
-23

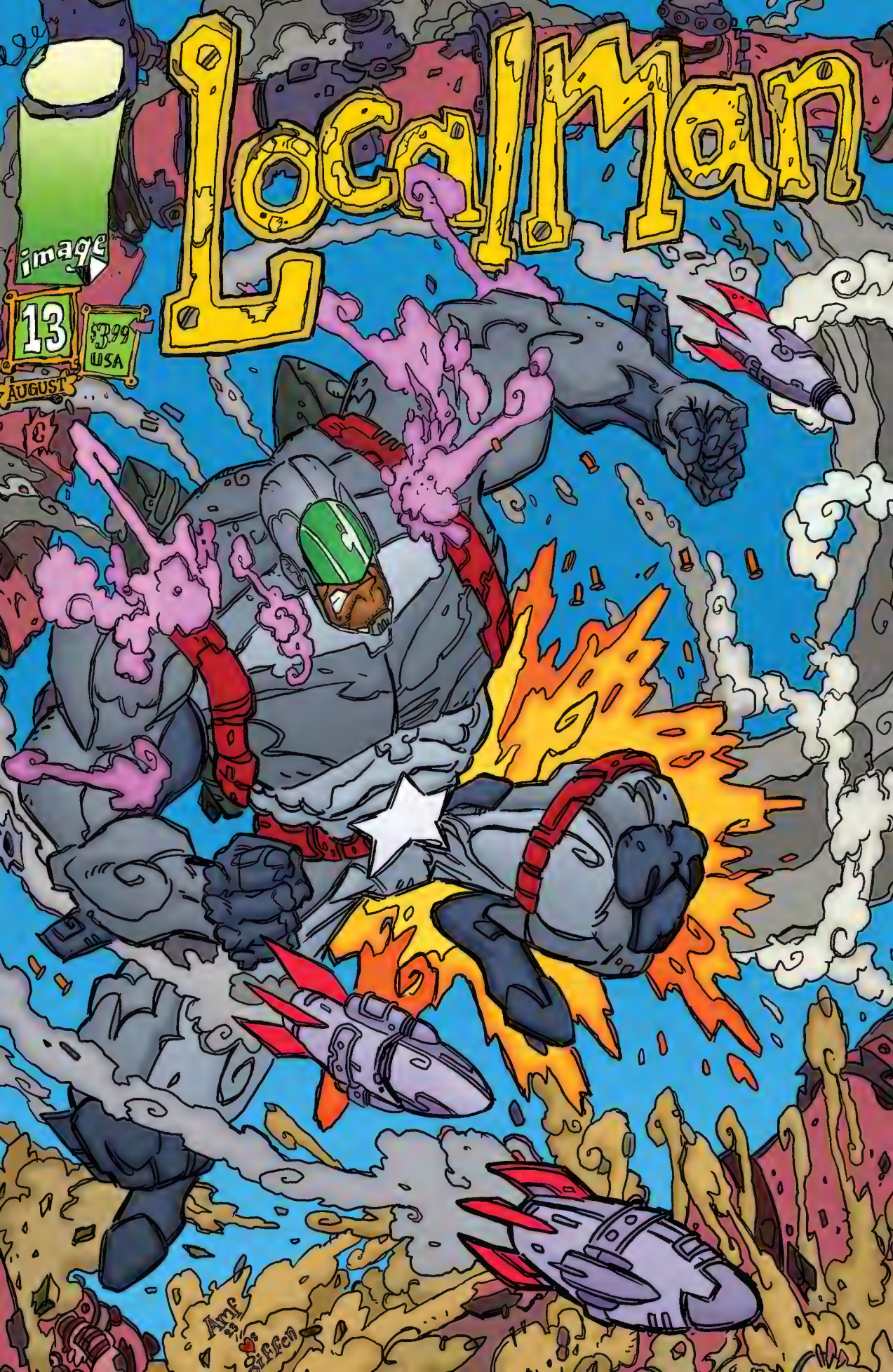
Local Man

image

13

\$3.99
USA

AUGUST



Art by
Giffen





images of
LOCAL MAN

with art by
Jimmy Kucaj
Alberto Silva
Brian Denham
Kurt Belcher
Gabe Foster
Selina J



ALBERT 1624
AFTER LEE & W



DENHAM



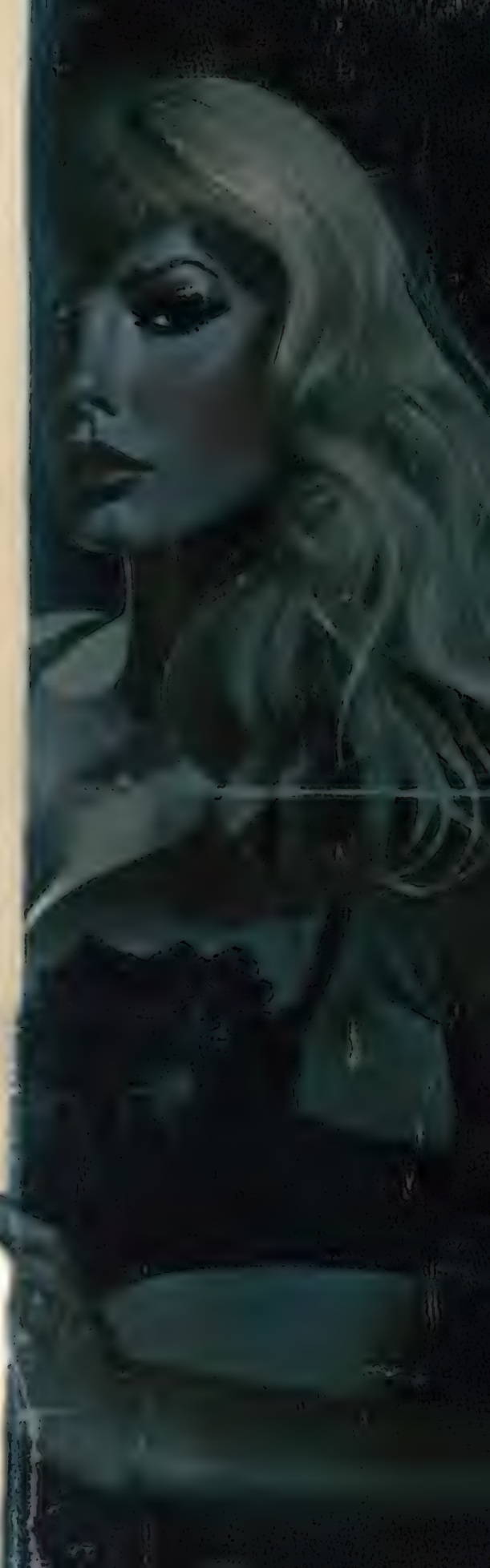
FUCK CRACKS. JACK



Do not fear the
darker side



Bad Girls



She's about to
come face to face
with her past....

... And she's ready

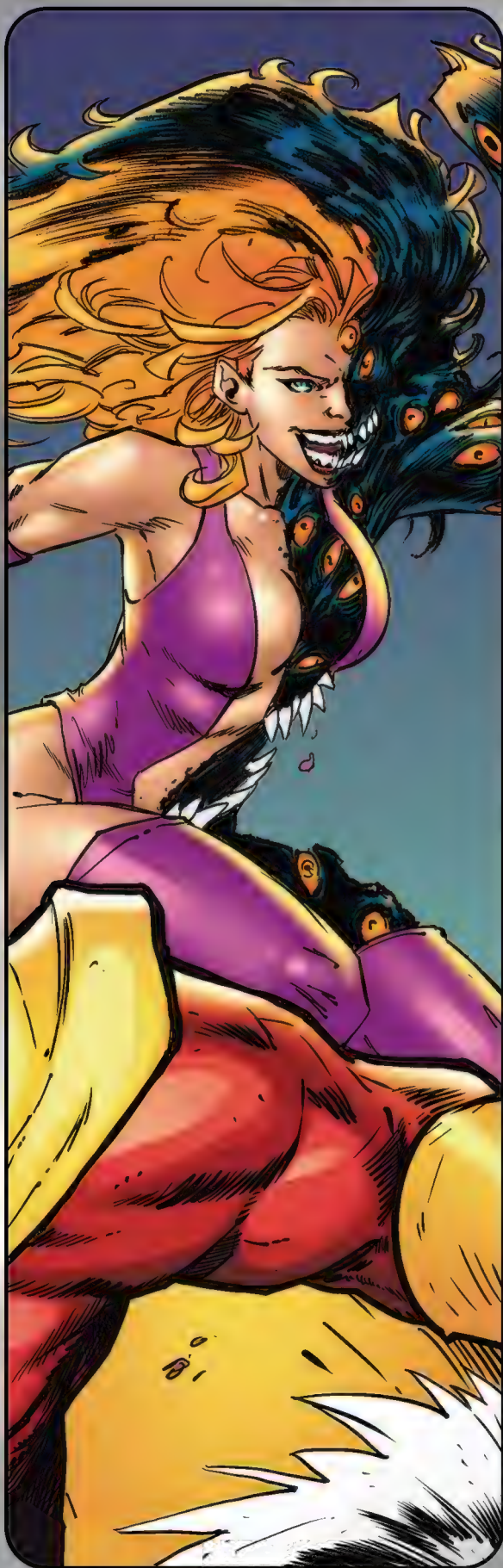
Bad Girls



An ominous light shines
upon a dark past

Bad Girls

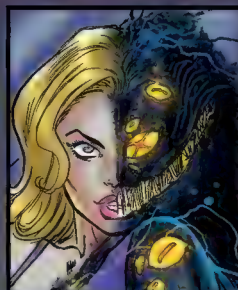
A movie poster for the film 'Bad Girls'. The image features a woman with dark, curly hair, wearing a red dress with a white collar. She is looking down, and her face is partially in shadow. A single lit candle is in the foreground, casting a warm, yellow light. The background is dark and moody. The title 'Bad Girls' is written in a stylized, red, gothic font at the bottom.



ART BY BRETT BOOTH W/ BRIAN REBER

FRIGHTSIDE

Real Name:
Stacy Wohl



Occupation: Author/Self Help Guru,
Former Ballerina
Identity: Public
Date of Birth: 12/08/70
Place of Birth: Las Vegas, Nevada
Legal Status: Citizen of United States
with criminal record
Group Affiliation: The Desolators
Base of Operations: Las Vegas, NV
First Appearance: LOCAL MAN #1

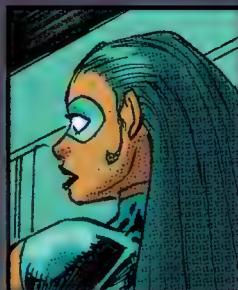
Powers: Frightside can control and manipulate "fright matter," a dark, amorphous material generated by the interdimensional entity known as The Fright. Though she has typically used this material to create offensive and defensive constructs, the exact limits of this matter is largely unexplored. The Fright also grants its user enhanced strength, speed, resilience and vision, invisibility in low light conditions and a healing factor.

History: Stacy Wohl was a ballerina with the Nevada Ballet Theatre. By her mid 20s, it was clear she had hit a wall, and her career was effectively stagnant. Stacy became embittered and obsessed with her competition, namely a young dancer named Ariel Wick. One night while training together in the theater, Stacy accidentally unleashed a trapped entity called The Fright. After leaving Ariel Wick badly beaten, Stacy fought back against the full influence of the Fright, denying it Ariel's murder. She remained in a state of flux with The Fright, able to access its power, but never fully possessed. Seeing no future for herself in the arts, and on the run from the law, Stacy started the mercenary unit called The Desolators.



SEASCAPE

Real Name:
Unknown



Occupation: Guardian of Streams and Rivers

Identity: Secret

Date of Birth: Unknown. Presumably thousands of years ago.

Place of Birth: Dornoch, UK

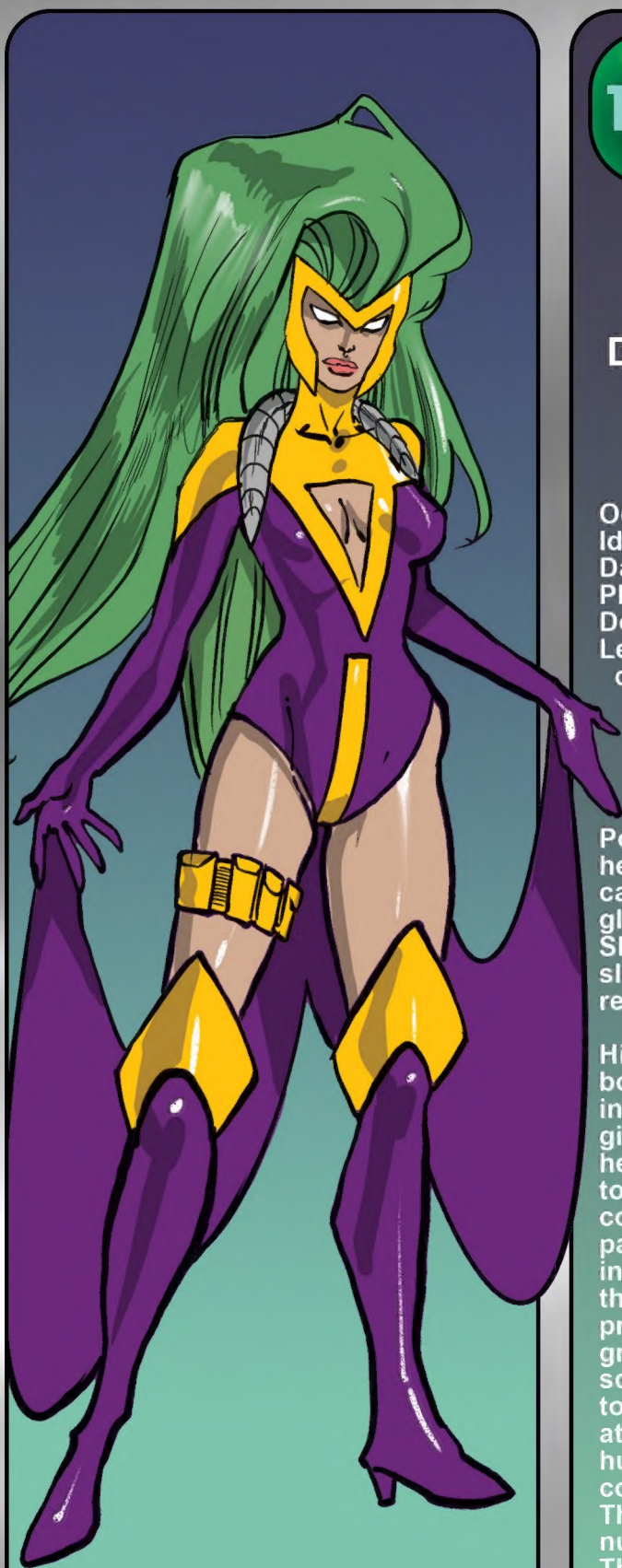
Group Affiliation: Fourth Gen

Base of Operations: Farmington, WI

First Appearance: LOCAL MAN #5

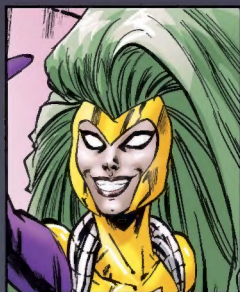
Powers: Generates/projects water. Liquid based telekenisis. Shape-shifting.

History: Little is known of the woman known as Seascape, other than that she was discovered by Lovebunny on a patrol of rural Scotland. Local legends tell of a wild blue horse in the area going back hundreds of years, and one local pub claims to have her bridle, though few can remember if they've seen it. Local boys have long claimed to have played with a laughing girl in the streams near the River Evelix, while the disappearance of some trout fishermen has been linked to a wrathful spirit.



THE SIXTH EXTINCTION

Real Name:
Dr. Monique
Galludet



Occupation: Evil Scientist
Identity: Secret
Date of Birth: 4/12/56
Place of Birth: Saint-Augustin-de-Dessmaures, Quebec, Canada.
Legal Status: Citizen of Canada with criminal record
Base of Operations: Ellesmeres Island, Canada.
First Appearance: Local Man: Bad Girls

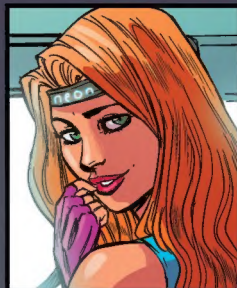
Powers: She has no superpowers of her own, but is a genius inventor, capable of creating devices with global doomsday level applications. She also appears to have been able to slow her own aging, possibly with the regenerative substances in her hair.

History: Dr. Monique Galludet was born with a genetic anomaly that infused her hair with chlorophyll giving it a green hue. According to her, this also connected her directly to the earth, meaning she could communicate with it, and sense its pain. This has never been independently verified. Nonetheless, this led her to study environmental preservation, and earn several graduate degrees in various sciences. In the early 80s, she began to construct various devices in an attempt to reduce the population of humanity on earth, and avert a coming environmental apocalypse. This put her in direct conflict with a number of superhero teams including The First Generation, and later Second Gen.



NEON

Real Name:
Erica Moss
(Assumed)



Occupation: Superhero
Identity: Secret
Date of Birth: 7/29/81
Place of Birth: Unincorporated, TX
Legal Status: Citizen of United States with no criminal record
Known Relatives: Camo Crusader (husband)
Group Affiliation: Third Gen
Base of Operations: Anaheim, CA
First Appearance: LOCAL MAN #1

Powers: Neon is infused with an uncategorized "fog" made up of gasses of unknown origin, known to have been captured by Second Gen after it was responsible for the death of several thousand miners on the outskirts of the Disputed Empire. Neon can use the pink mist to levitate, generate laser light, and other lower intensity forms of light, as well as influence minds and obscure herself from perception.

History: "Erica Moss" was born into a commune, with no need for a name, and no loyalty to the American corporate capitalist nation. When a rogue CIA agent named Joe Kurtz unleashed the gas on the commune, Erica was the only survivor, and by some unknown virtue was able to control and manipulate it. Becoming known as The Neon Demon, Moss began murdering religious leaders and government officials she deemed responsible. After having her revenge on Kurtz, Neon was recruited into the newly formed Third Gen.

HIT

LOCAL MAN

STRAY DOGS CO-CREATOR **TONY FLEECES** TEAMS WITH
REVIVAL'S **TIM SEELEY** FOR A SERIES THAT COMBINES
RURAL CRIME NOIR AND SUPERHERO ACTION!

LOCAL MAN HAS LOST FARMINGTON TO THE
FACELESS HORDE. EVERY TOWNSPERSON IS NOW A DEVOUT,
FANATICAL MEMBER OF THIS SPRAWLING TERRORIST CULT
—INCLUDING HIS OWN GRIEVING MOTHER.

JACK XAVER IS ALONE AND OUTMATCHED. THANKFULLY, HE
HAS THE ONE THING THAT MAKES EVERY **IMAGE SUPERHERO**
SMILE... LOTS AND LOTS OF BIG ASS GUNS.

EISNER AWARD NOMINATED: BEST NEW SERIES

"LOCAL MAN BLENDS TWO OF MY FAVORITE THINGS –
ULTRA-BRIGHT AND COLORFUL SUPERHERO ACTION WITH DARK,
BRUTAL AND RAW RURAL NOIR. SEELEY AND FLEECES COMBINE TO
TELL A STORY ABOUT THE UNDERBELLY OF THE COMICS WE ALL
GREW UP ON, AND WHAT HAPPENS TO THOSE LEFT BEHIND.
EPIC AND DOWN TO EARTH ALL AT ONCE."

– **ALEX SEGURA** (SECRET IDENTITY, DICK TRACY)

"ONE OF THE BEST COMICS OF 2024 (SO FAR). [THIS] STORY OF
A WASHED-UP SUPERHERO'S SECOND ACT CONTINUES TO SURPRISE,
WHILE BEING BOTH REVERENTIAL AND HONEST ABOUT THE GOOD
AND BAD OF THE '90S GLORY DAYS."

– **COMICBOOK.COM**

"THE ENTHUSIASM, CREATIVITY, AND JUST PLAIN JOY IN THESE
PAGES ARE WHY I LOVE COMICS."

– **MAJORSPOILERS.COM**

CRIME & MYSTERY | SUPERHEROES
RATED **M** | MATURE (AGES 18+)
COLLECTS **LOCAL MAN** #10-13, 25 & BAD GIRLS



